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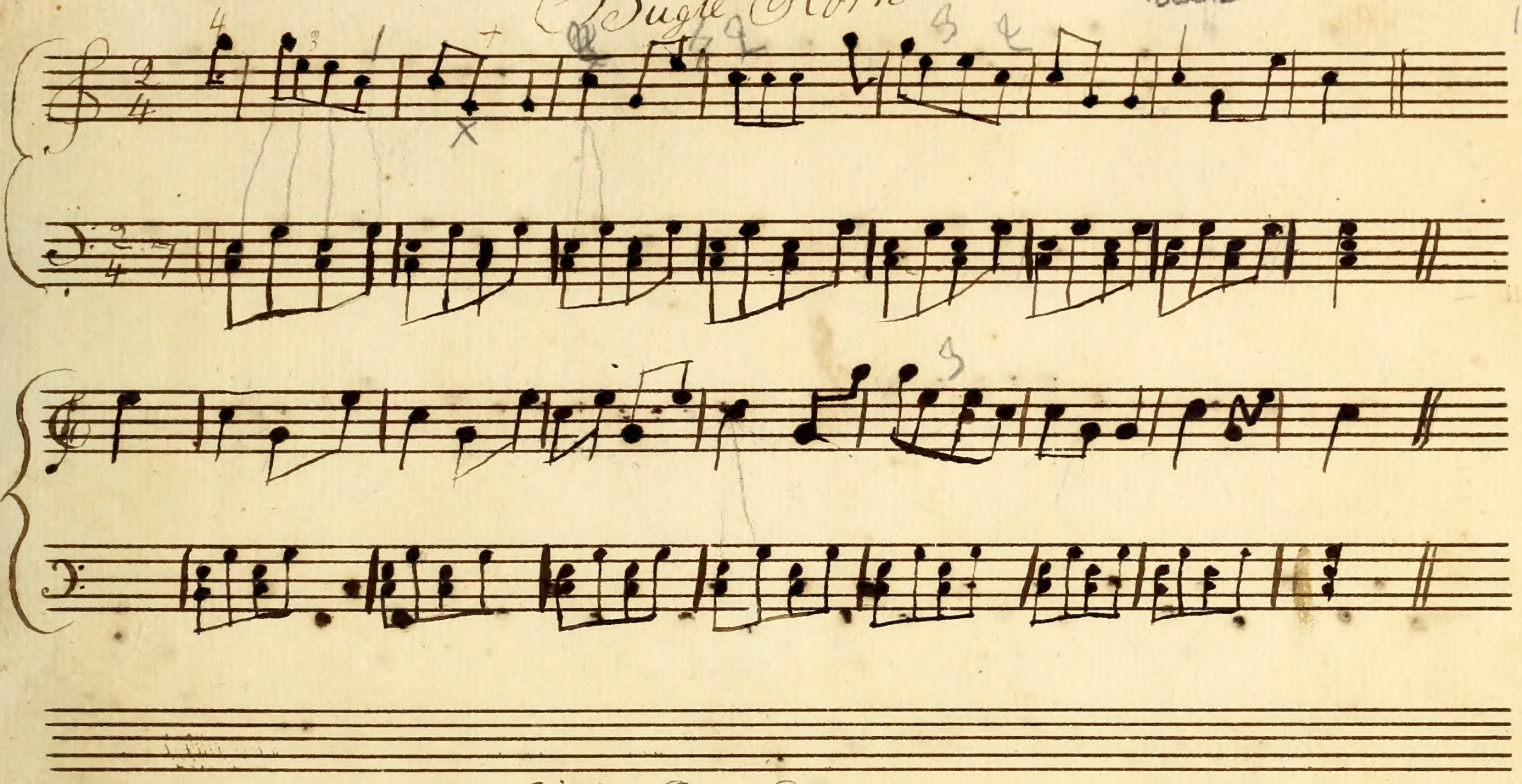
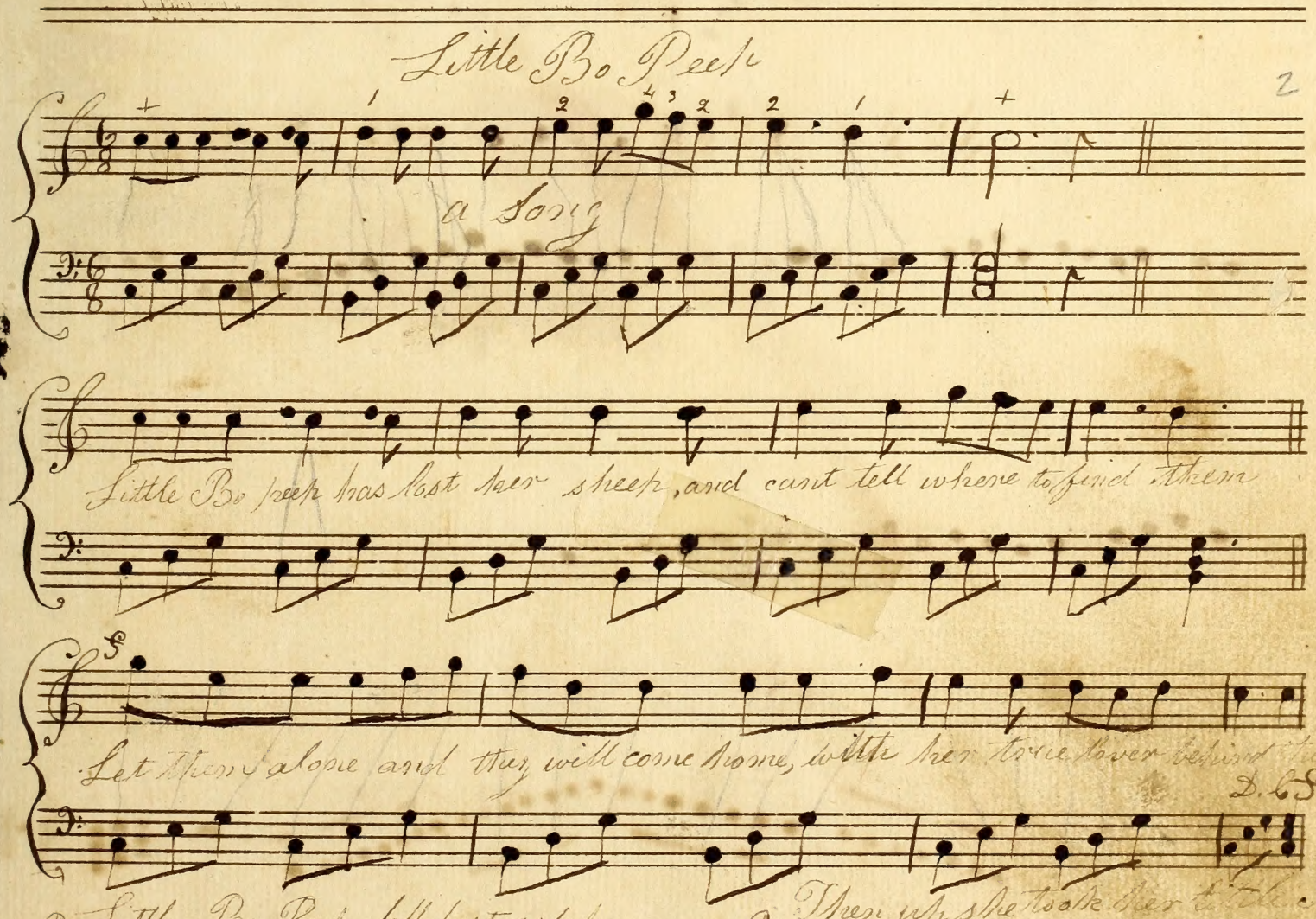
Bugle Horn

1



Little Bo Peep

2



2 Little Bo Peep fell fast asleep
And dreampt she heard them bleating
But when she awake she found it a joke
For still they were all fleeting

3 Then up she took her little crook
Determined for to find them
She found them indeed but it made her heart bleed
For they left her tove behind them

Suite

3

Serenade

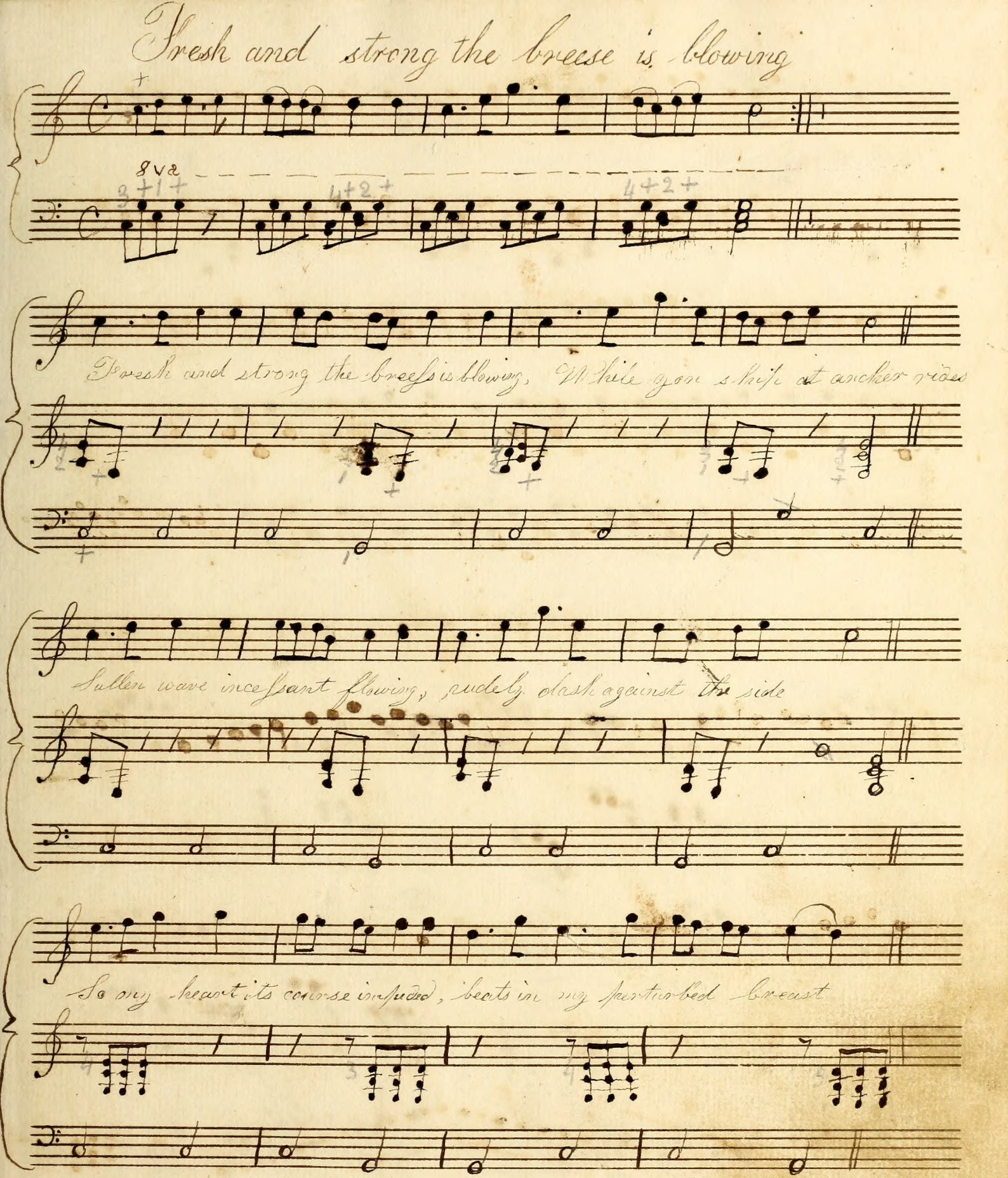
4x

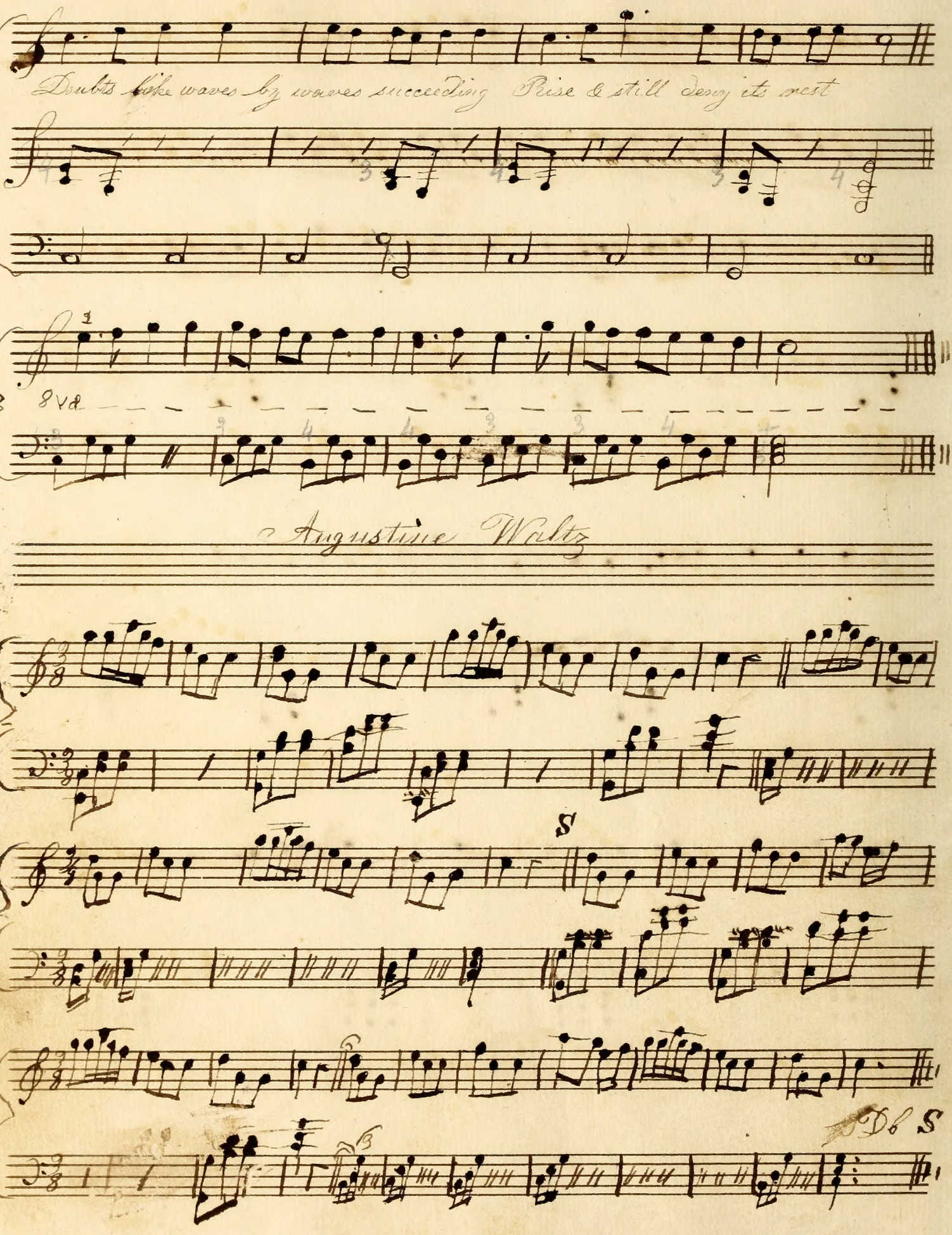
4

Soldiers Joy

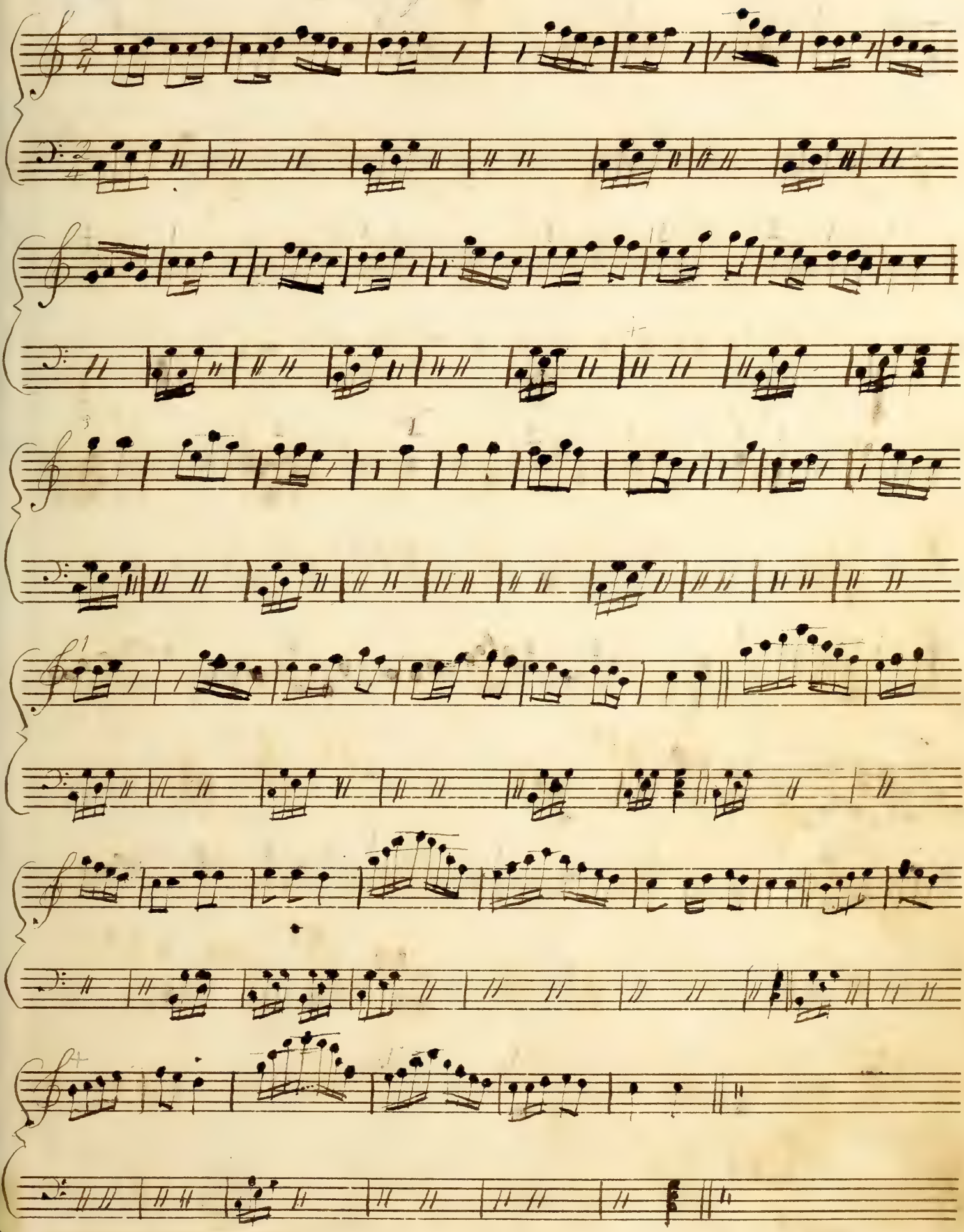
Repeat

Prelude in C major.

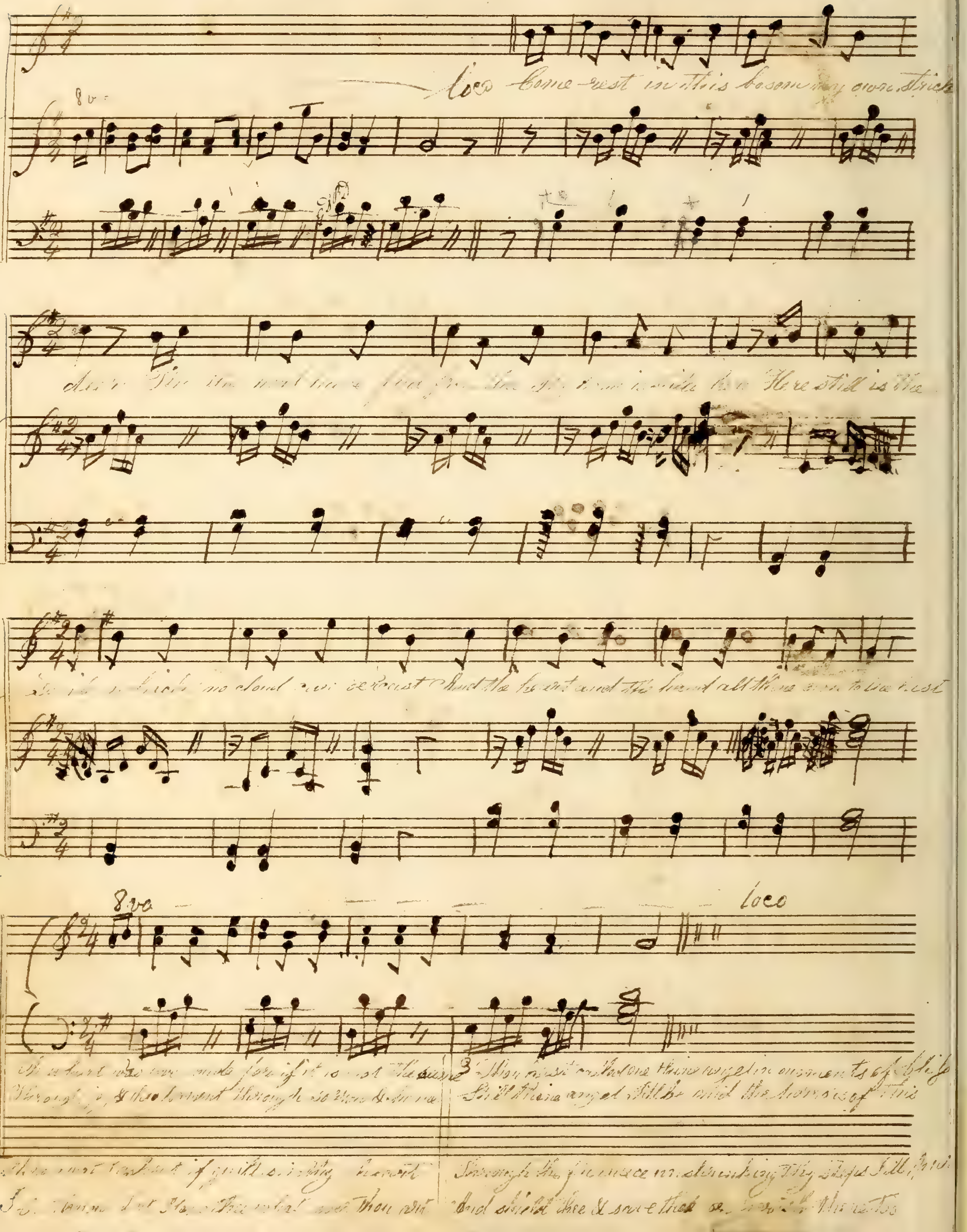

Fresh and strong the breese is blowing
8va
Fresh and strong the breese is blowing, While you ship at anchor rides
Sullen wave incessant flowing, rudely dash against the side
So my heart its course impeded, beats in my spartan-bed breast

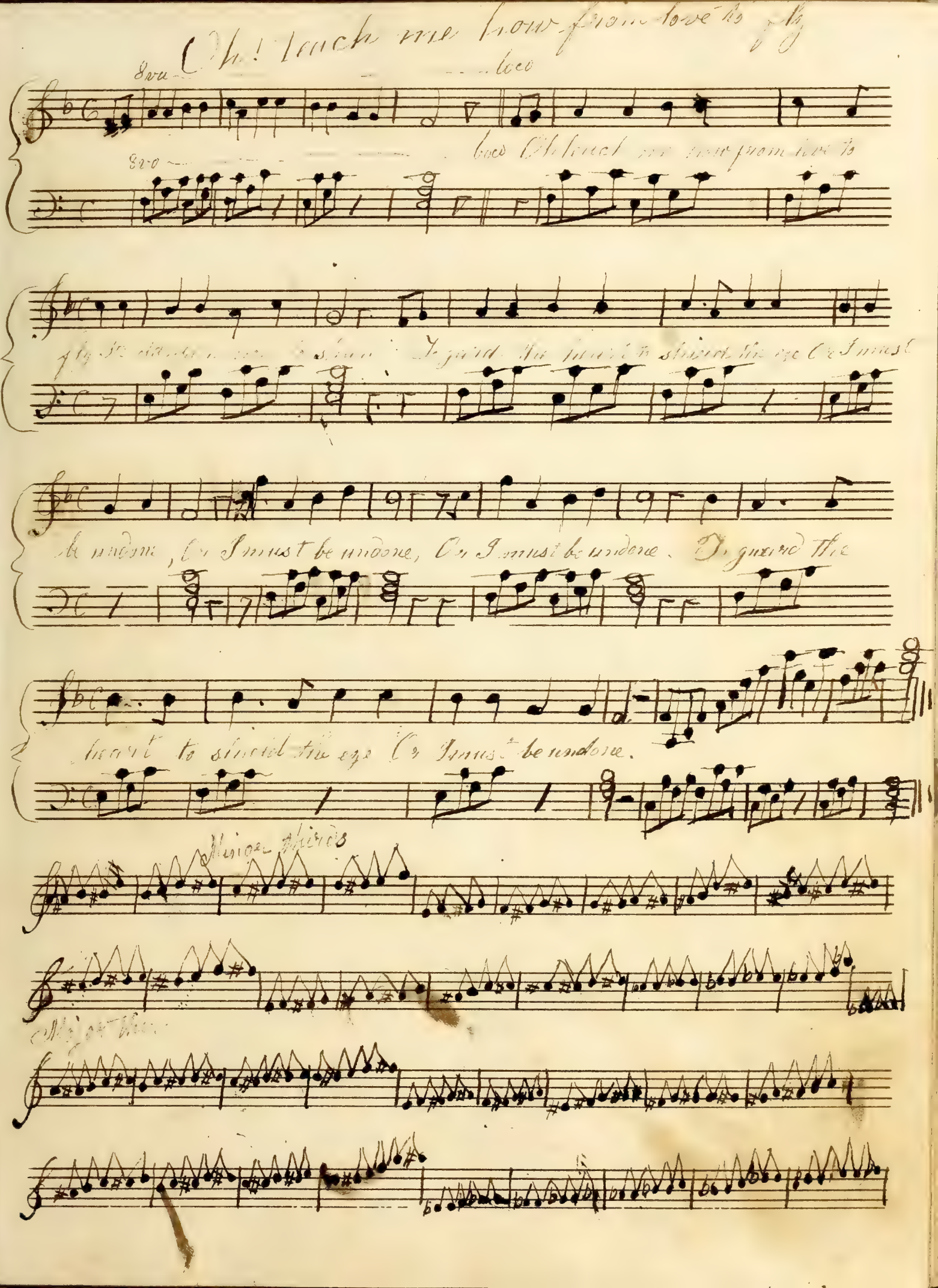

Doubts like waves by waves succeeding Rise & still deny its rest
8va
Augustine Waltz
S
D6 S

"Fall of Paris"



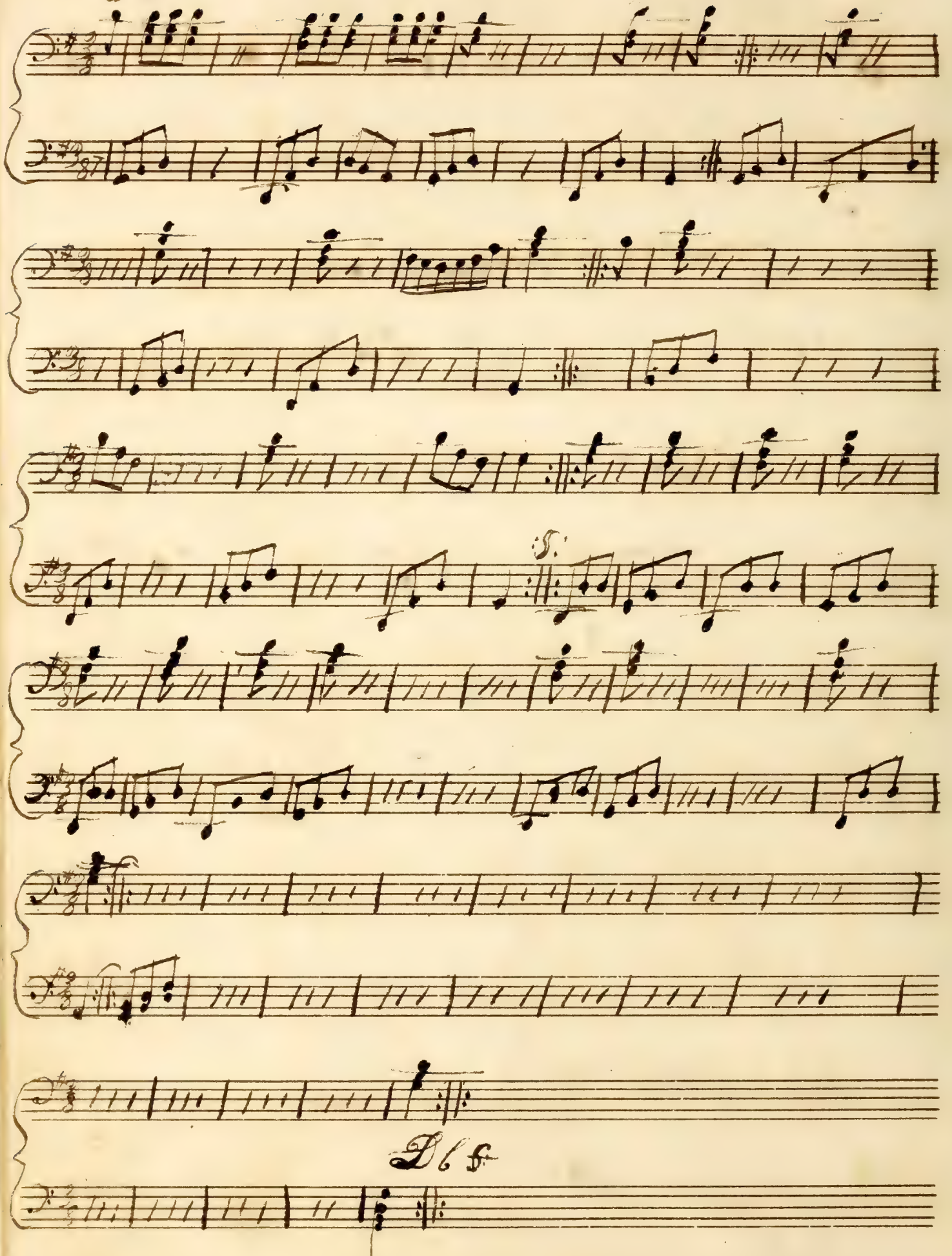
Come Rest in this Bosom



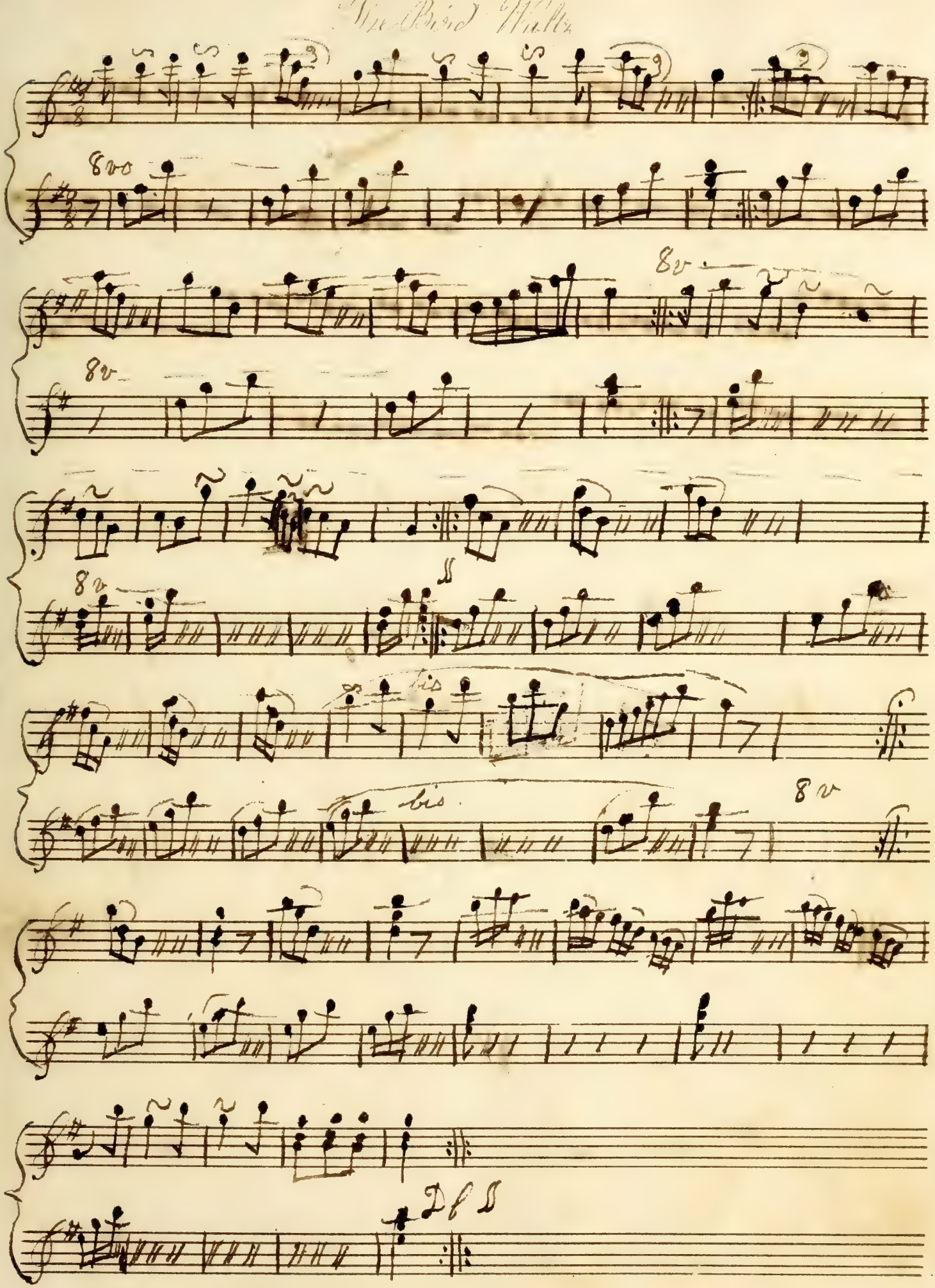

Oh! teach me how from love to fly
8va
loco
8va
loco Oh! teach me how from love to
fly
To guard the heart to shield the eye Or I must
be undone, Or I must be undone, Or I must be undone. To guard the
heart to shield the eye Or I must be undone.
Minor thirds
Major thirds

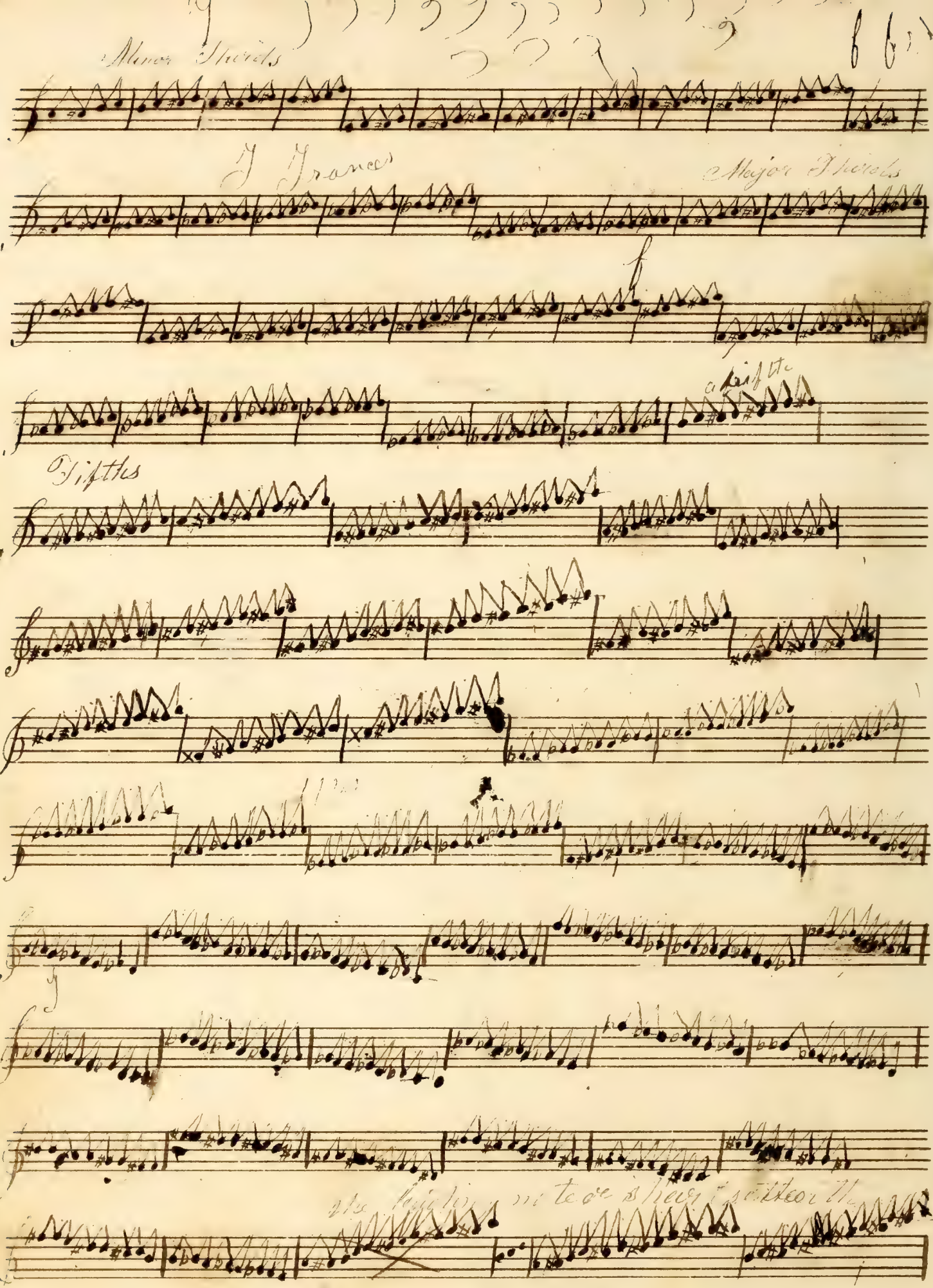
Seconda

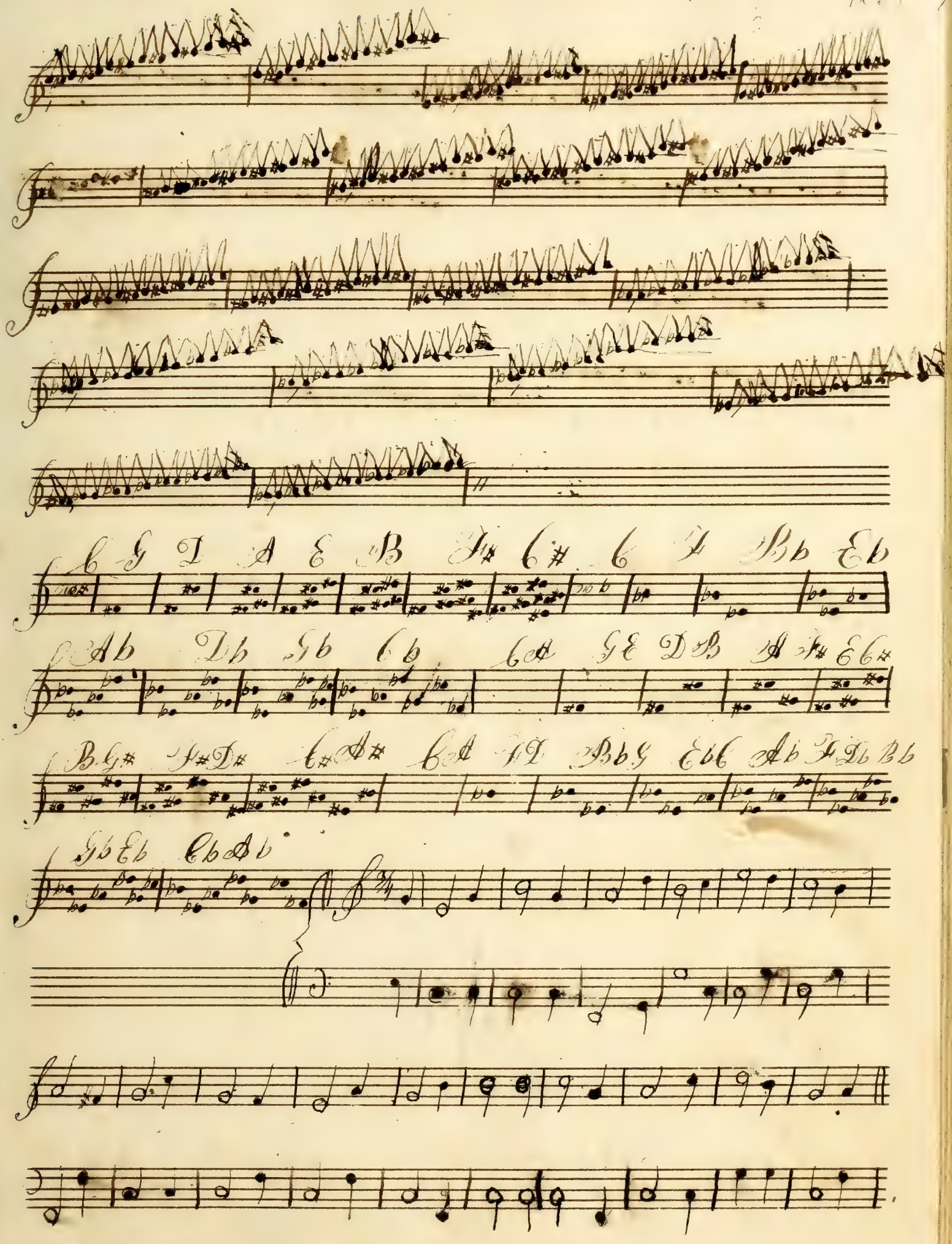
The Bird Waltz

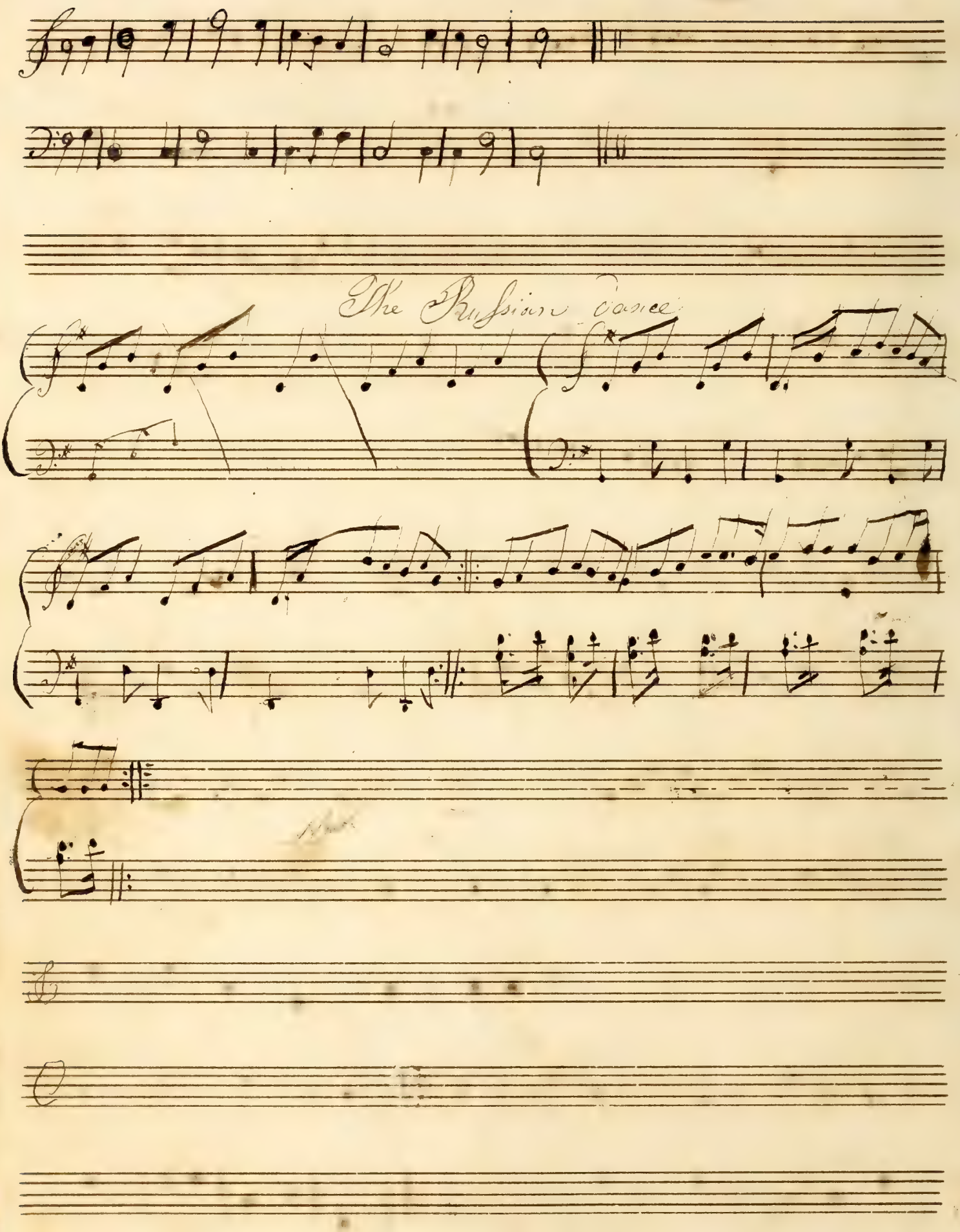


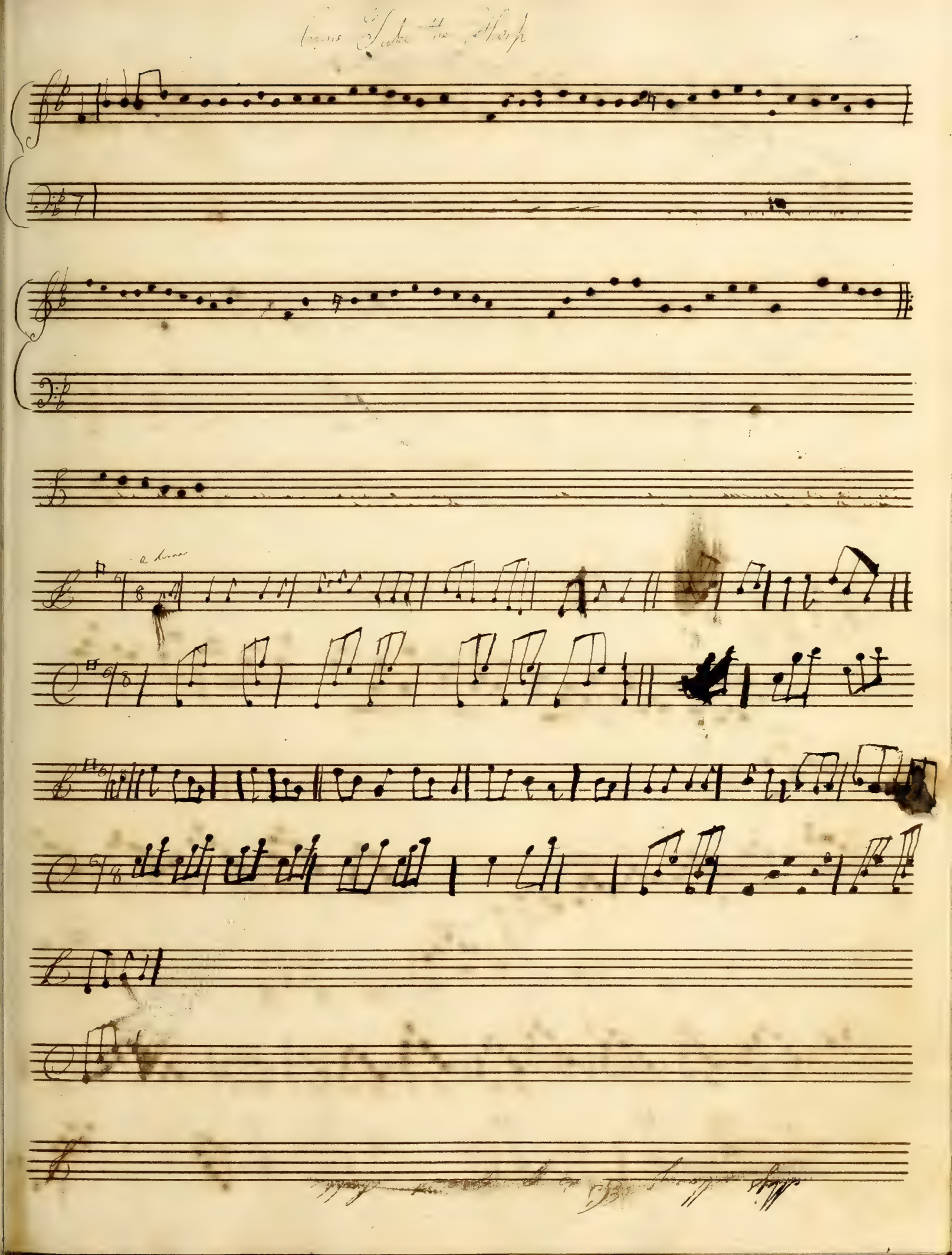
The Bird Waltz

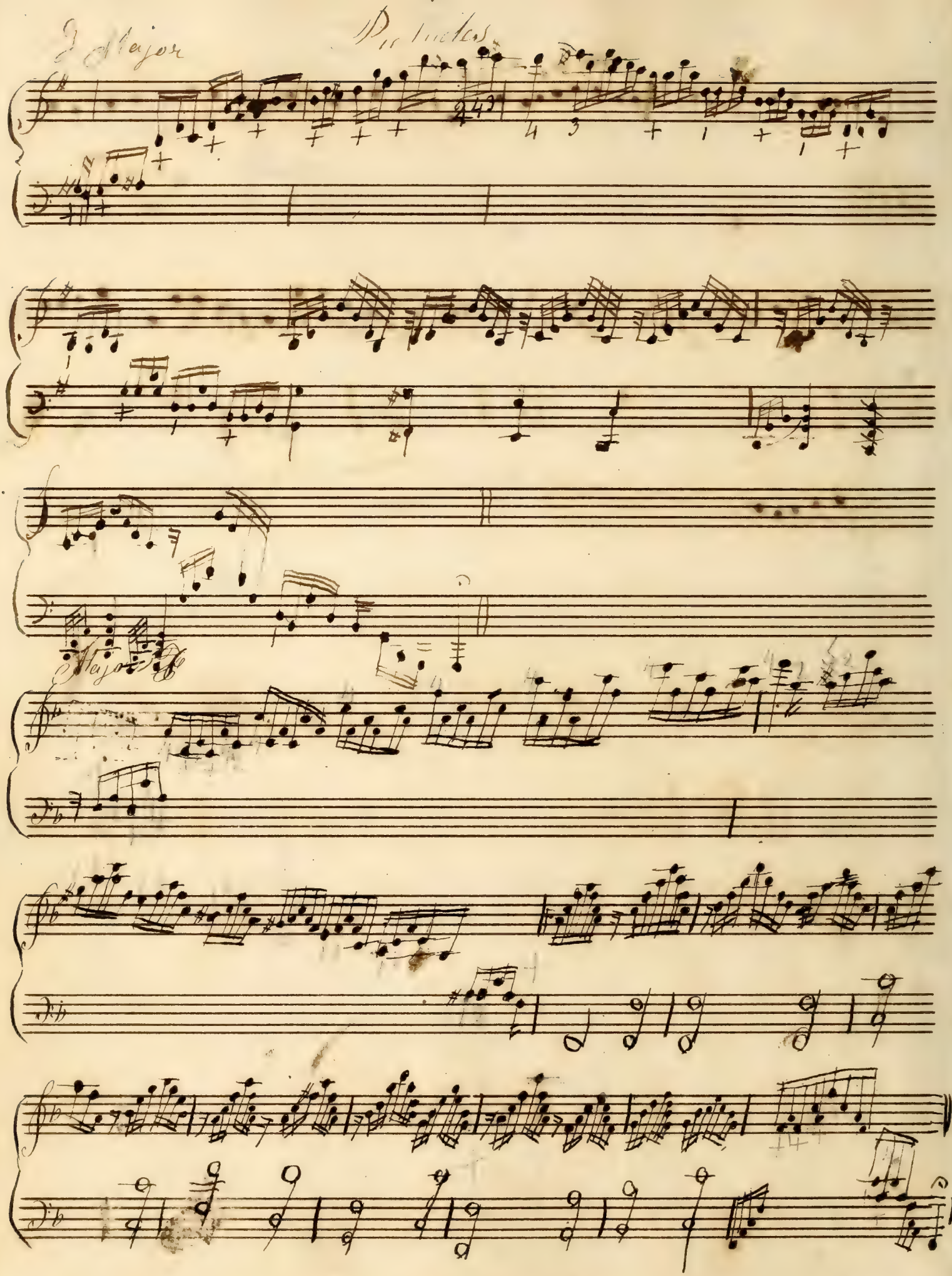


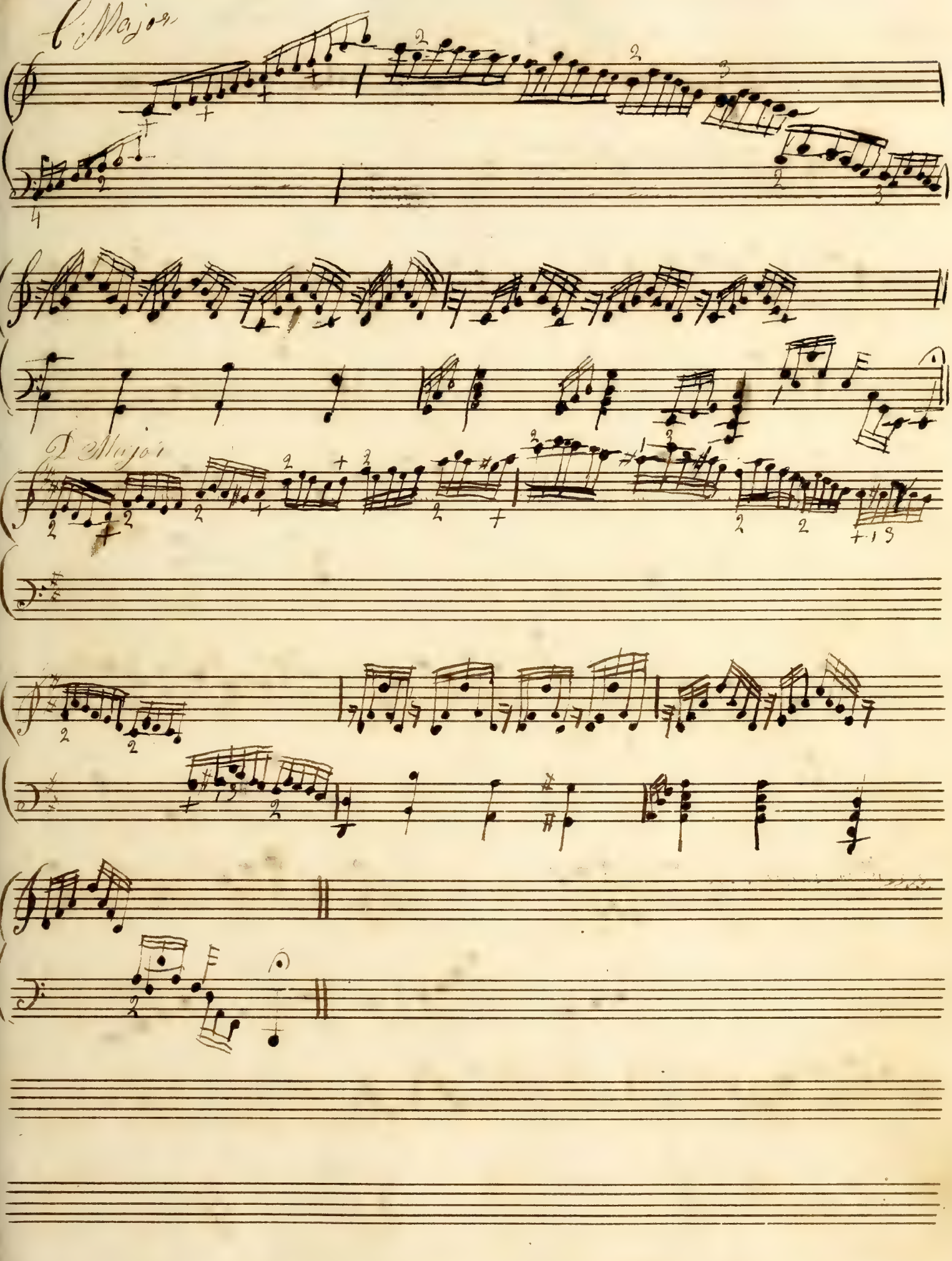

Minor Thirds
Major Thirds
Fifths

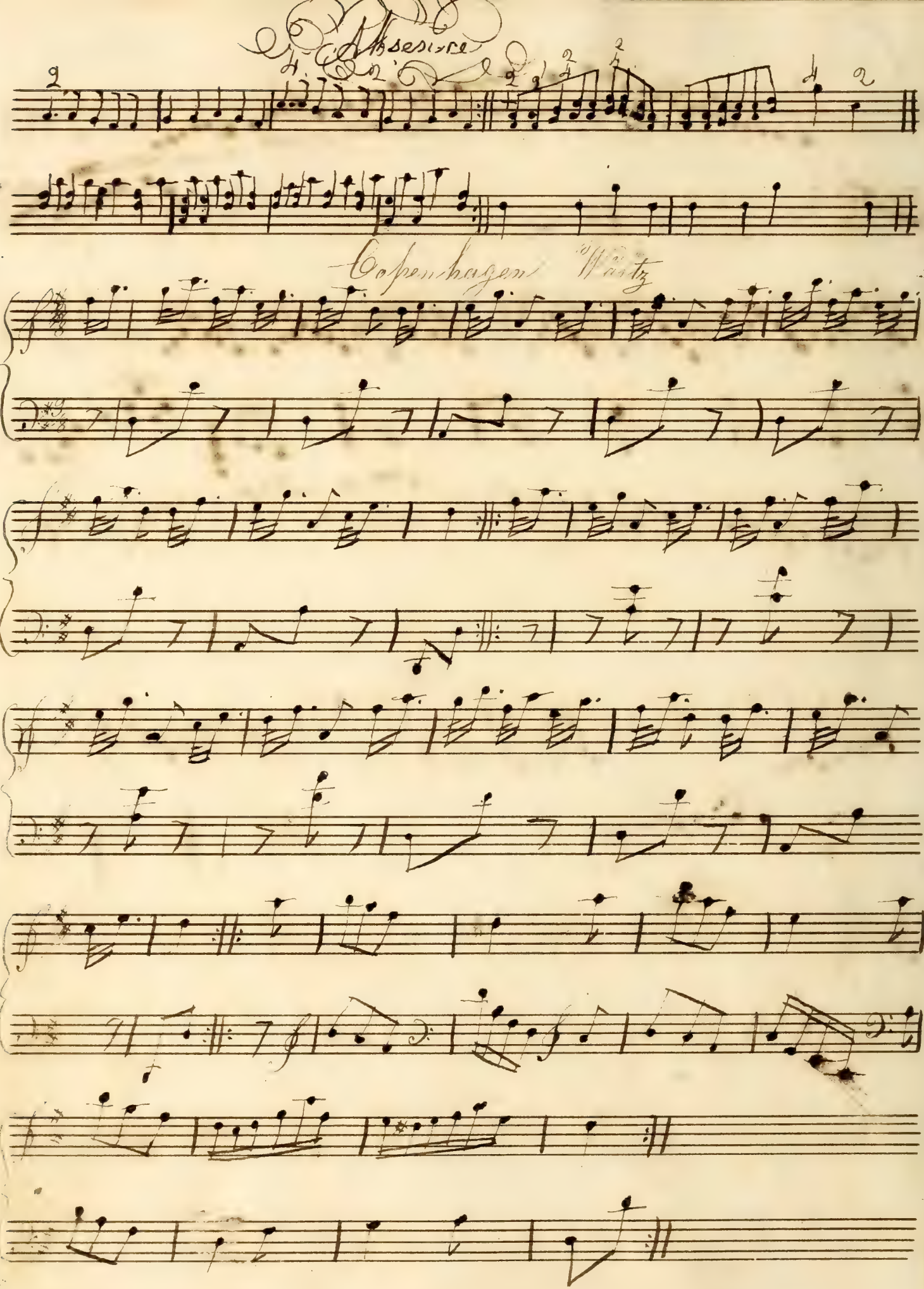



The Russian Dance

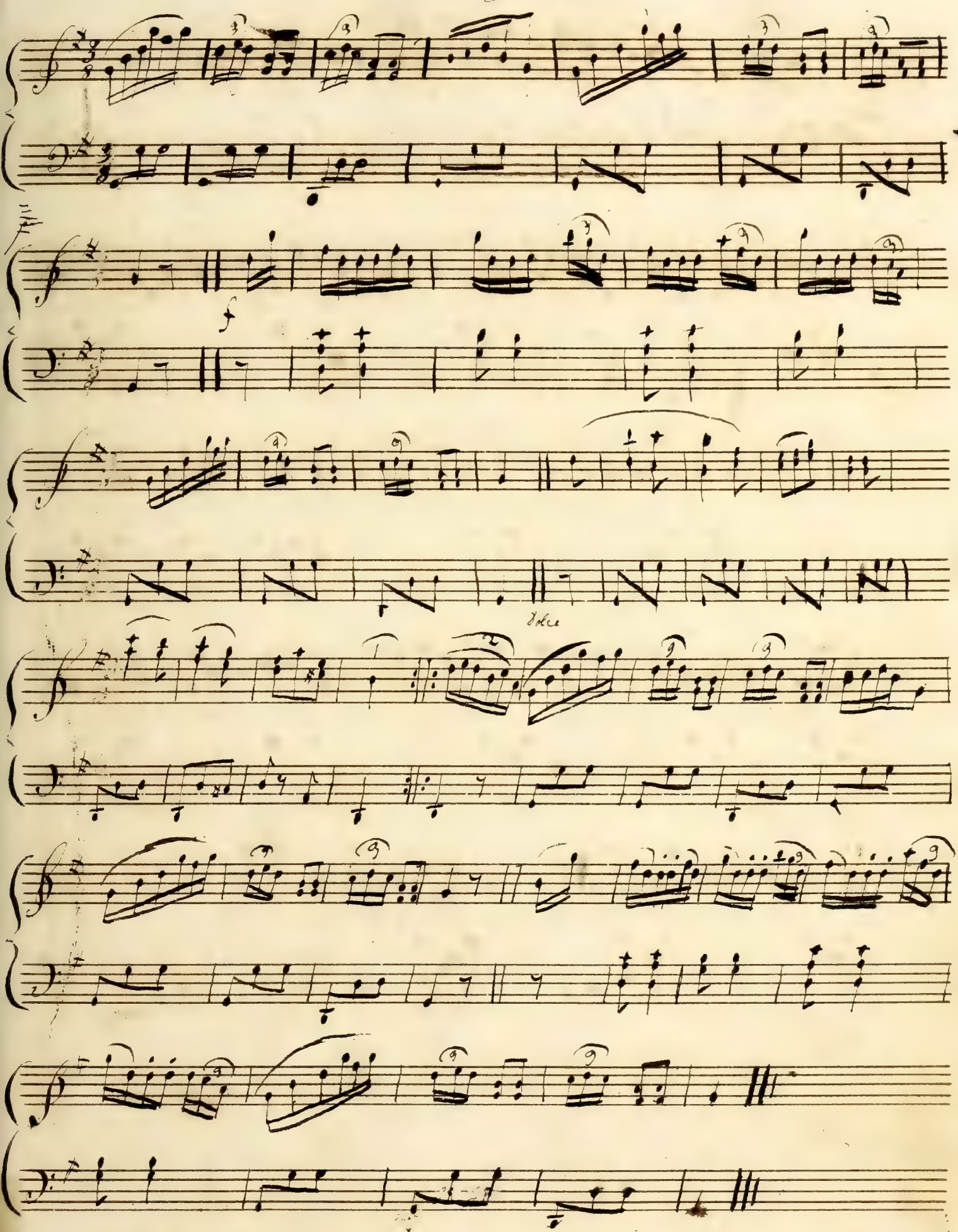



Mayor

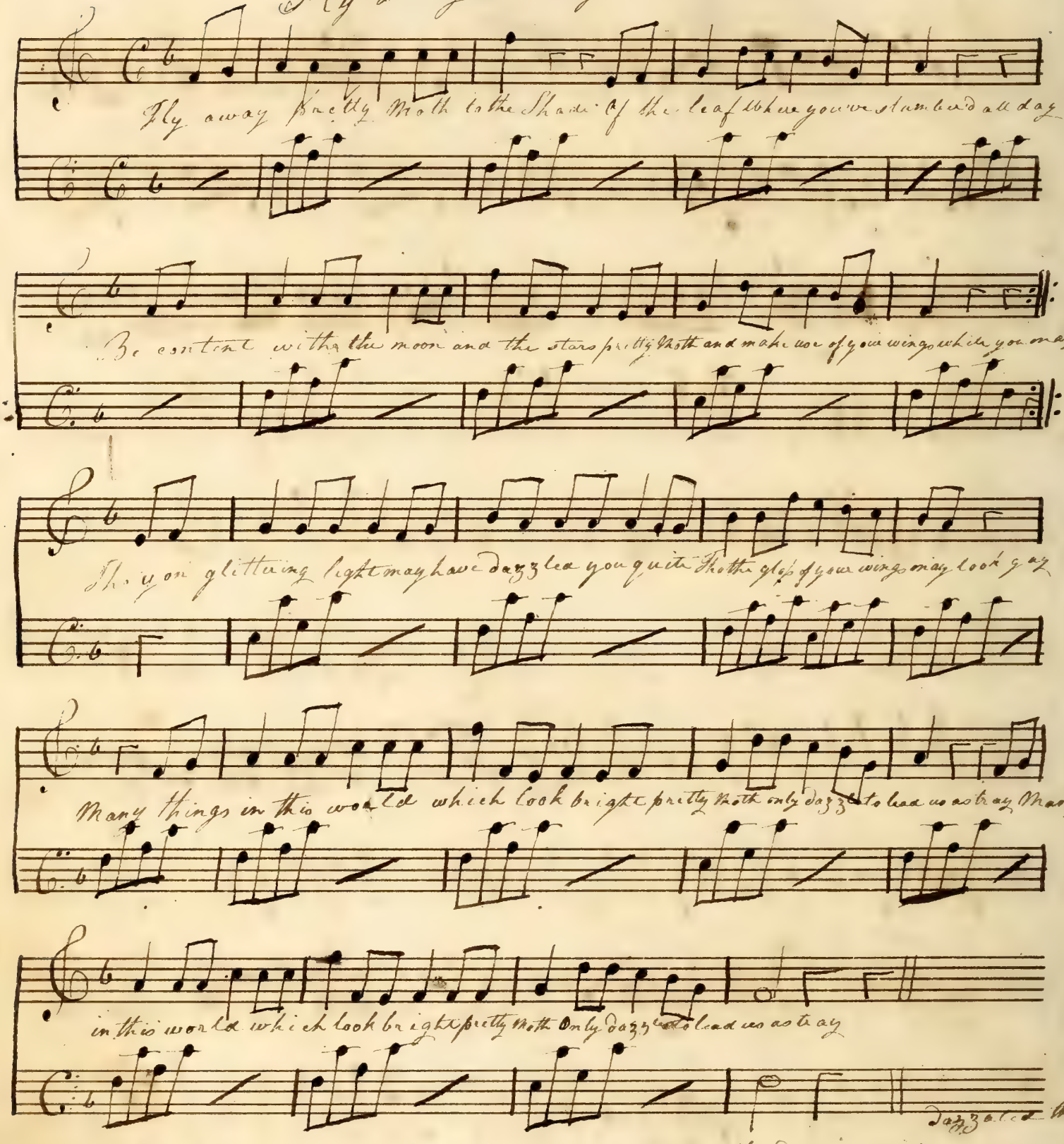

C Major
D Major


Absence
Copenhagen Waltz

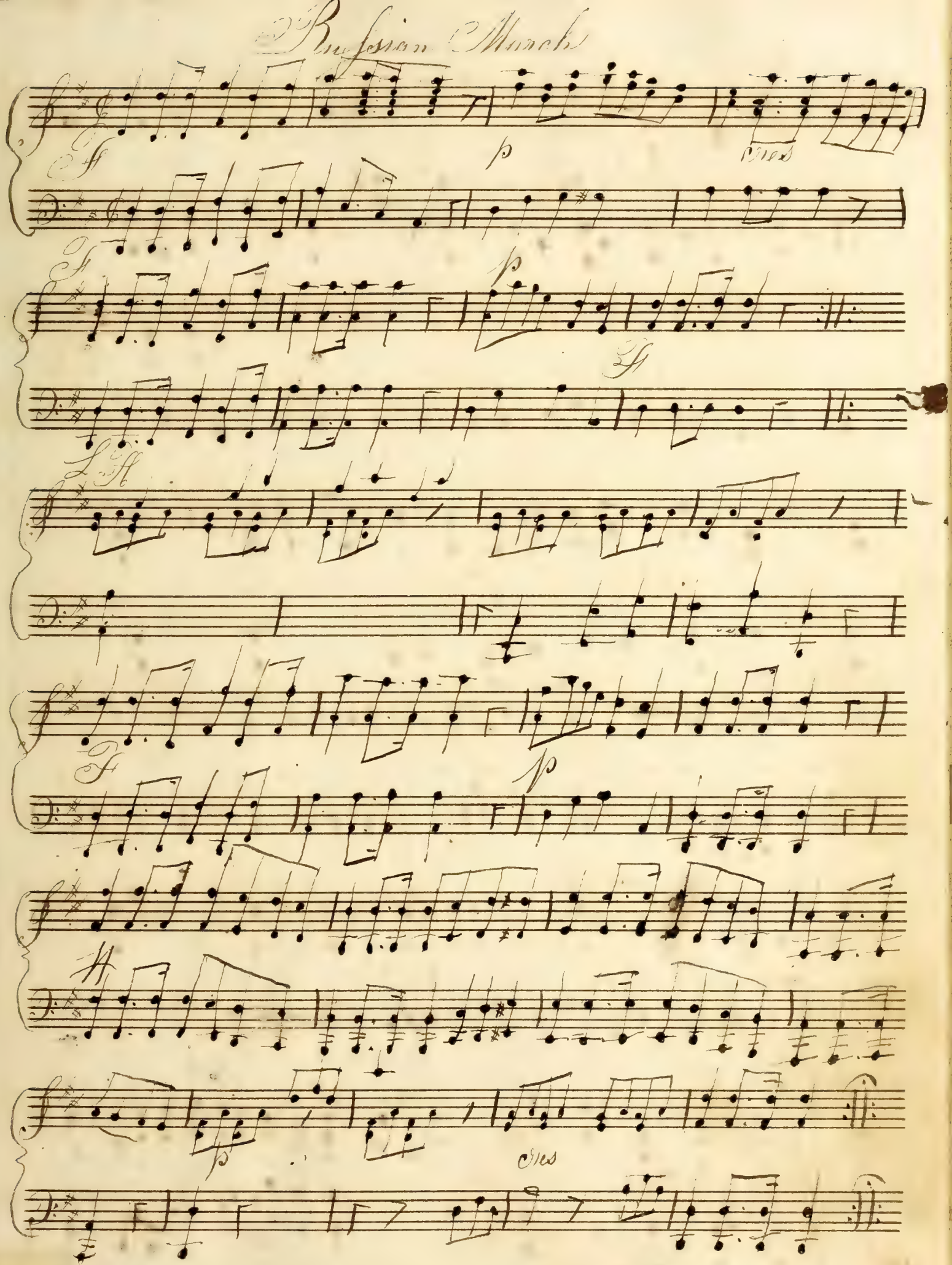
The Tirolian Waltz

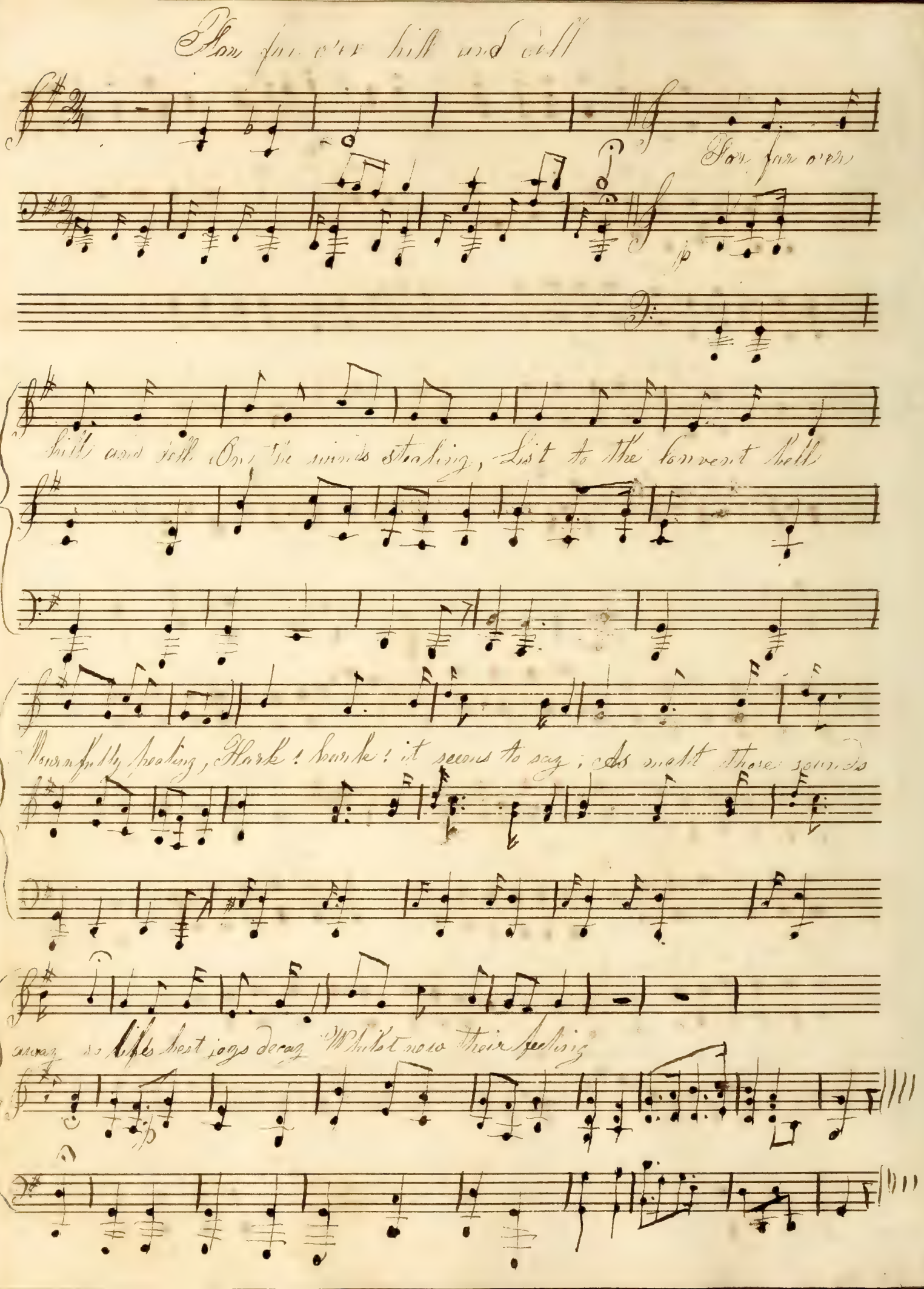


Fly away Pretty Moth



Russian March




Far, far o'er hill and dell
Far, far o'er
hill and dell On the winds sterling, List to the convent bell
Mournfully sterling, Hark! hark! it seems to say; As melt those sounds
away so life's best joys decay What now their sterling

Sylvia Sweet

Vivace

Sylvia sweet as morning air Do Do not drive me to dis-

pair Long I've sight for thee in vain Now behold I'm come again

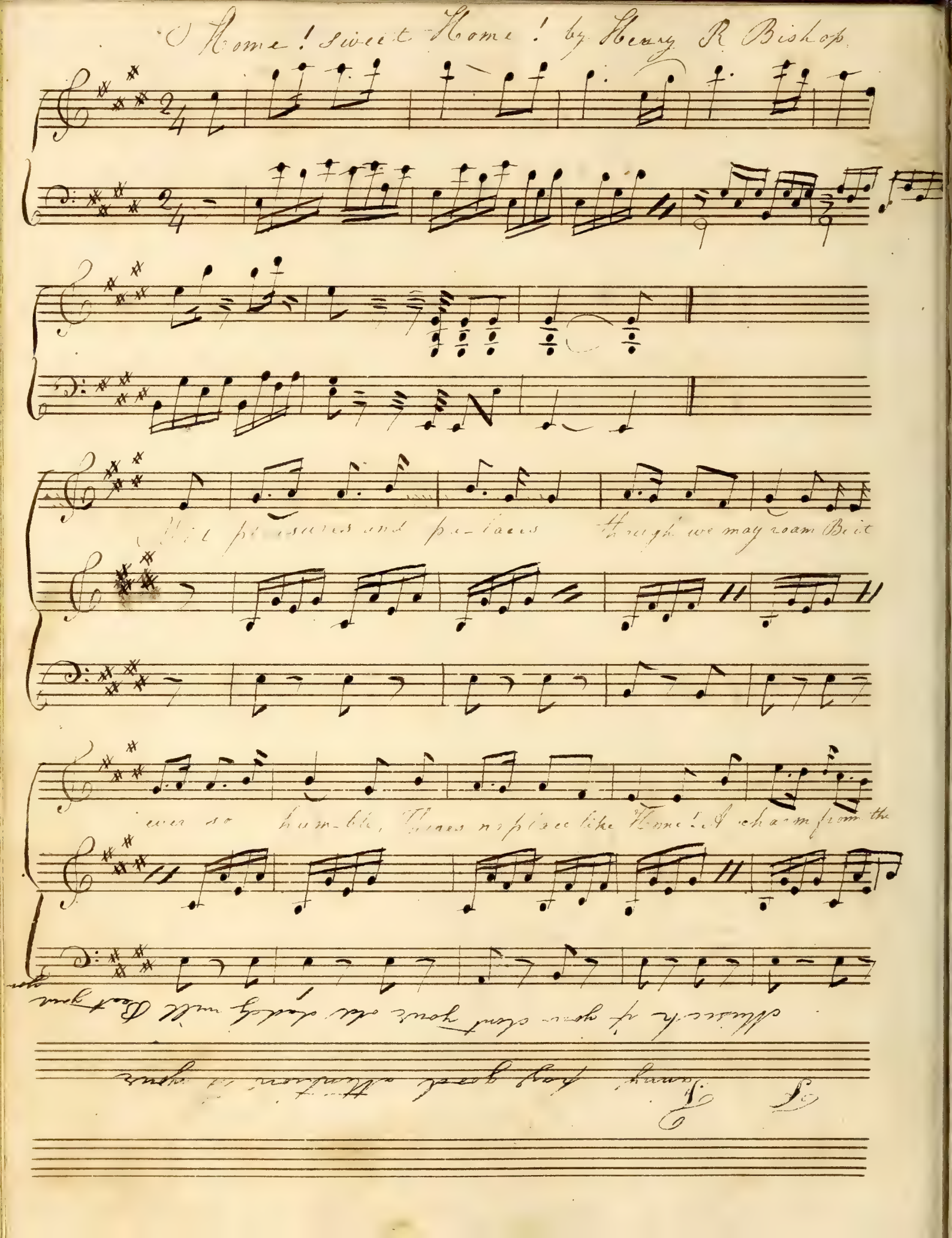
Will you be mine or no Will you be mine or

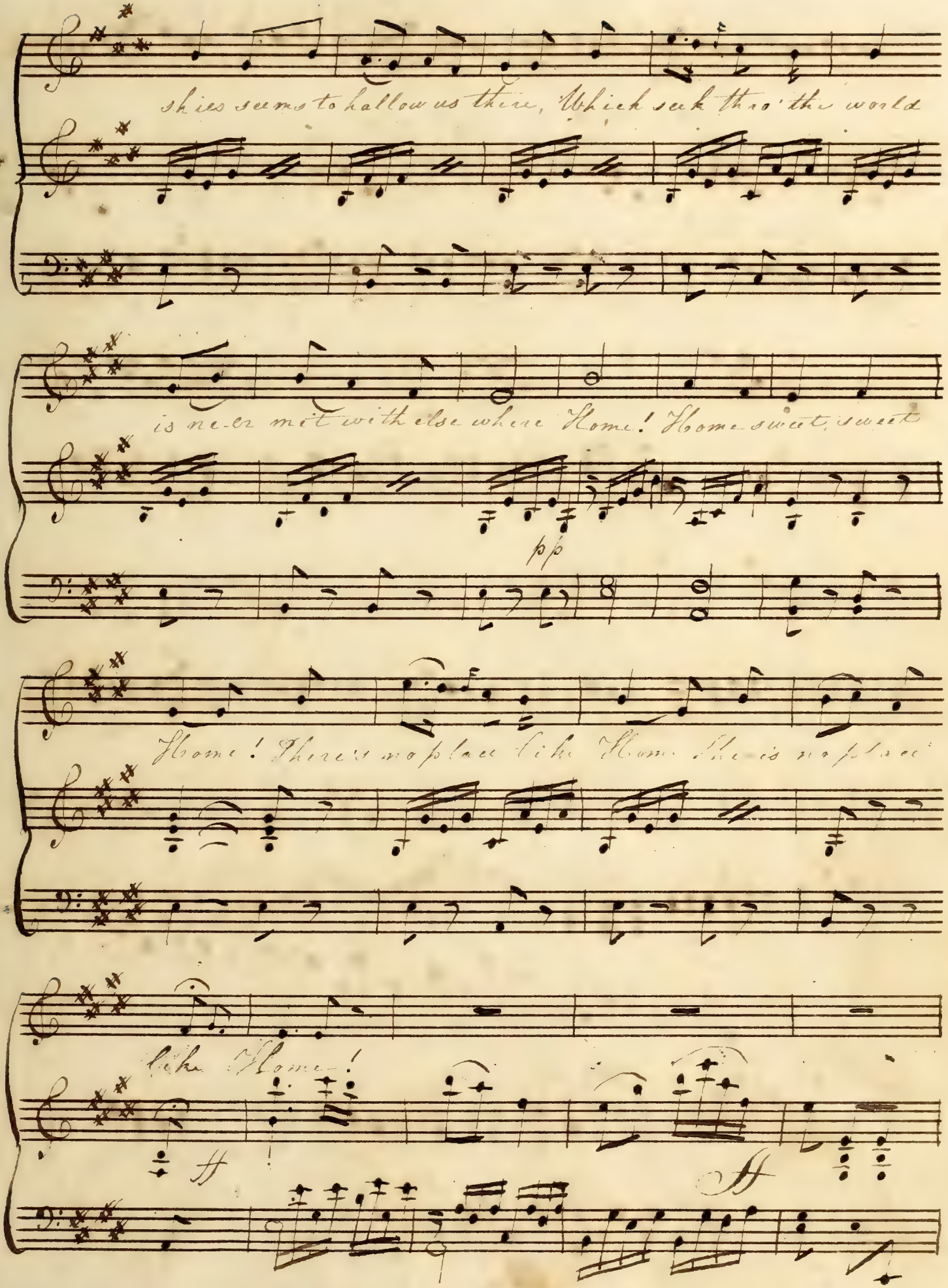
no

2) Cymon pray give over your suit
For your pains will yield no fruit.
Go for a conceited fool
Let your idle passions cool
Go for a booby go.

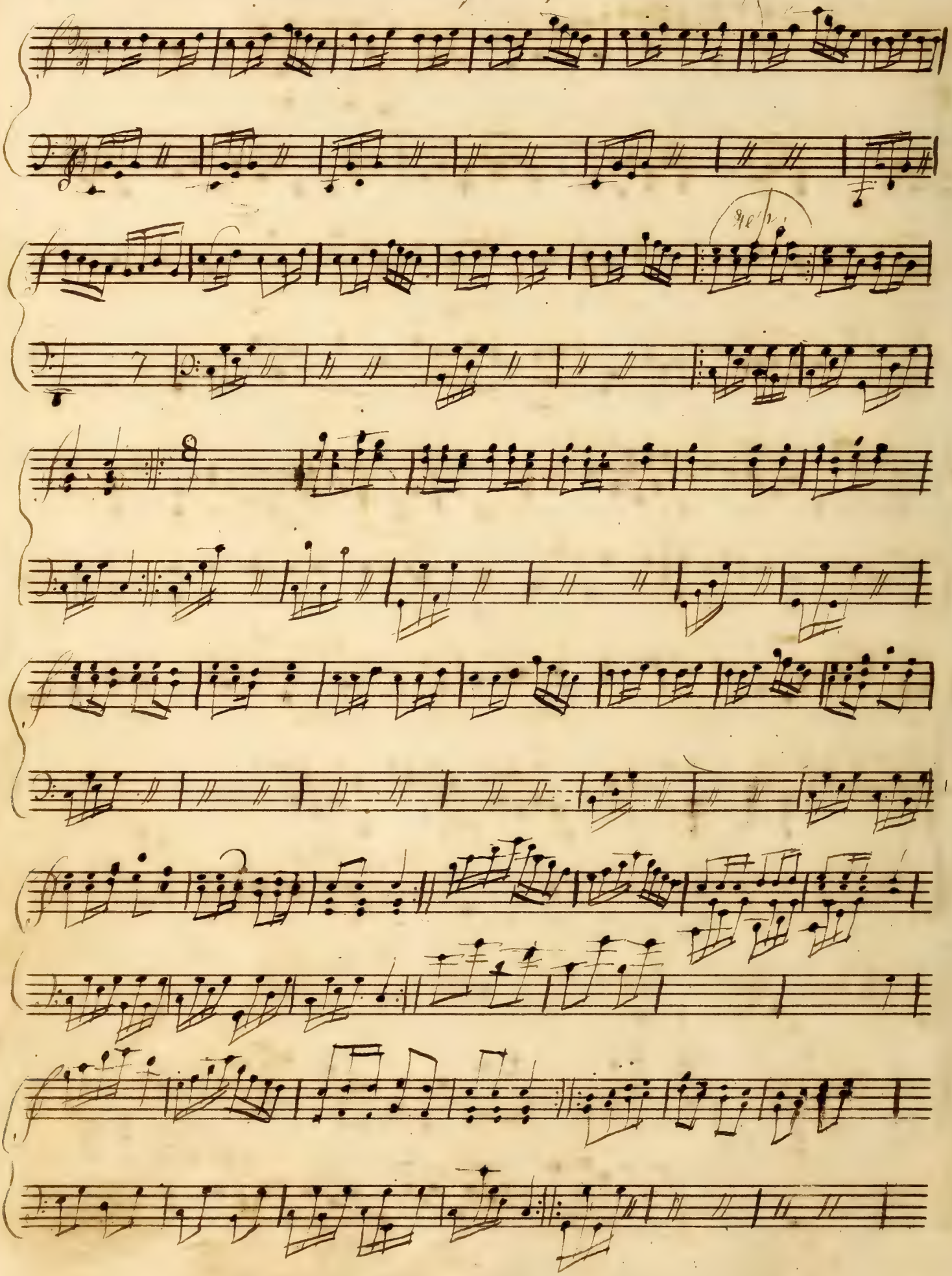
3) Sylvia sweet I pray love me
Mother says she will agree
She her cow would gladly give
So with you that I might live
Will you be mine or no

4 She I think had best by half
Keep her cow to feed her calf
Never would I for a crown
Wedded be to such a clown

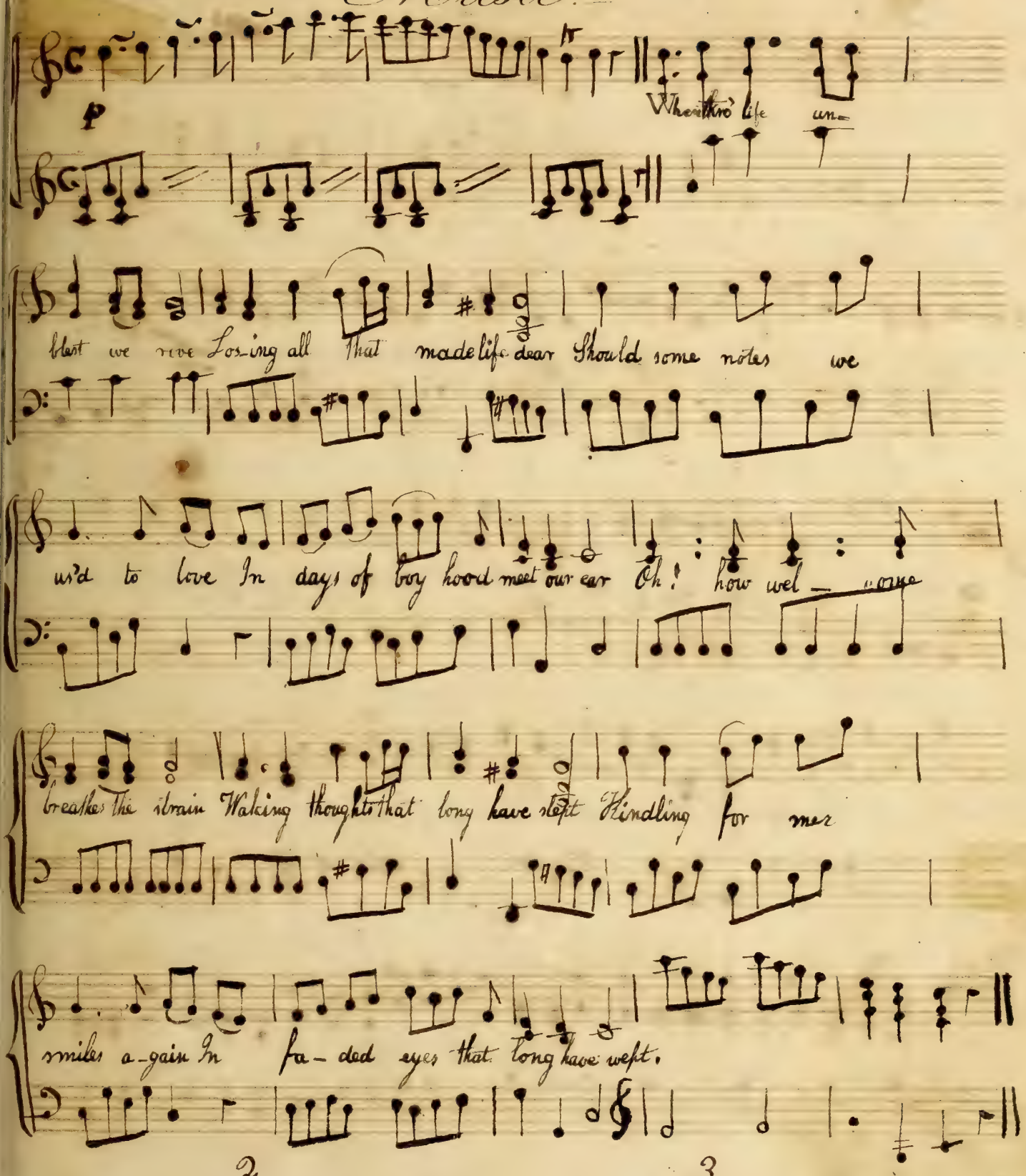

"Home! Sweet Home!" by Henry R Bishop
Tis pleasures and pastures Though we may roam Be it
ever so humble, There's no place like Home! A charm from the


shies seems to hallow us there, Which seek thro' the world
is ne-er met with else where Home! Home sweet, sweet
pp
Home! There's no place like Home No place
like Home!
ff
ff

The Dauphin of Paris



Music.

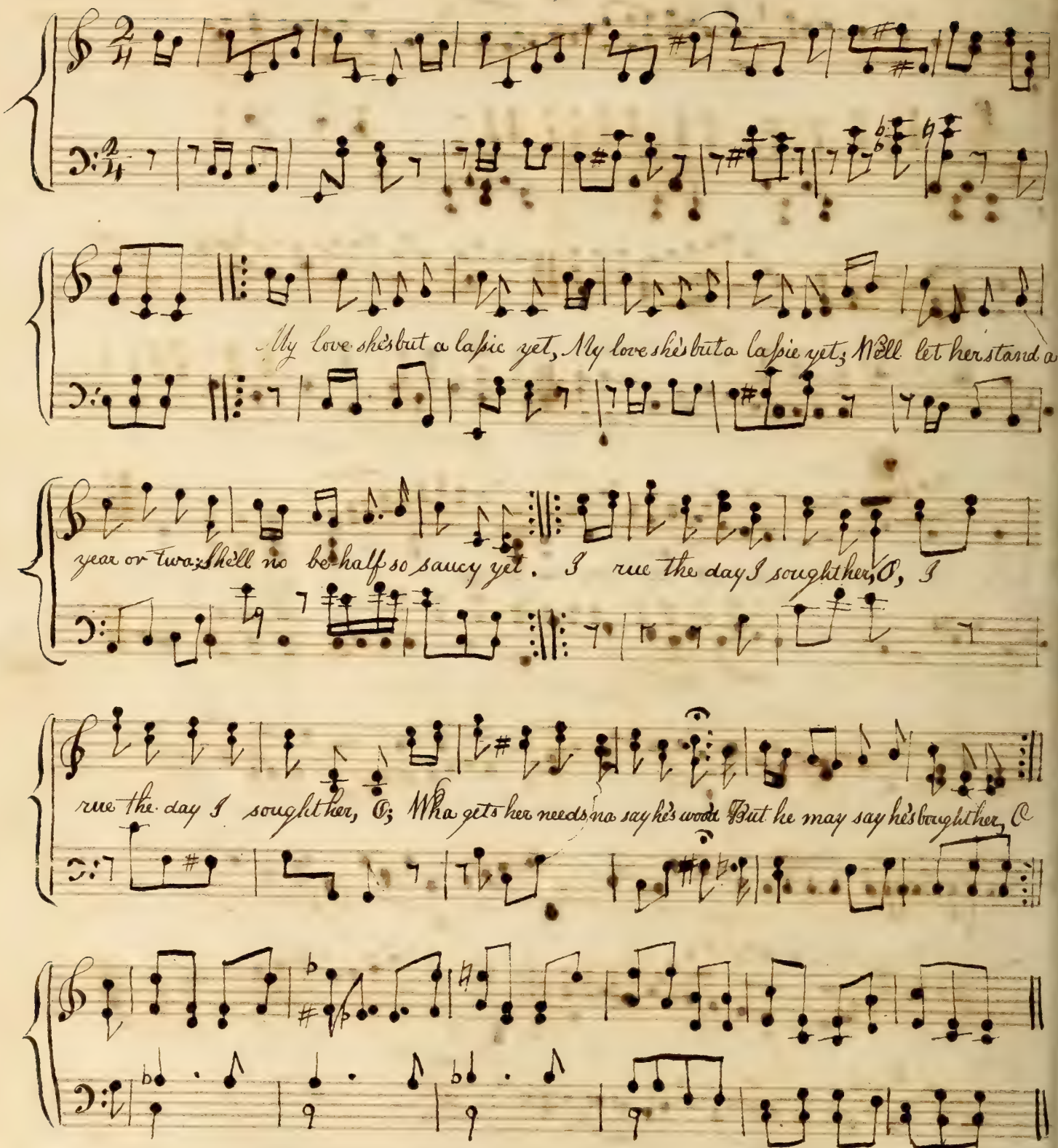


2

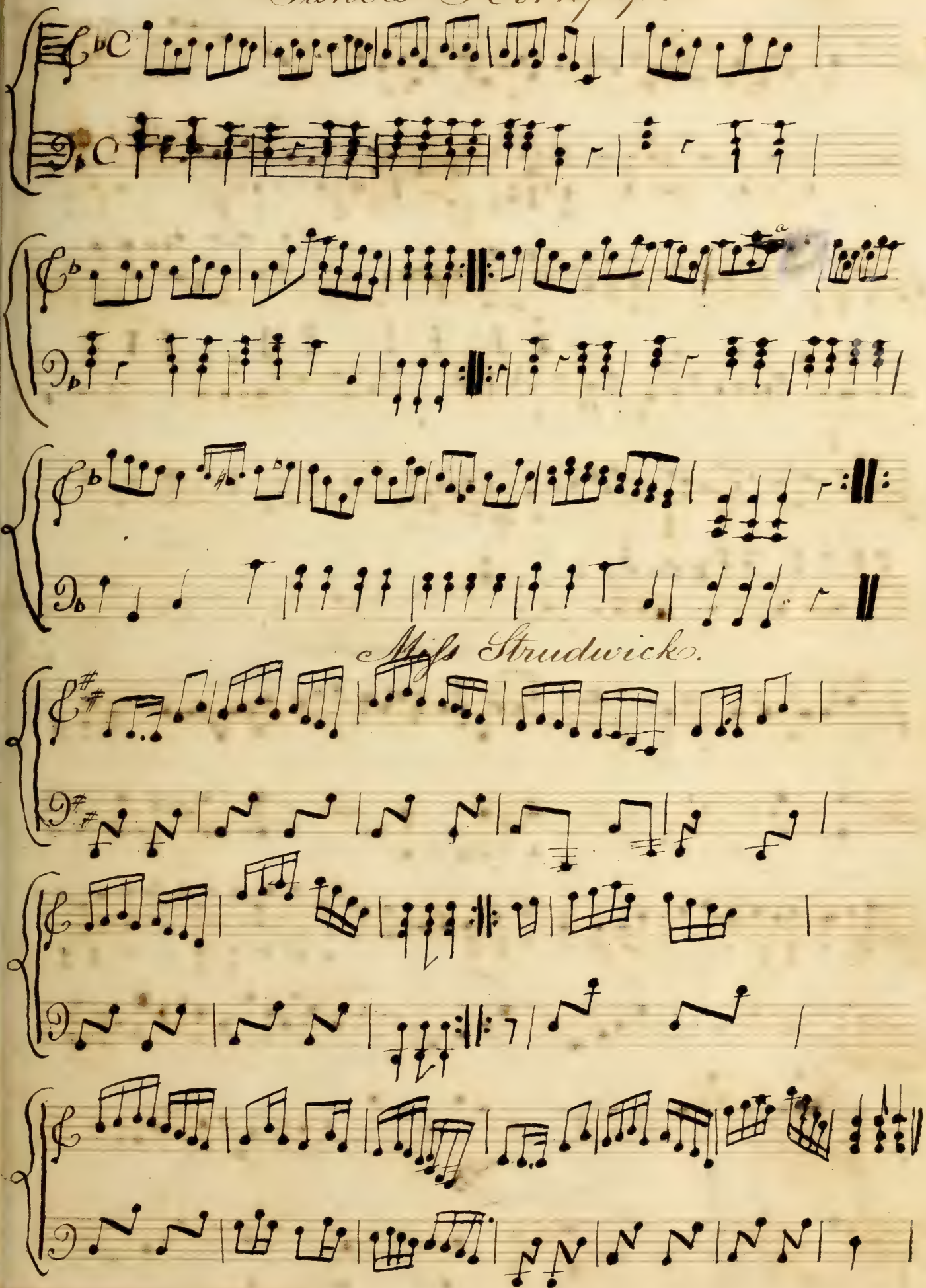
Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flow'rs
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours
Fill'd with balm the gale sigh's on
Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death
So when pleasure's dream is gone
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

3

Music! oh how faint how weak
Language fades before thy spell.
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well
Friendship's balmy words may feign
Love's are even more false than they
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray


My love she's but a lassie yet, My love she's but a lassie yet; We'll let her stand a
year or two; She'll no be half so saucy yet. I rue the day I sought her, O, I
rue the day I sought her, O; Wha gets her needs na say he's wood But he may say he's brought her, O

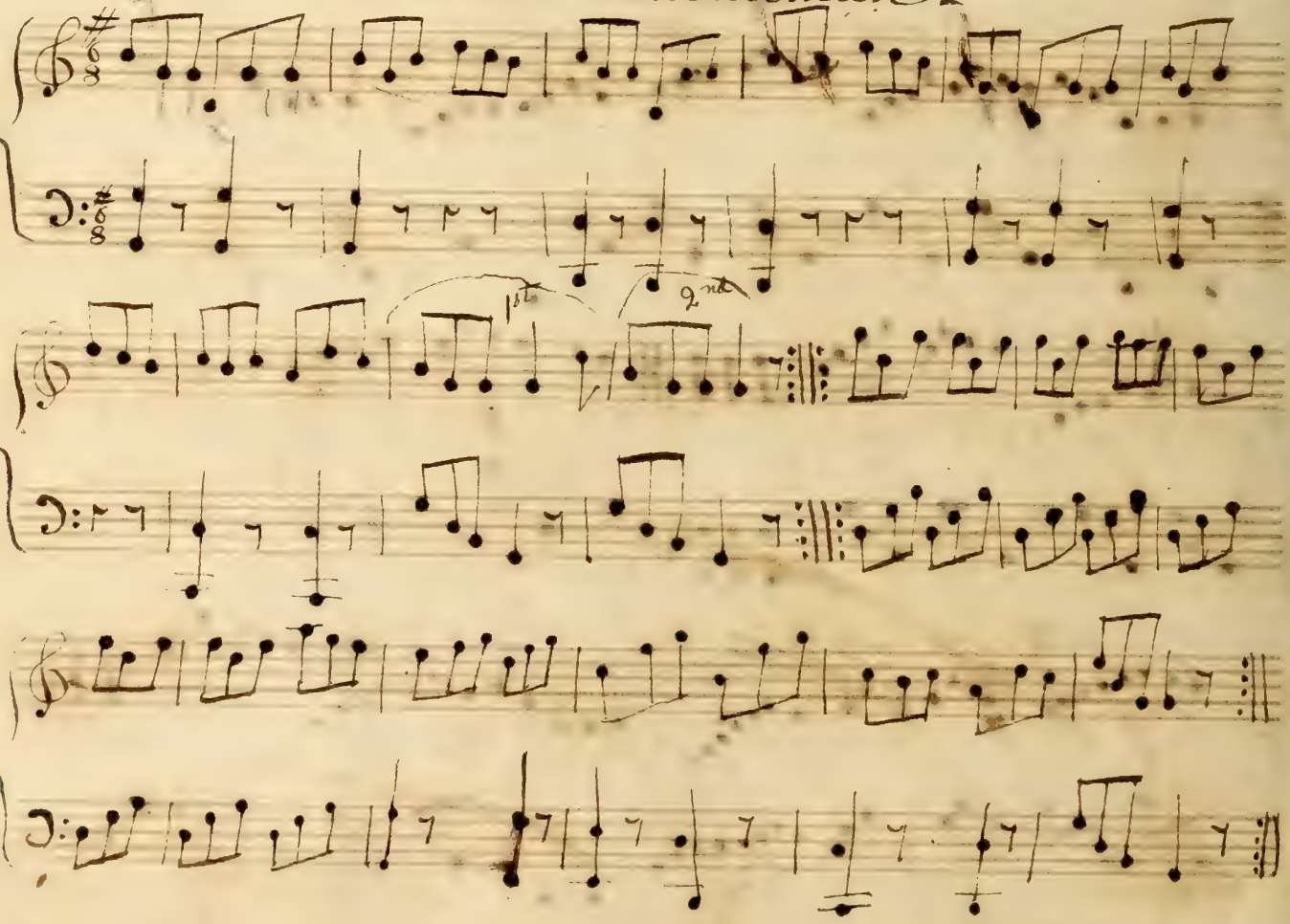
Fishers Hornpipe.


Miss Strudwick.

The Grand Round

D C

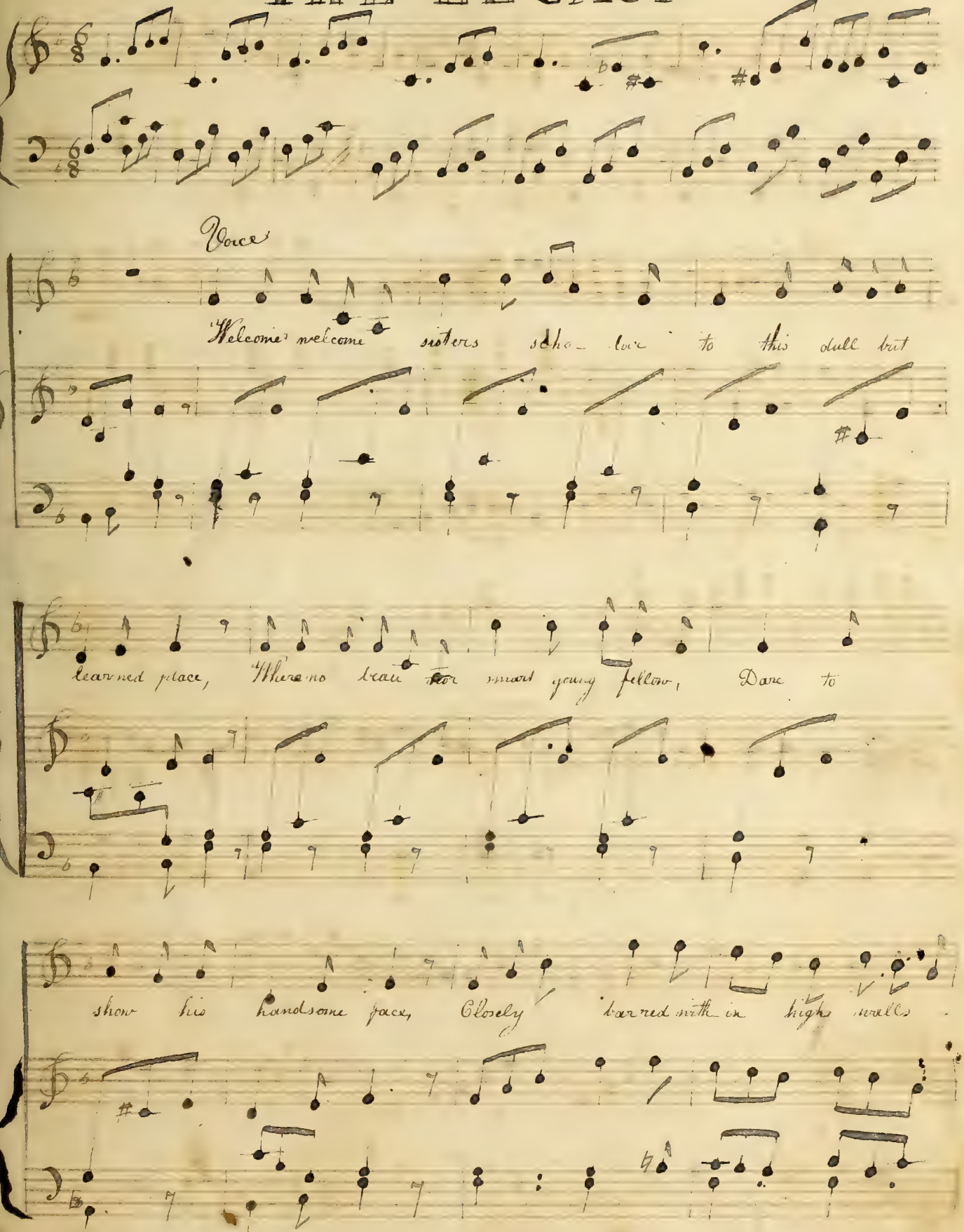
The Irish Washerwoman

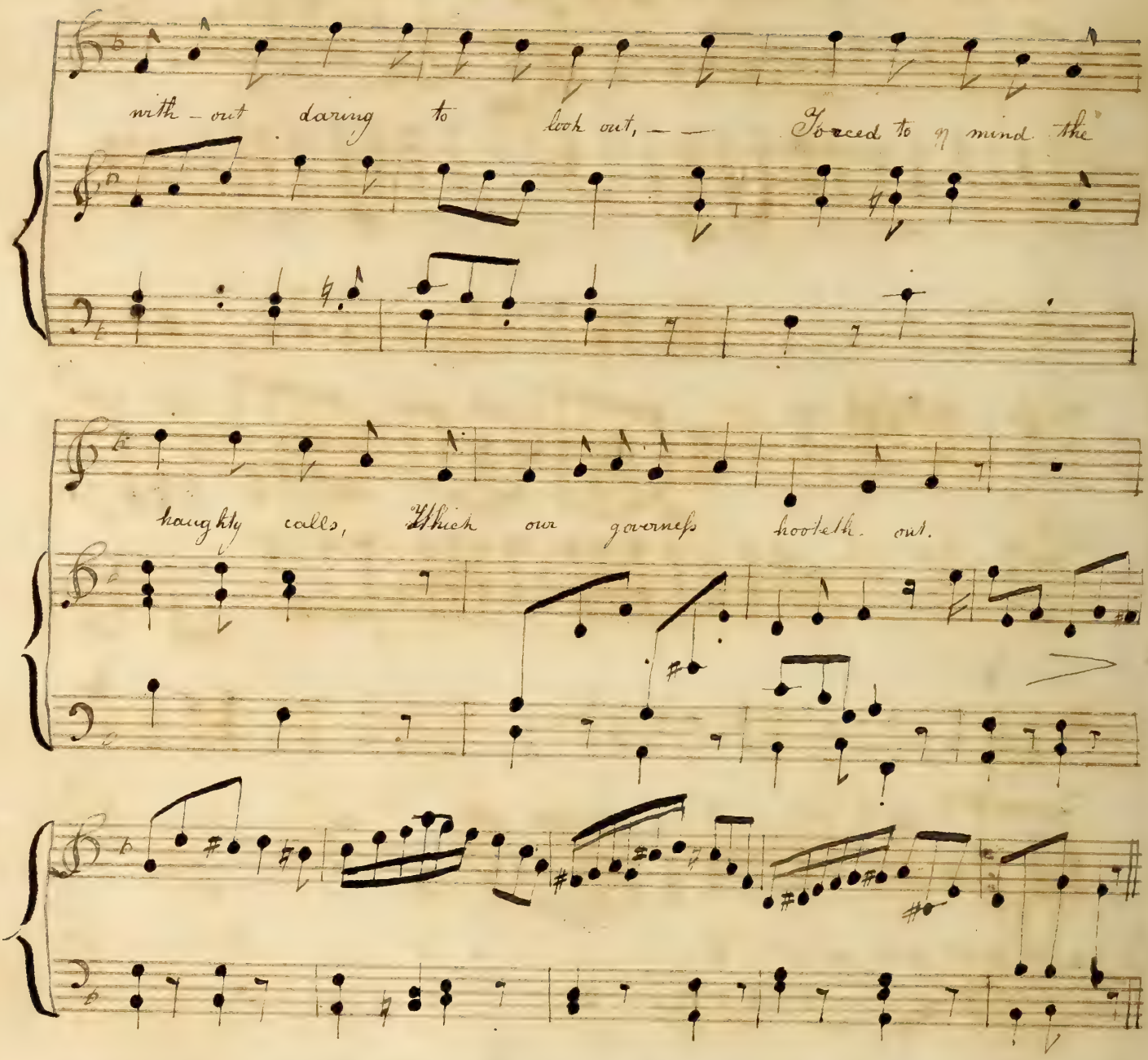


THE LEGACY

Voice

Welcome welcome sisters scho_lar to this dull but learned place, Where no beau nor smart young fellow, Dare to show his handsome face, Closely barred with_in high walls.

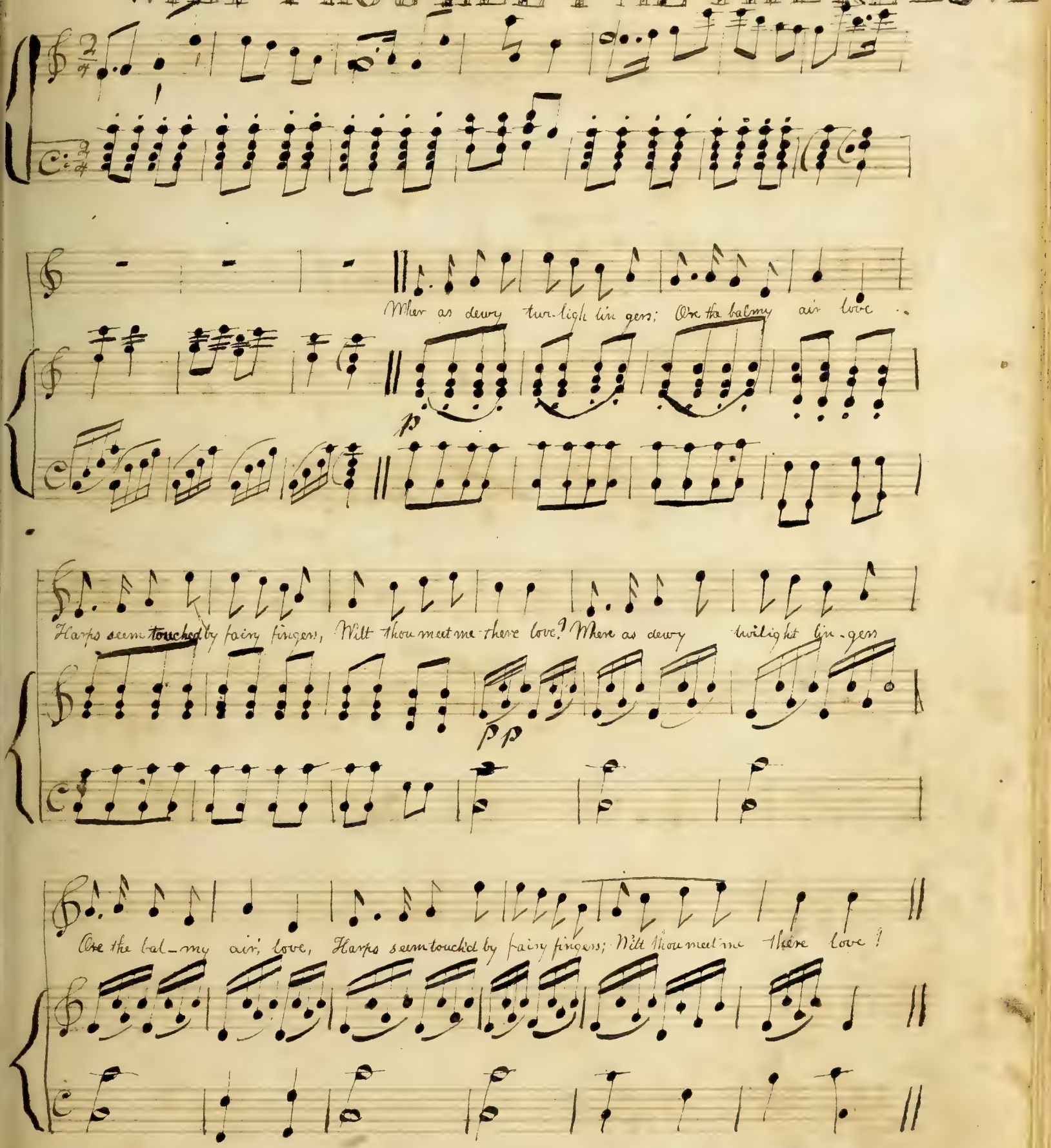


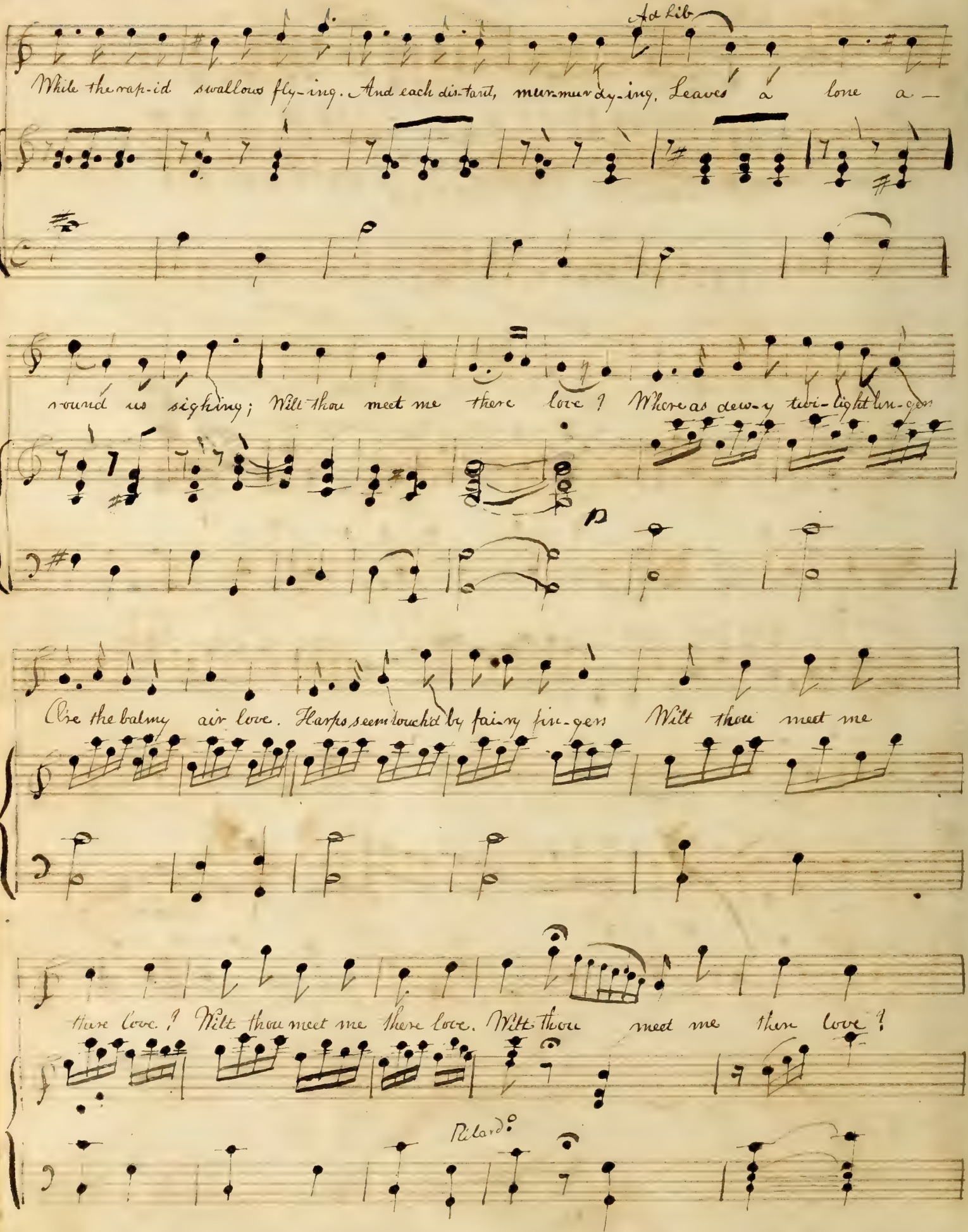


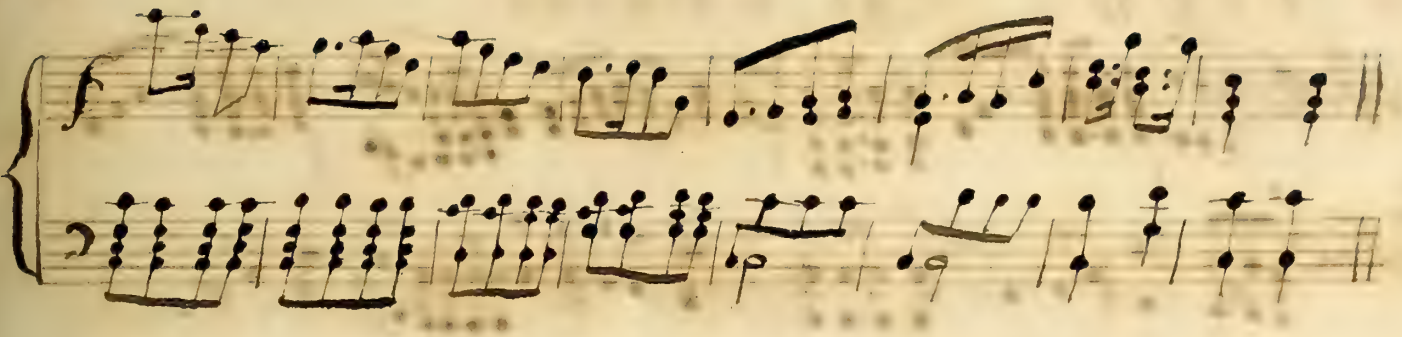
Since dear Miss you are a stranger,
You the rules of school must know
Else your person is in danger
Which these cruel marks doth show.

Locks, bolts, & bars we are kept under,
Till our friends come fetch us home,
Happy happy is that hour,
Dont you wish the time was come.

WILT THOU MEET ME THERE LOVE




Ad lib
While the rap-id swallows fly-ing. And each dis-tant, mur-mur dy-ing. Leaves a lone a —
round us sighing; Wilt thou meet me there love? Where as dew-y twi-light lin-gers
O're the balmy air love. Harps seem touch'd by fai-ry fin-gers Wilt thou meet me
there love? Wilt thou meet me there love. Wilt thou meet me then love?
Ritard°

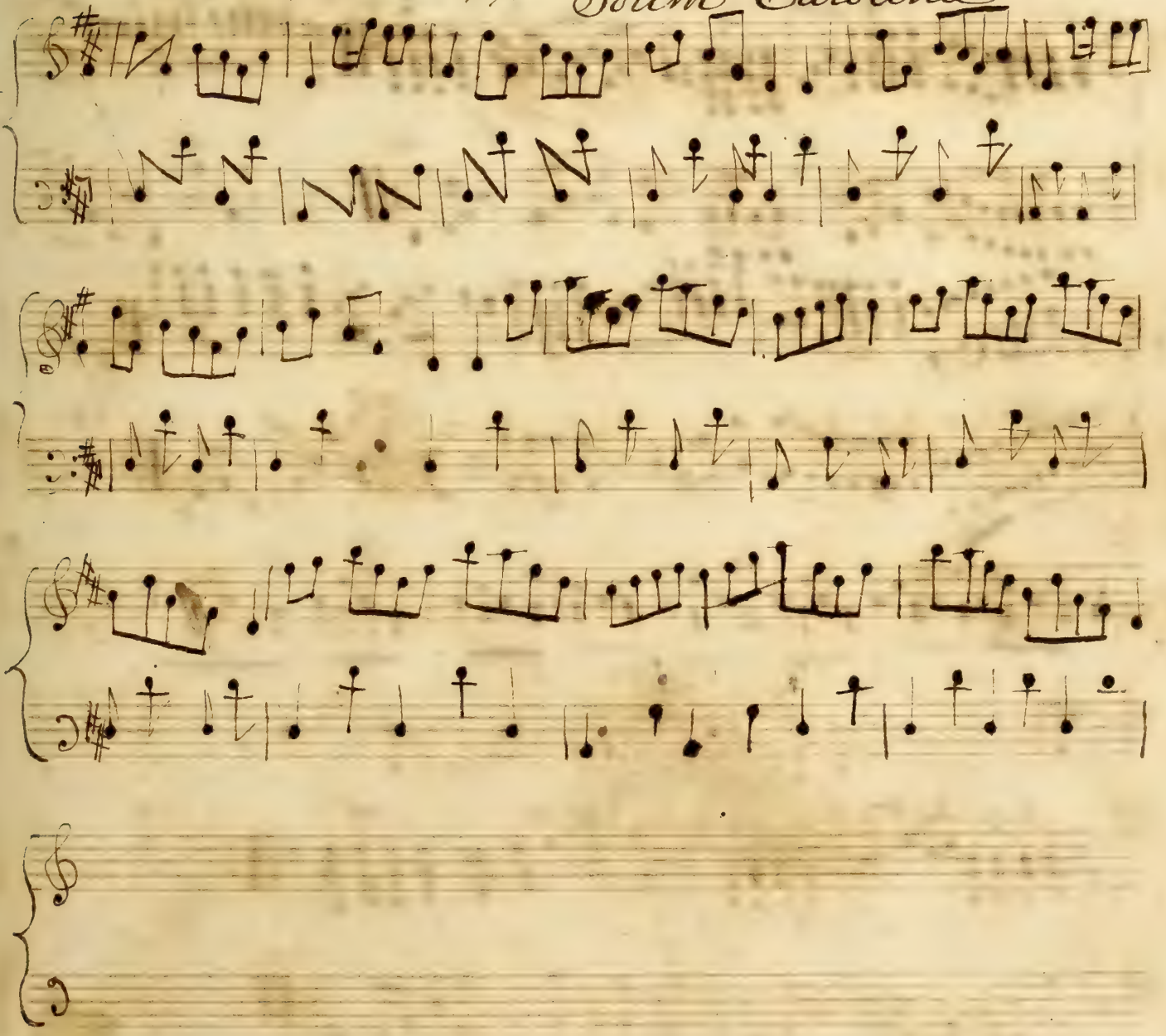


Where soft gales; from beds of flowers,
Fragrat incense bear love
Sweet as eastern maidens bowers!

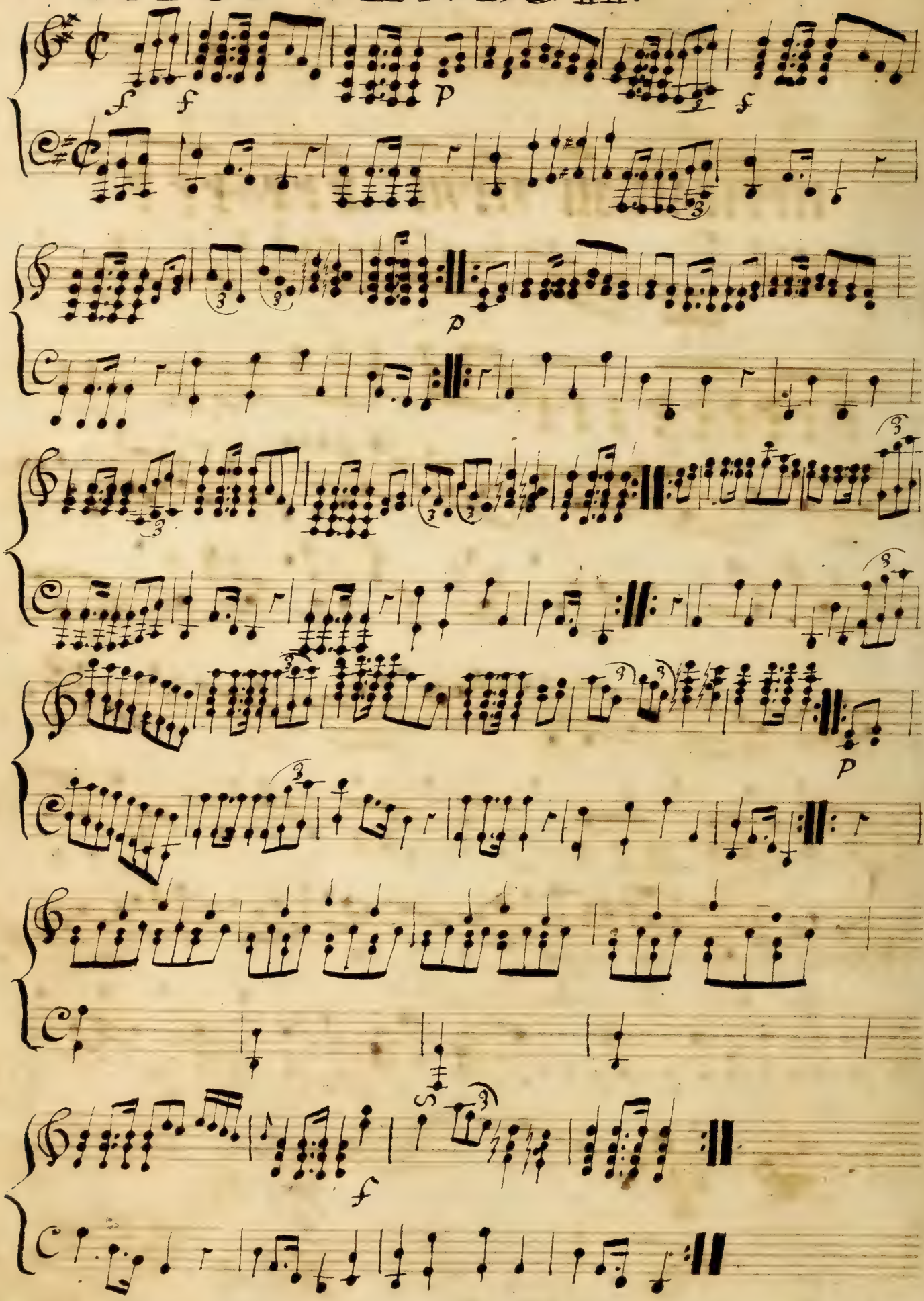
Wilt tho meet me there love
While the bird of love is singing
Liquid notes around us flinging
Rapture to the full heart bringing
Wilt thou meet me there love
Where the dewy &c

Where soft gales &c

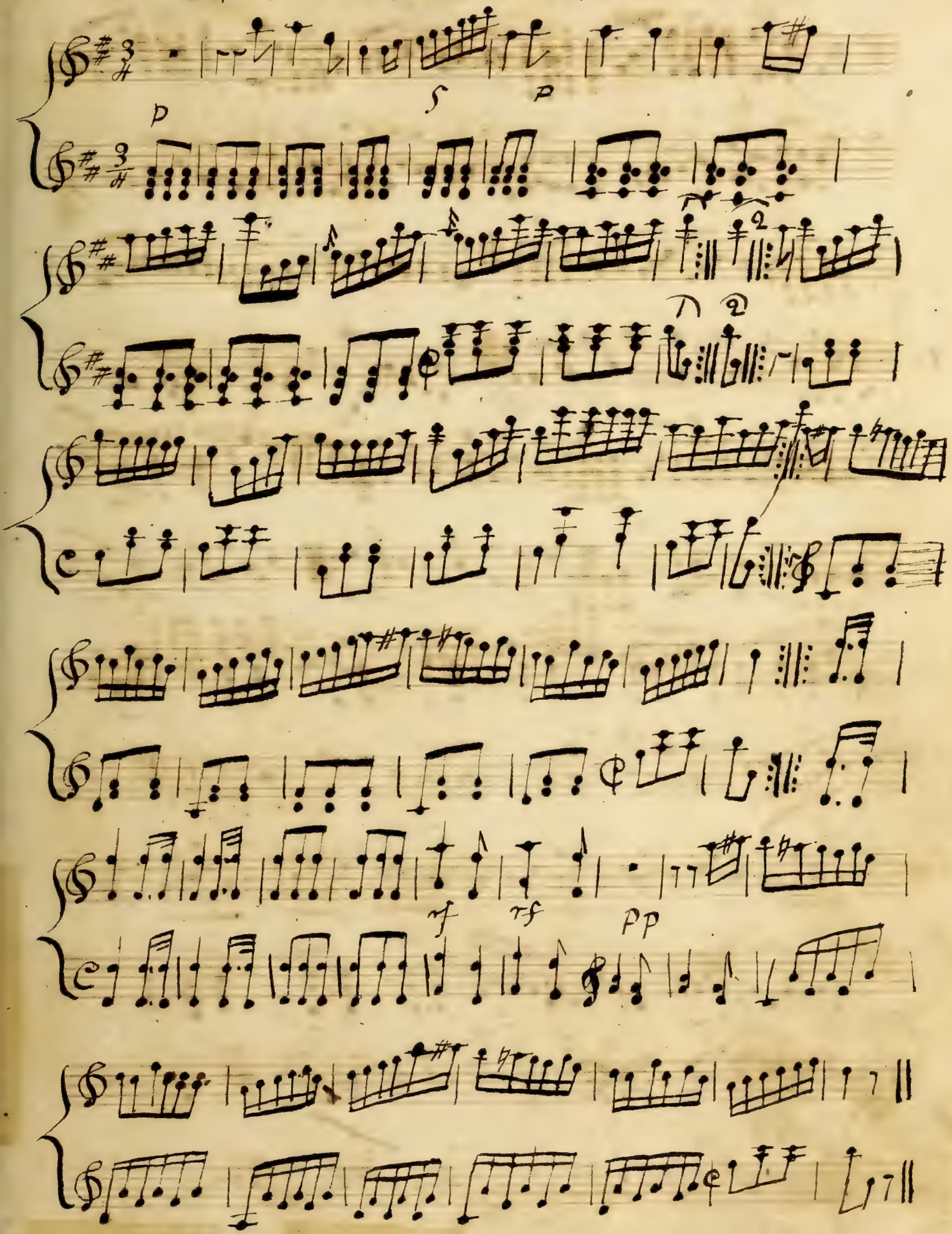
South Carolina



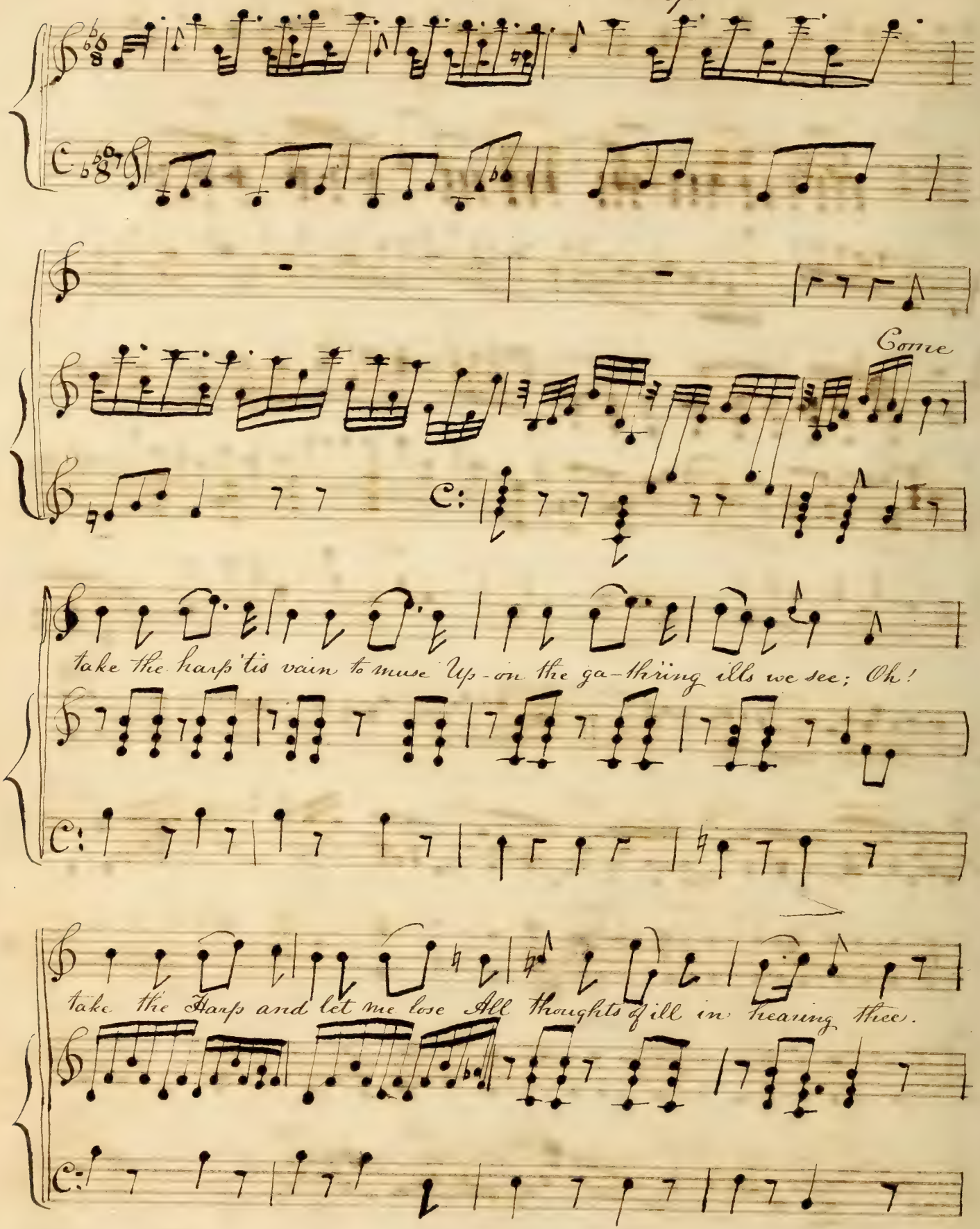
TITUS. MARCH.

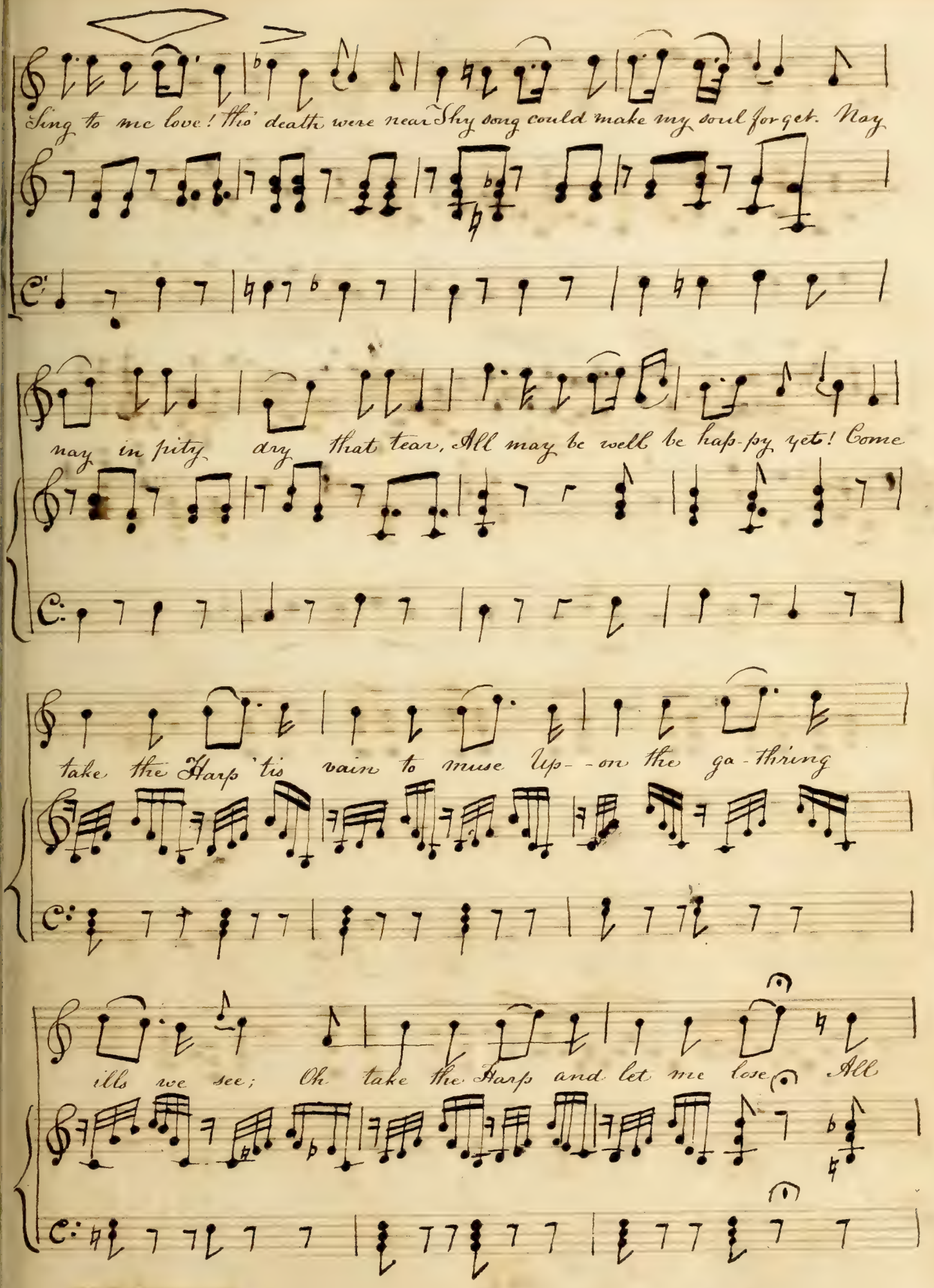


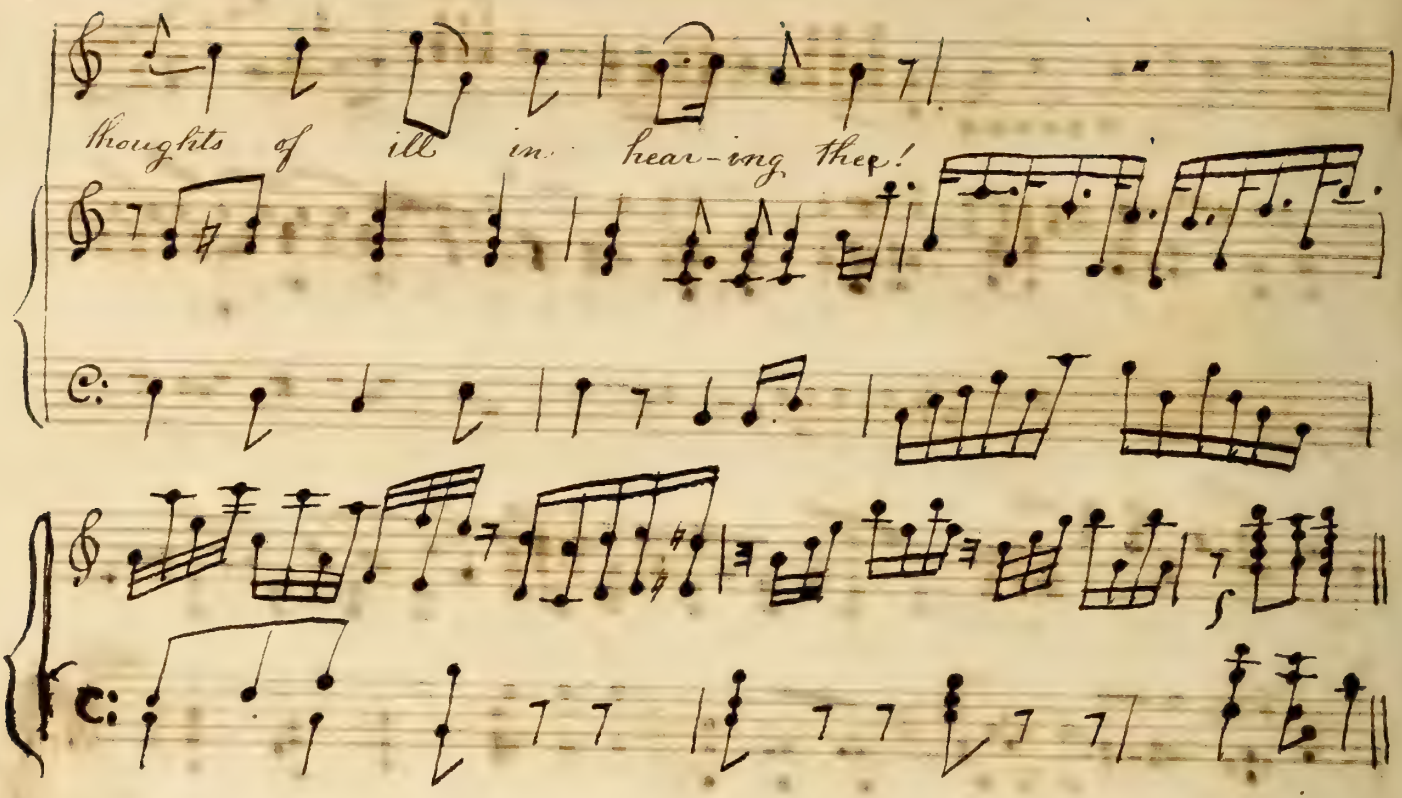
Queen of Prussia's Waltz.



Come take the Harp




Sing to me love! tho' death were near Thy song could make my soul forget. Nay
nay in pity dry that tear, All may be well be hap-py yet! Come
take the Harp 'tis vain to muse Up--on the ga-thering
ills we see; Oh take the Harp and let me lose All



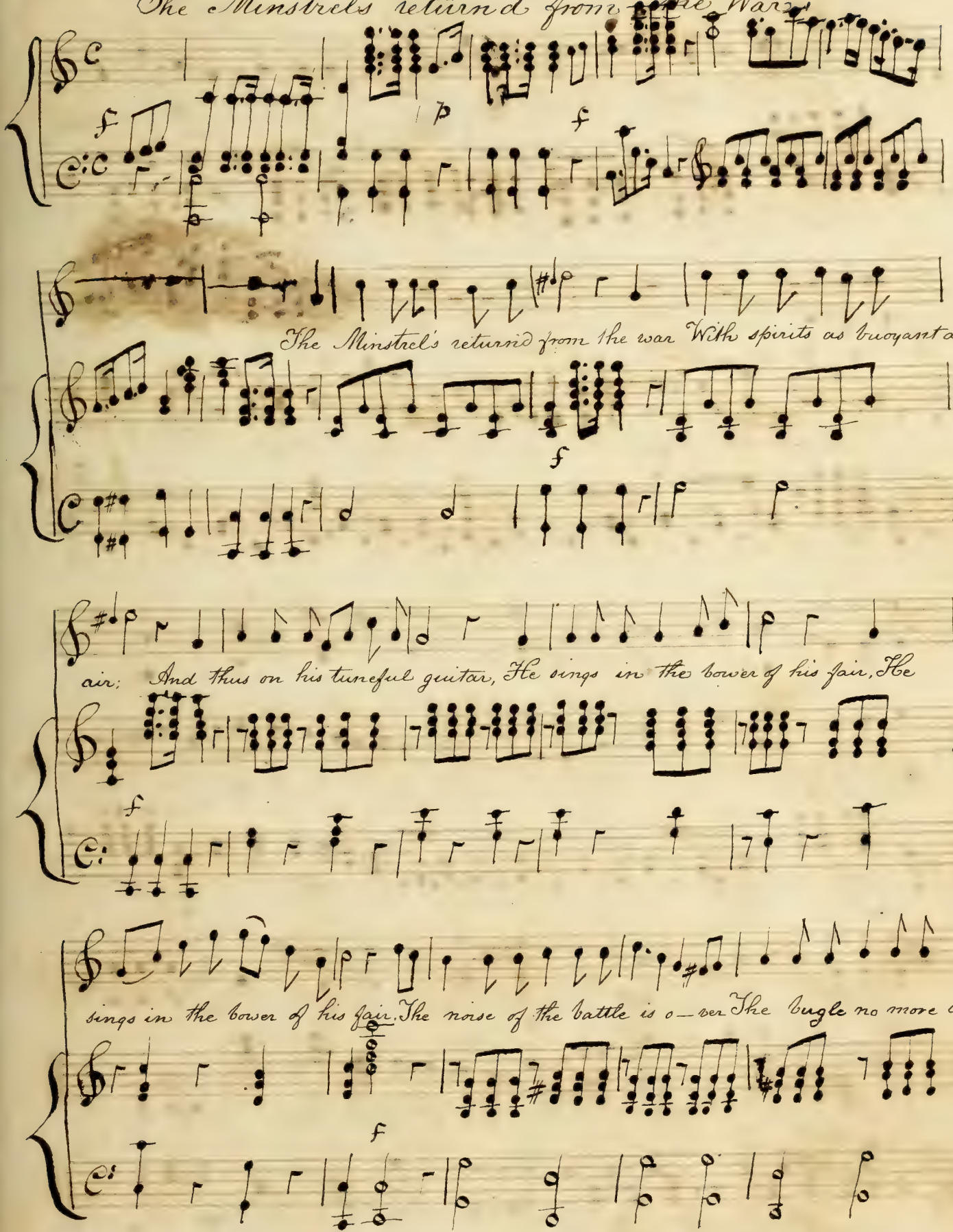
2

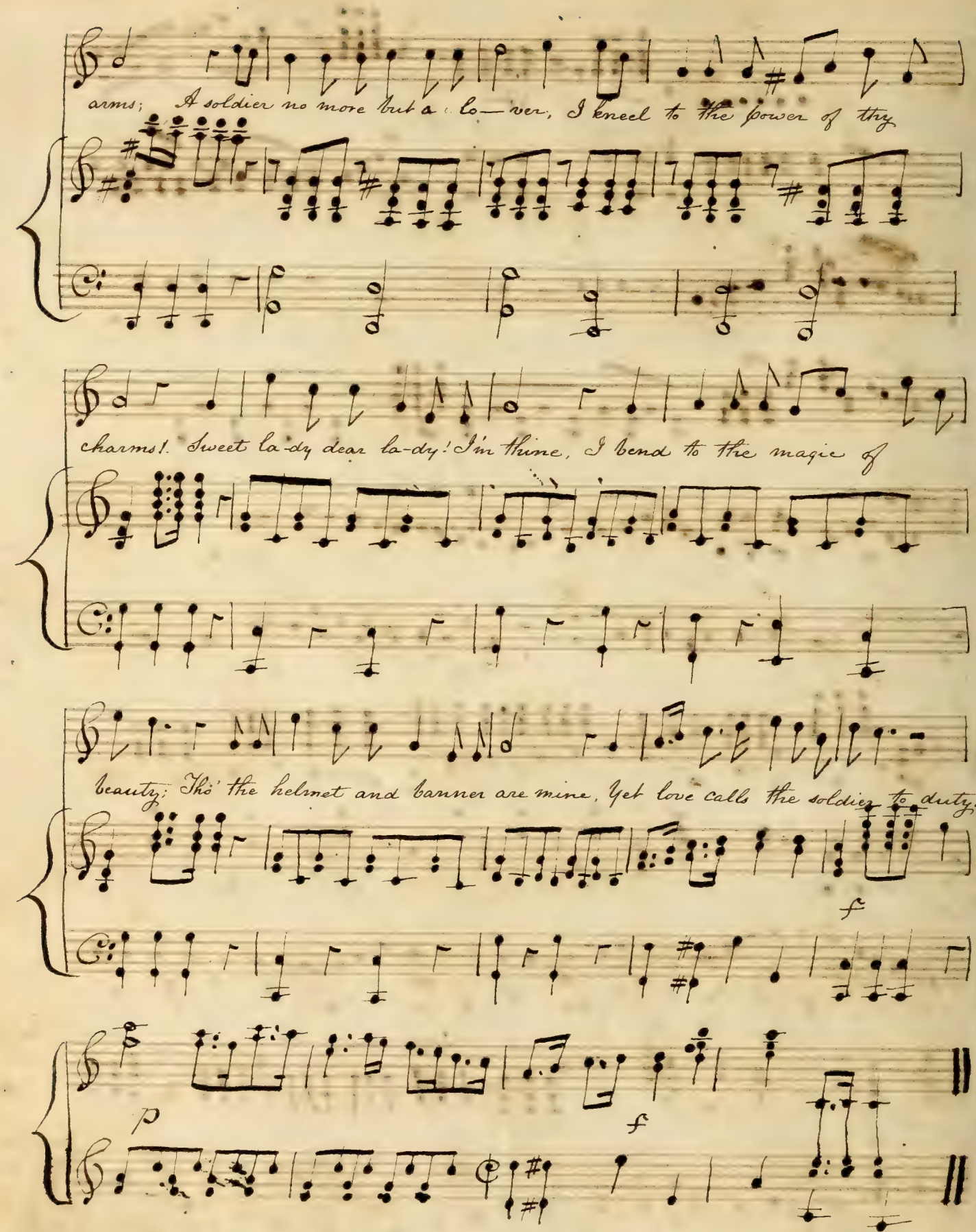
Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear Harp lie
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh!
Give me that strain of mournful touch,
We used to love, long long ago.
Before our hearts had known as much
As now alas! they bleed to know!
Come take the Harp &c. —

3

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then
Now wither'd, lost, Oh! pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear thase sounds again!
Art thou too wretched? Yes thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine.
Come come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine
Come take the Harp &c. —

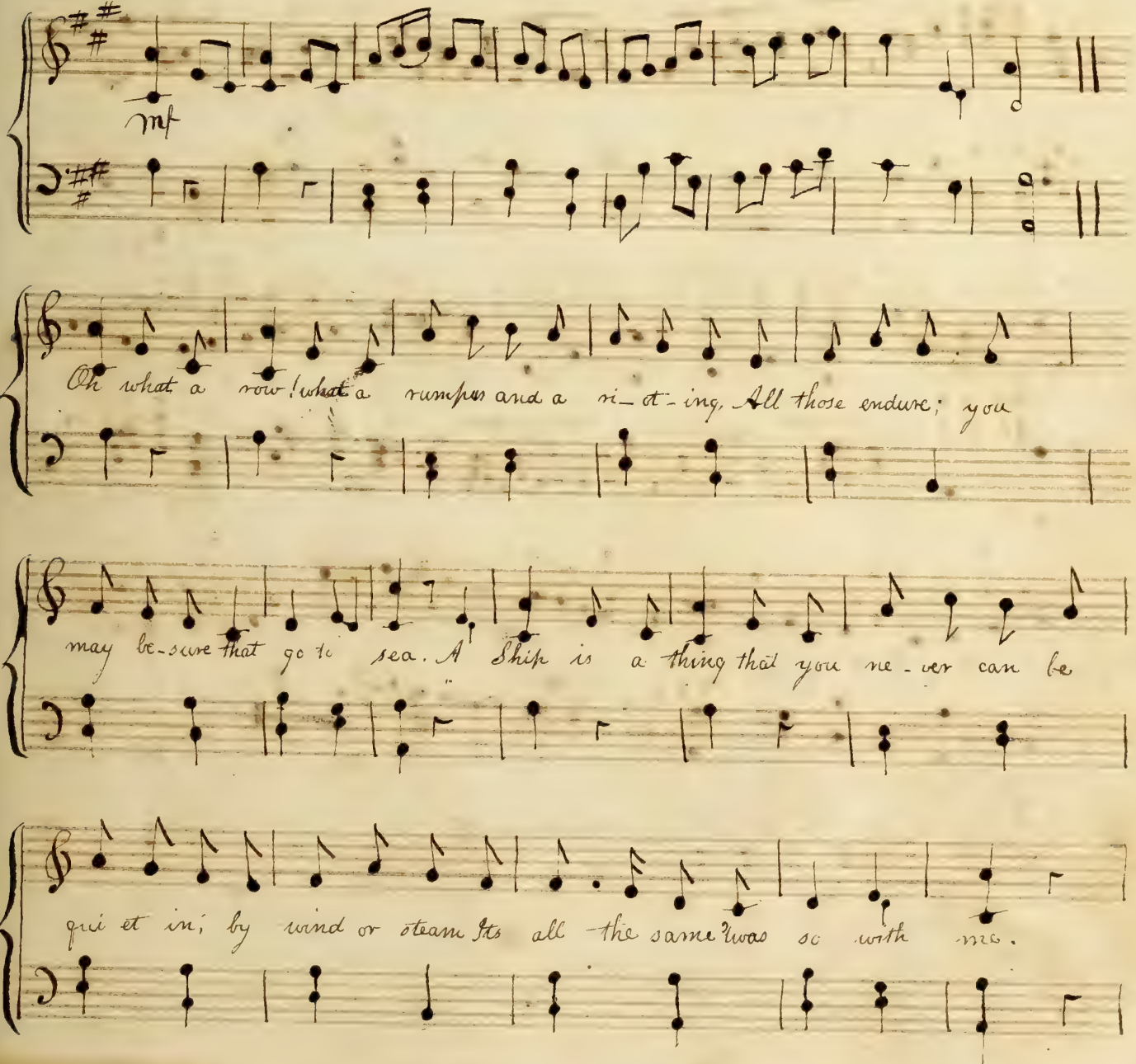
The Minstrel's return'd from the War.

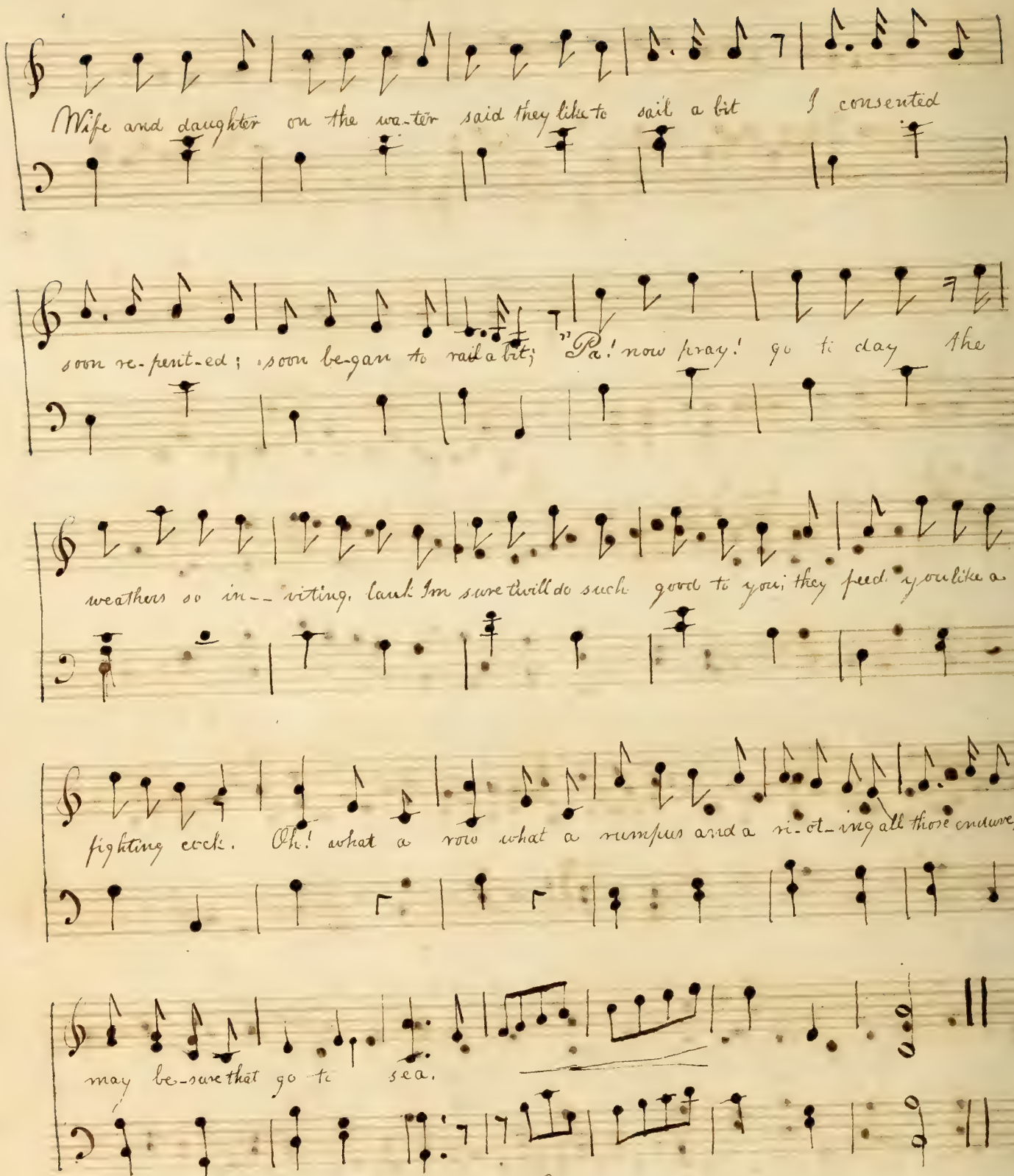



arms; A soldier no more but a lo—ver, I kneel to the power of thy
charms! Sweet la-dy dear la-dy! I'm thine, I bend to the magic of
beauty; Tho' the helmet and banner are mine, Yet love calls the soldier to duty.
f
p
f

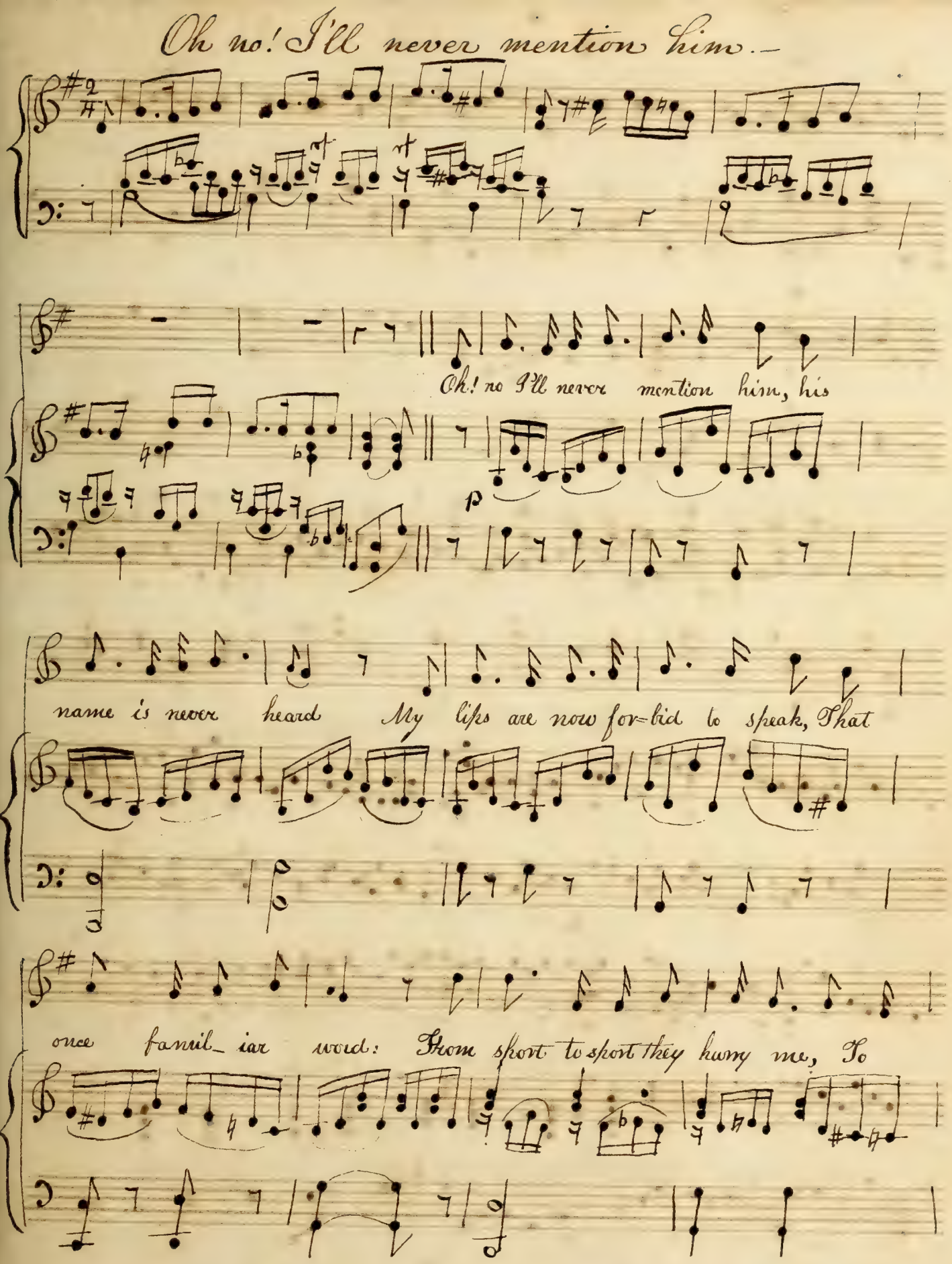
But fame called the youth to the field,
His banner wav'd over his head;
He gave his guitar for a shield,
And soon he lay low with the dead:
While she o'er her young hero bending,
Received his expiring adieu;
"I die while my country defending,
With my heart to my lady love true".—
"Oh death!" then she sigh'd, "I am thine,
I tear off the roses of beauty,
For the grave of my hero is mine,
He died true to love and to duty"!

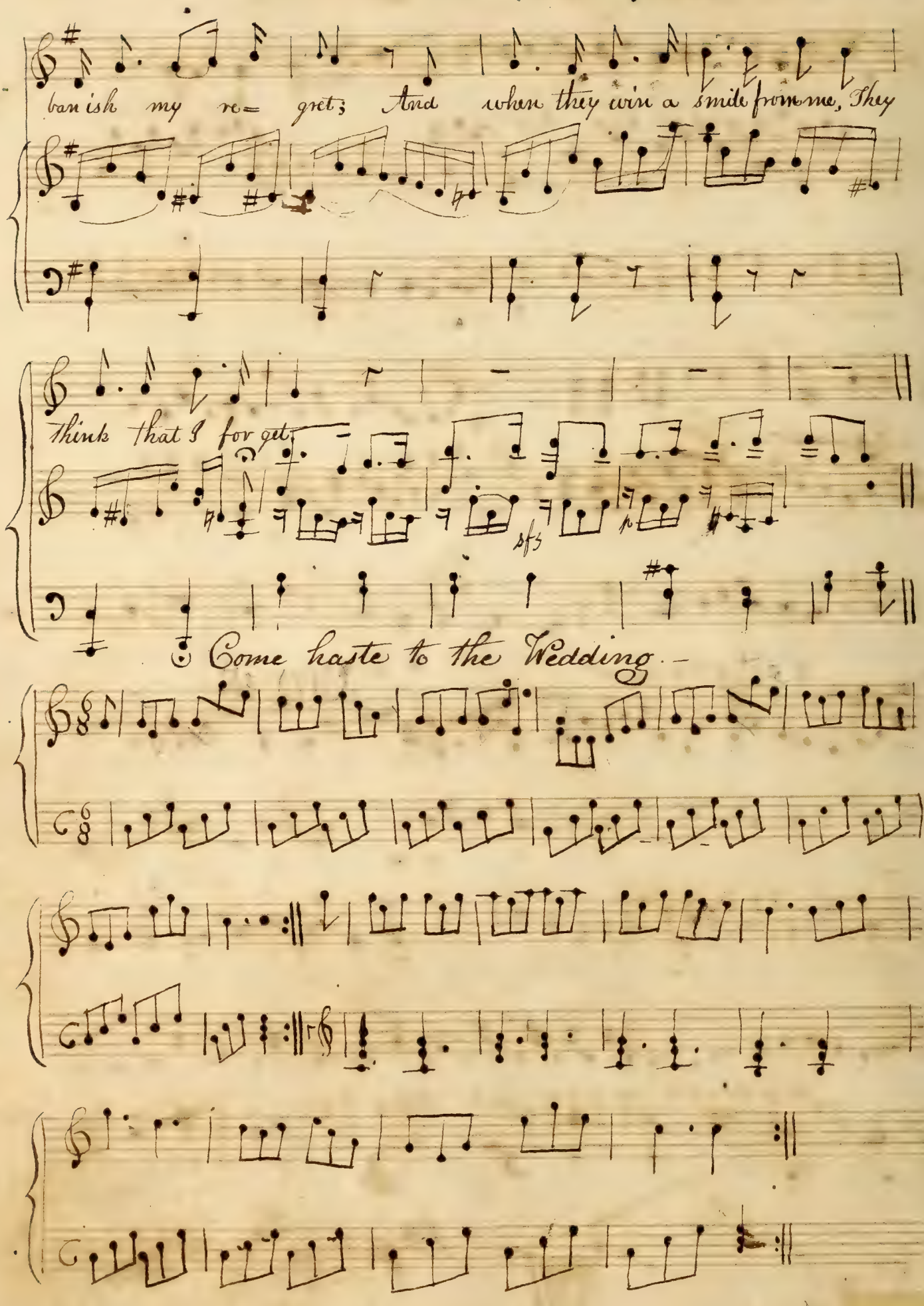
Oh what a row!



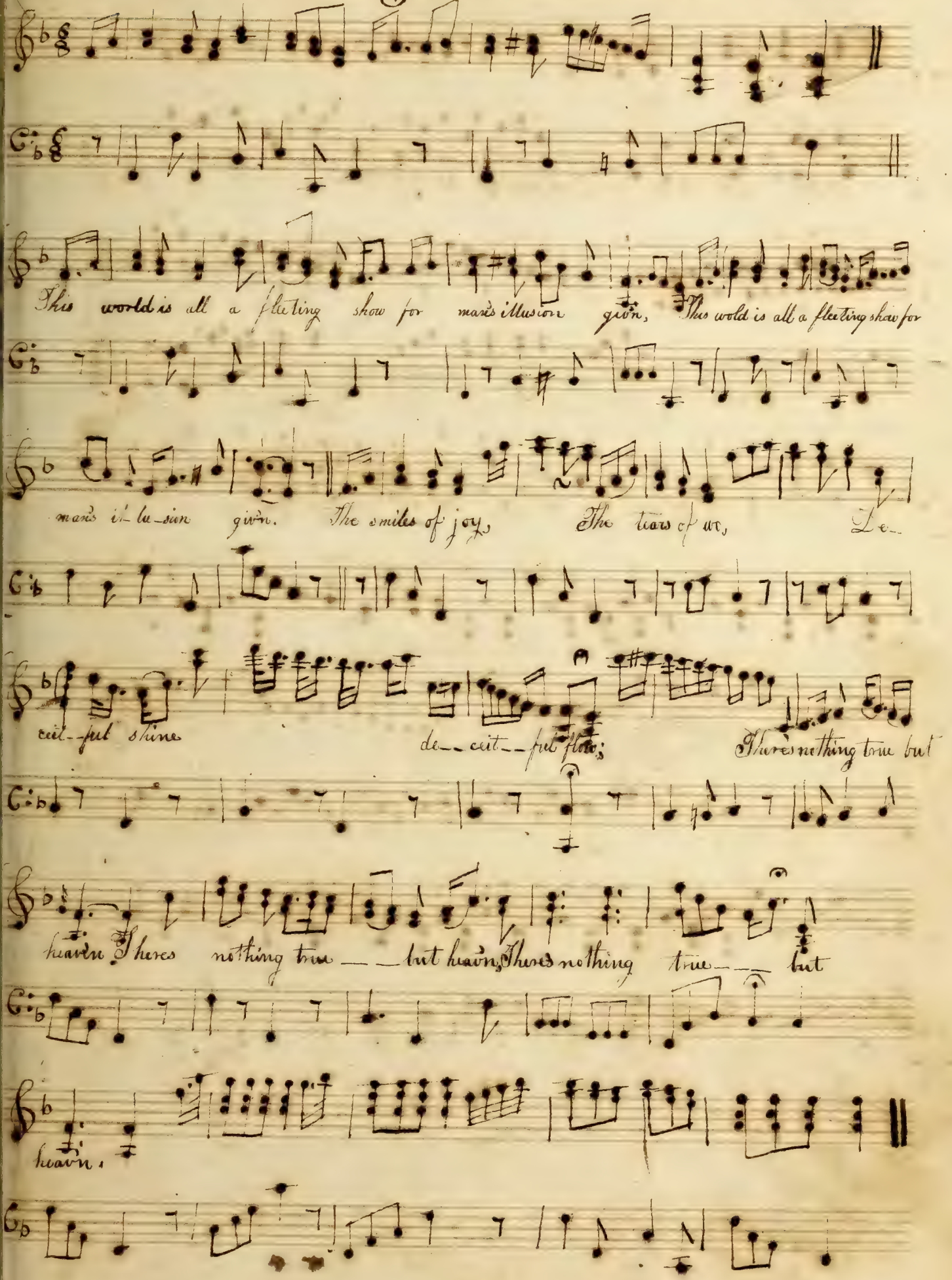


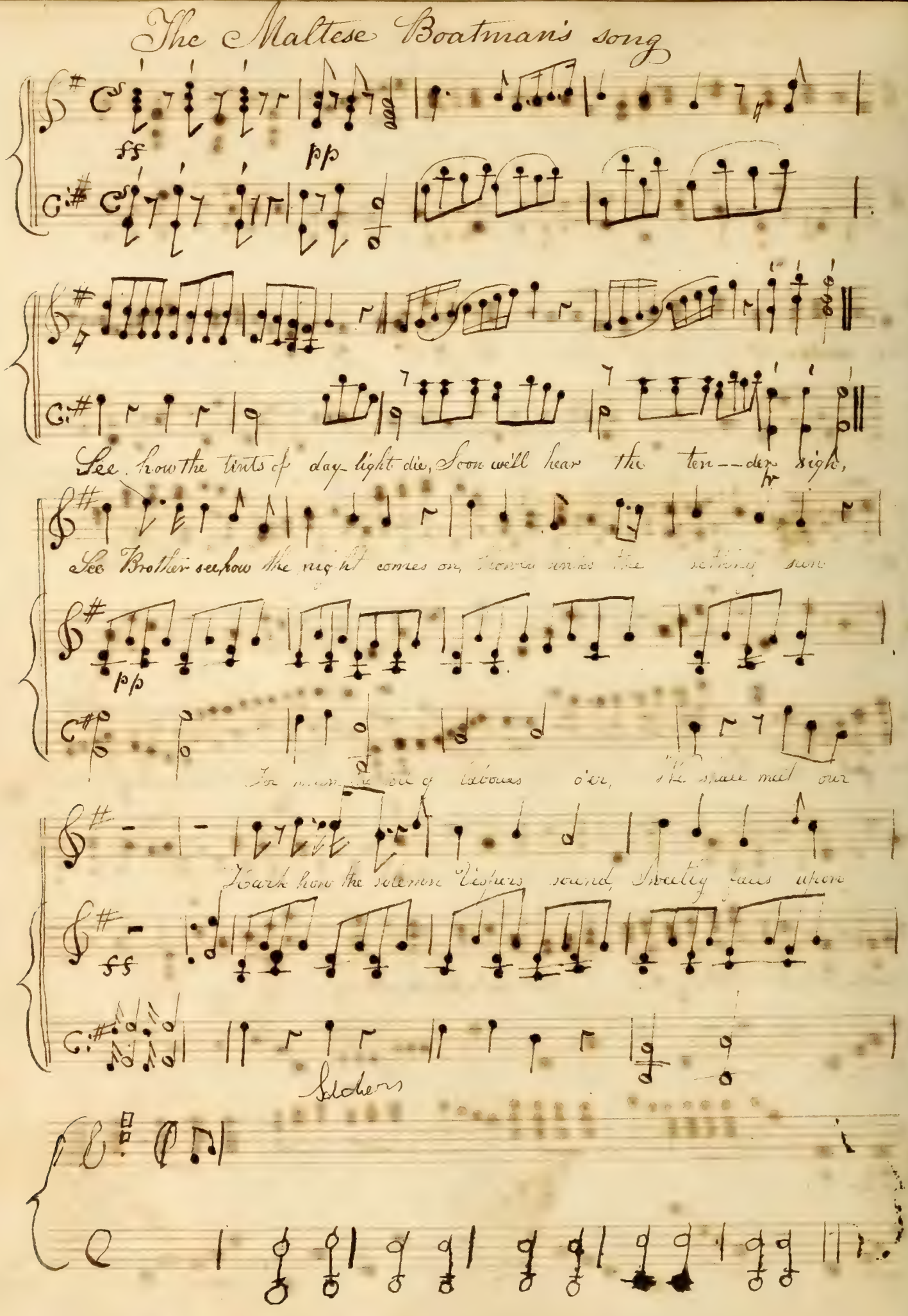
In a boat; I got afloat: as clumsy as an Elepant
So spruce and gay; to spend the day: and make a splash
Gad! it's true: I did it too, for slipping in; I fell off ont
And overboard; upon my word, I went, slap clash,
Wife squaling; Daughter bauling; every thing provoking me
Called "a Hog a Poodle dog" all the sailors joking me
Dripping wet; and in a fret; with many more distressables
A fellow took; the long boat-hook, and caught my inexpressables
Oh! what a Row! &c.


Oh no! I'll never mention him.—
Oh! no I'll never mention him, his
name is never heard My lips are now for-bid to speak, That
once famil_ iar word: From sport to sport they hurry me, To

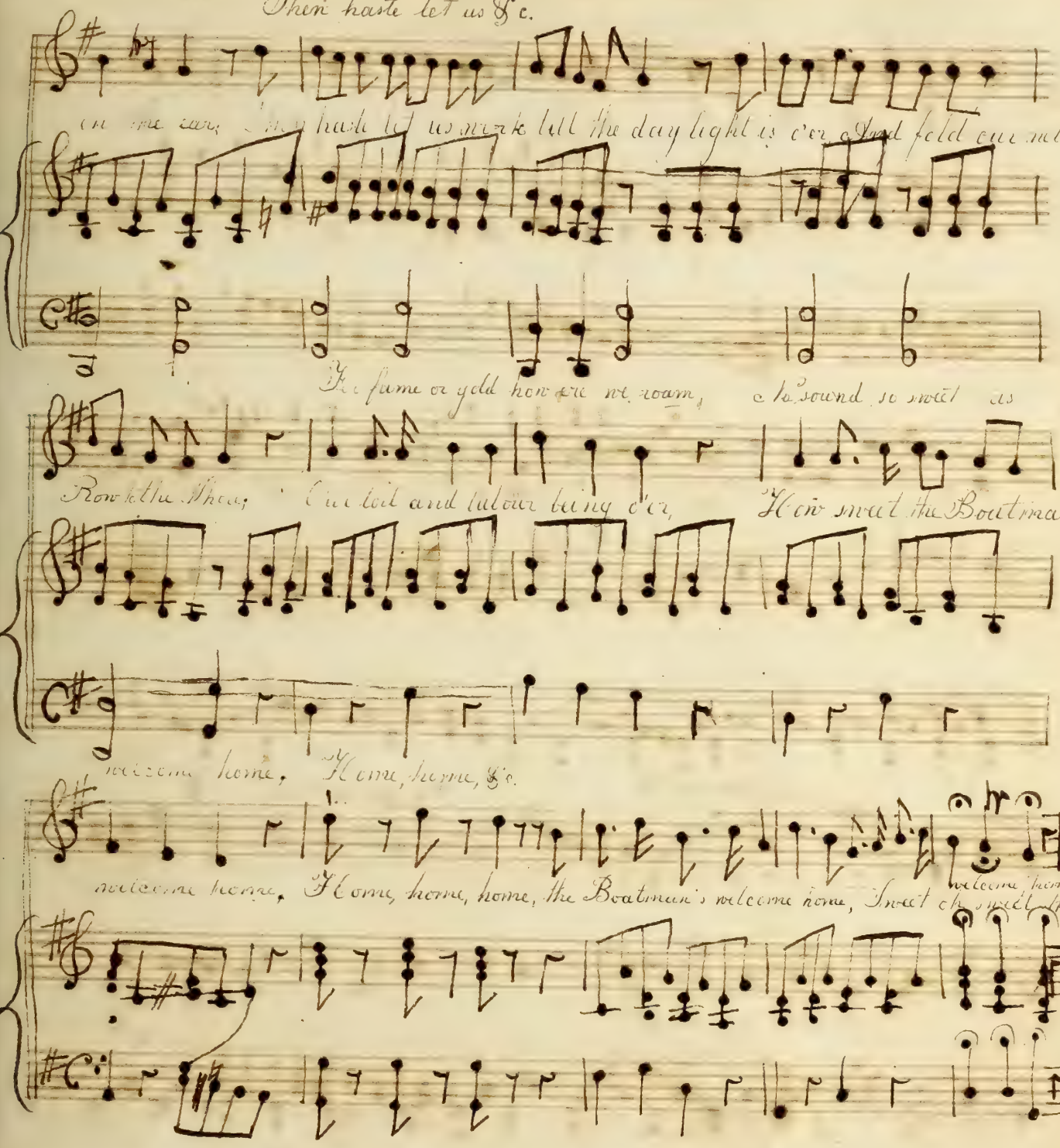

banish my re= gret; And when they win a smile from me, They
think that I for get
sfz
Come haste to the Wedding.

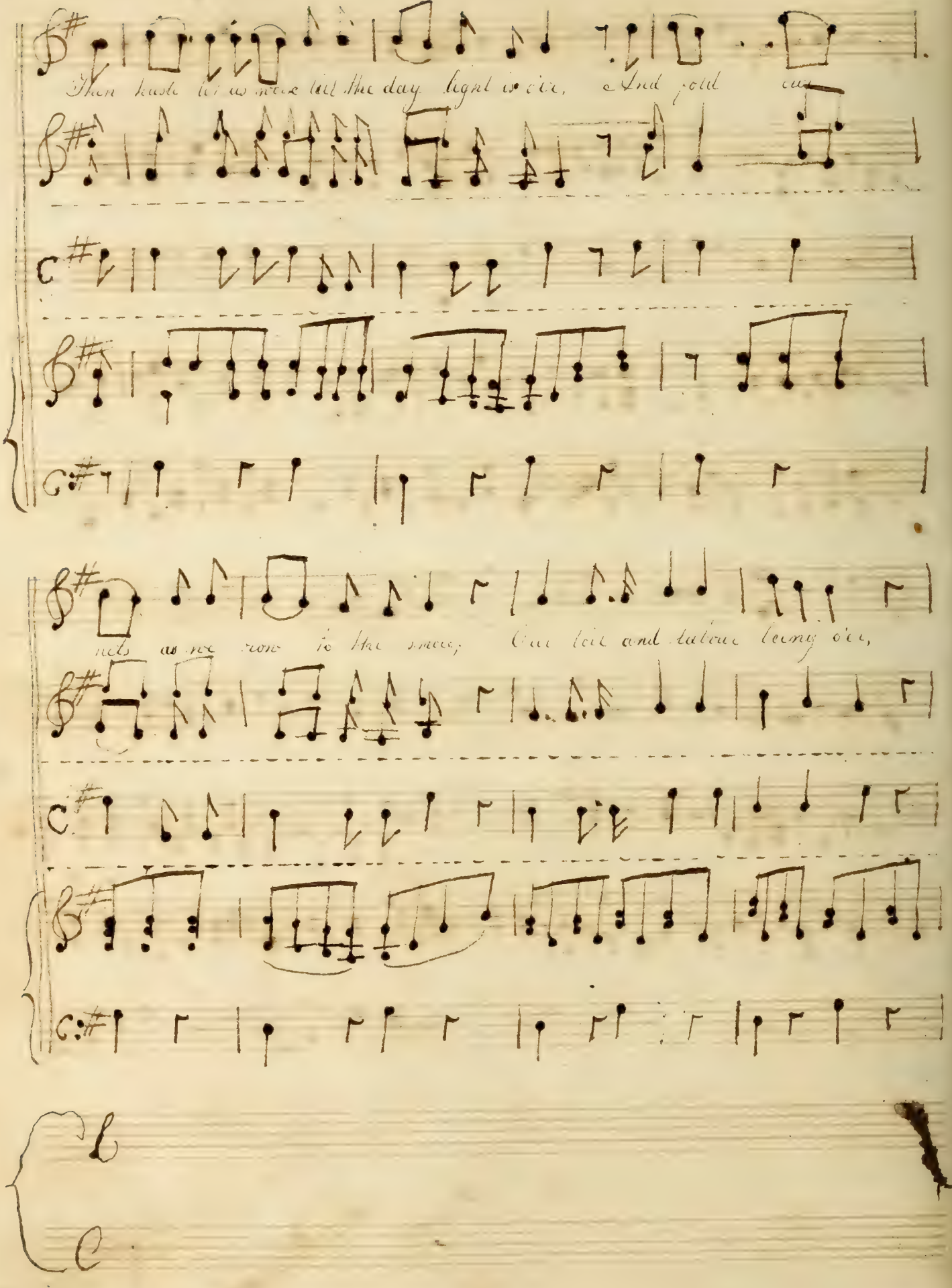
There's nothing true but Heaven. —




The Maltese Boatman's song
ff
pp
See how the tints of day light die, Soon will hear the ten--der sigh,
See Brother see how the night comes on, Soon sinks the setting sun
pp
For many a toil of labours o'er, We shall meet our
Hark how the solemne Vespers sound, Sweetly flies upon
ff
Soldiers

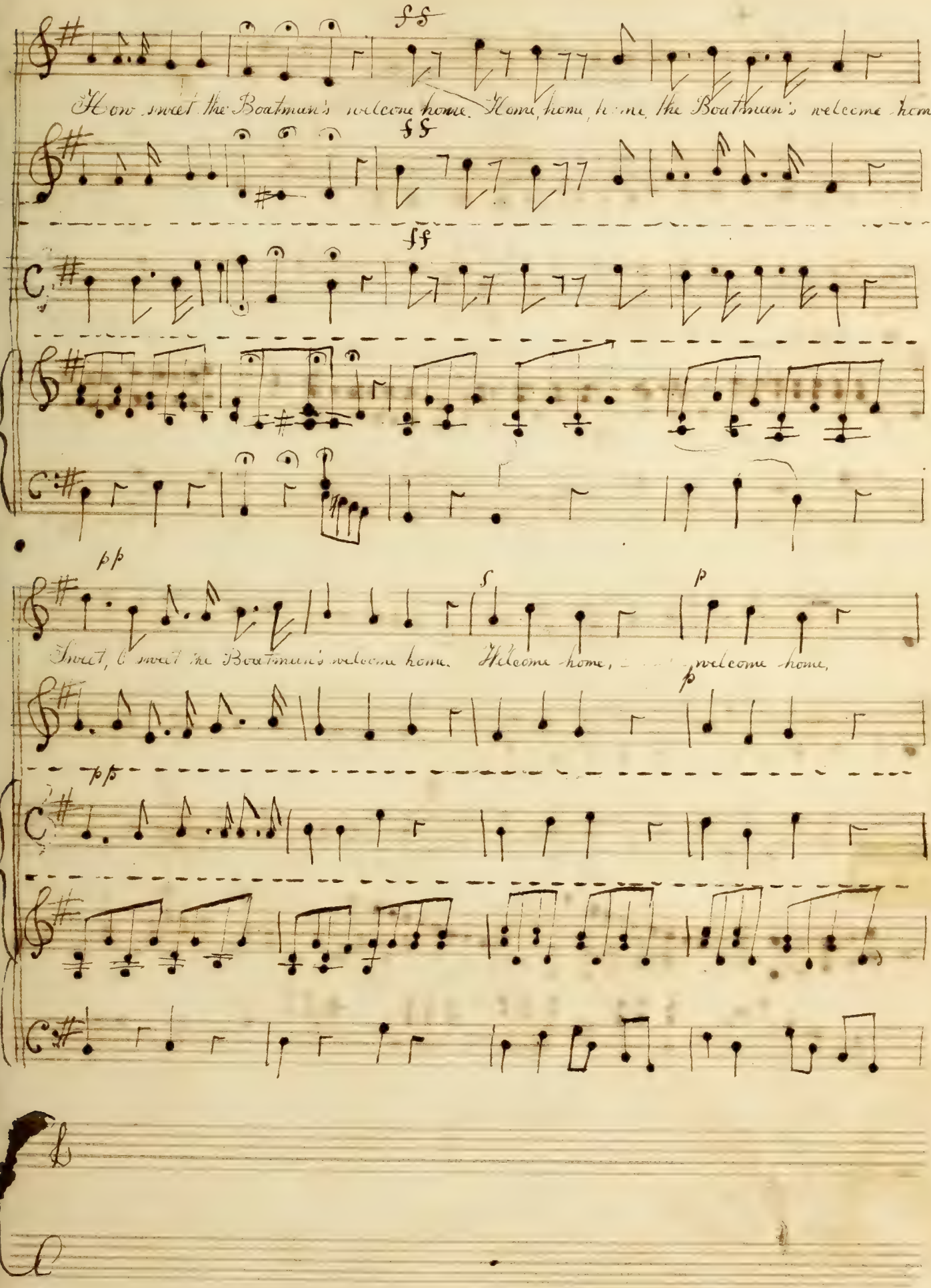
Then haste let us &c.

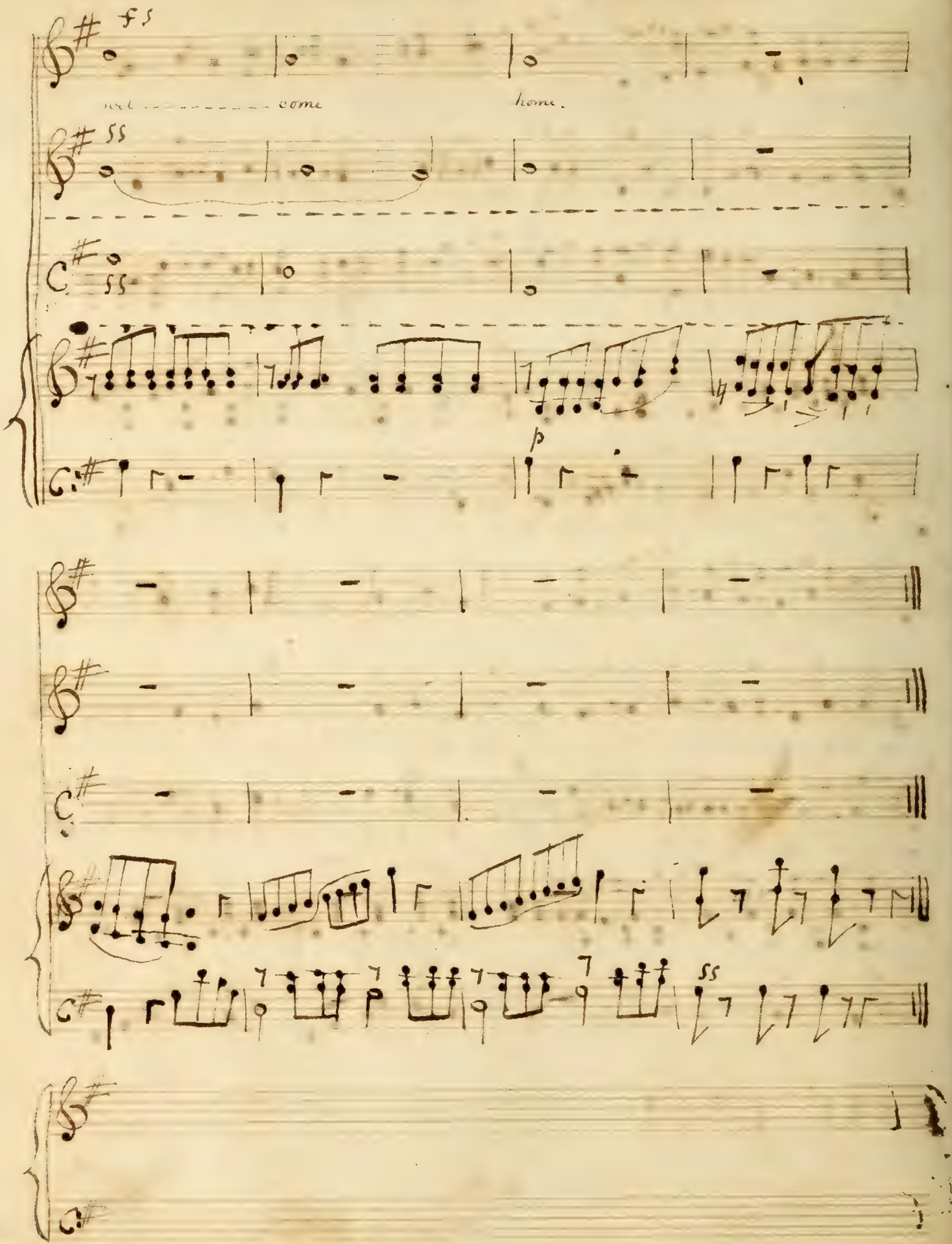




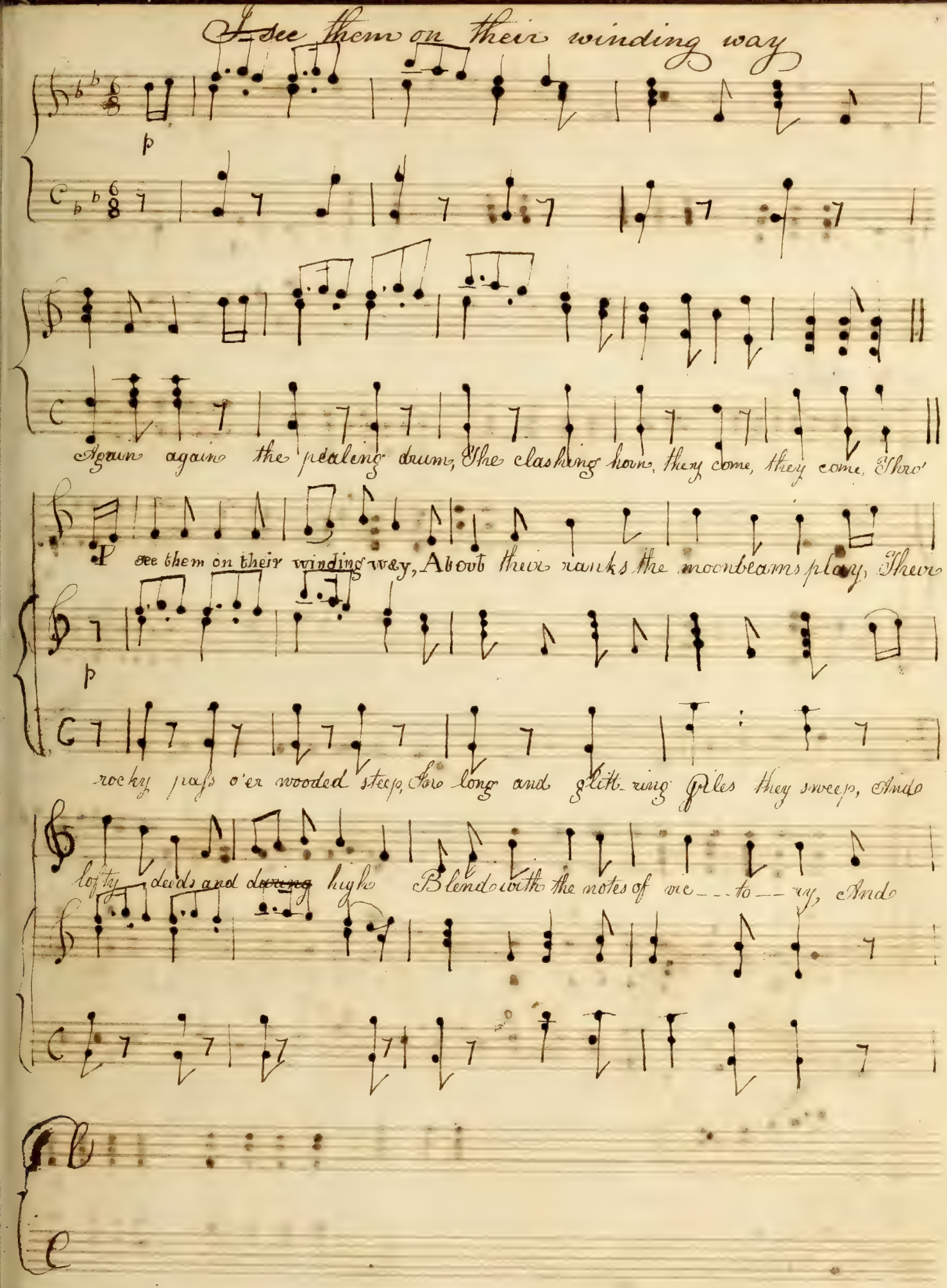
Then haste let us work till the day light is o'er, And fold our

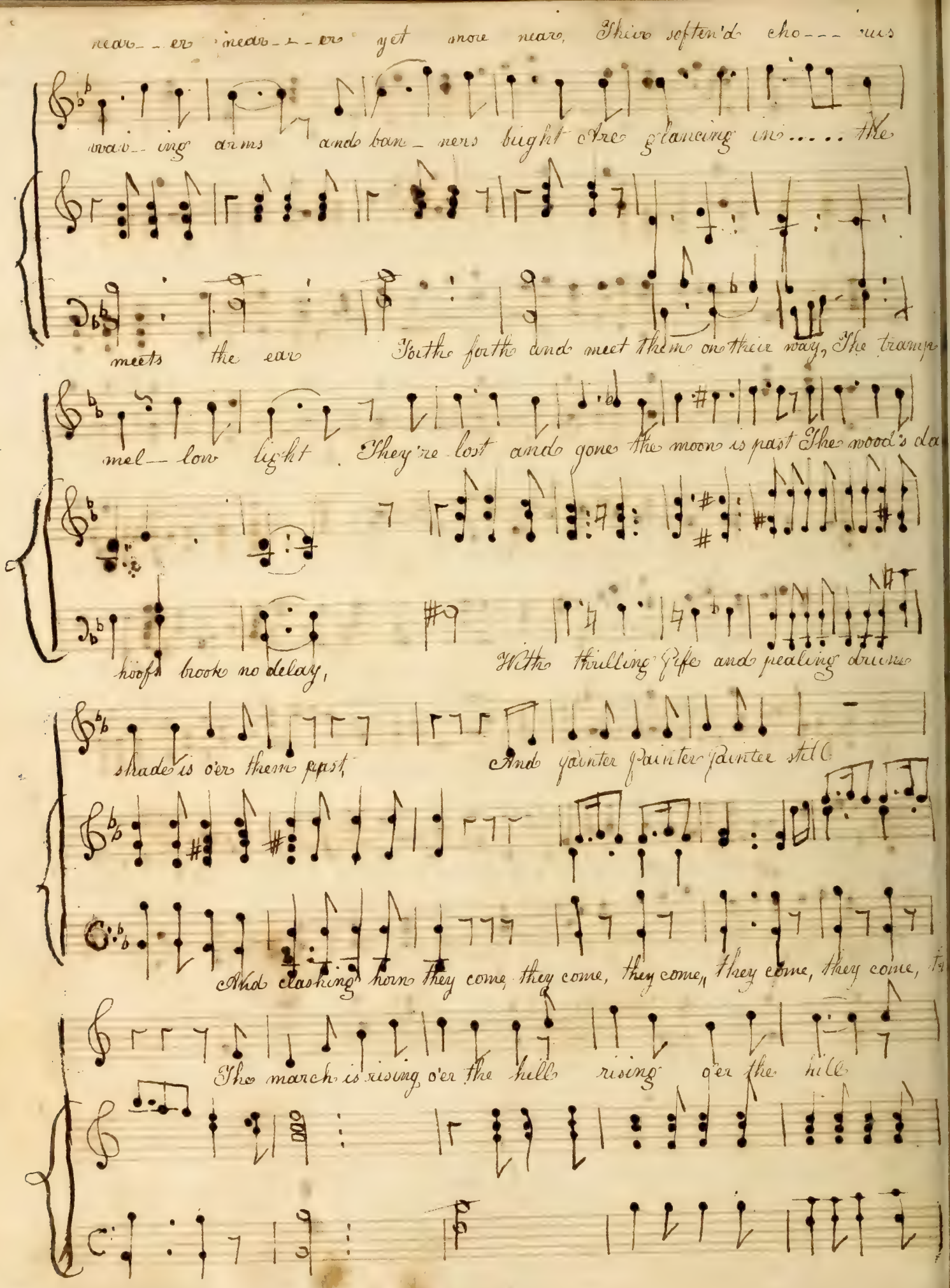
nets as we row to the shore; Our toil and labour being o'er,

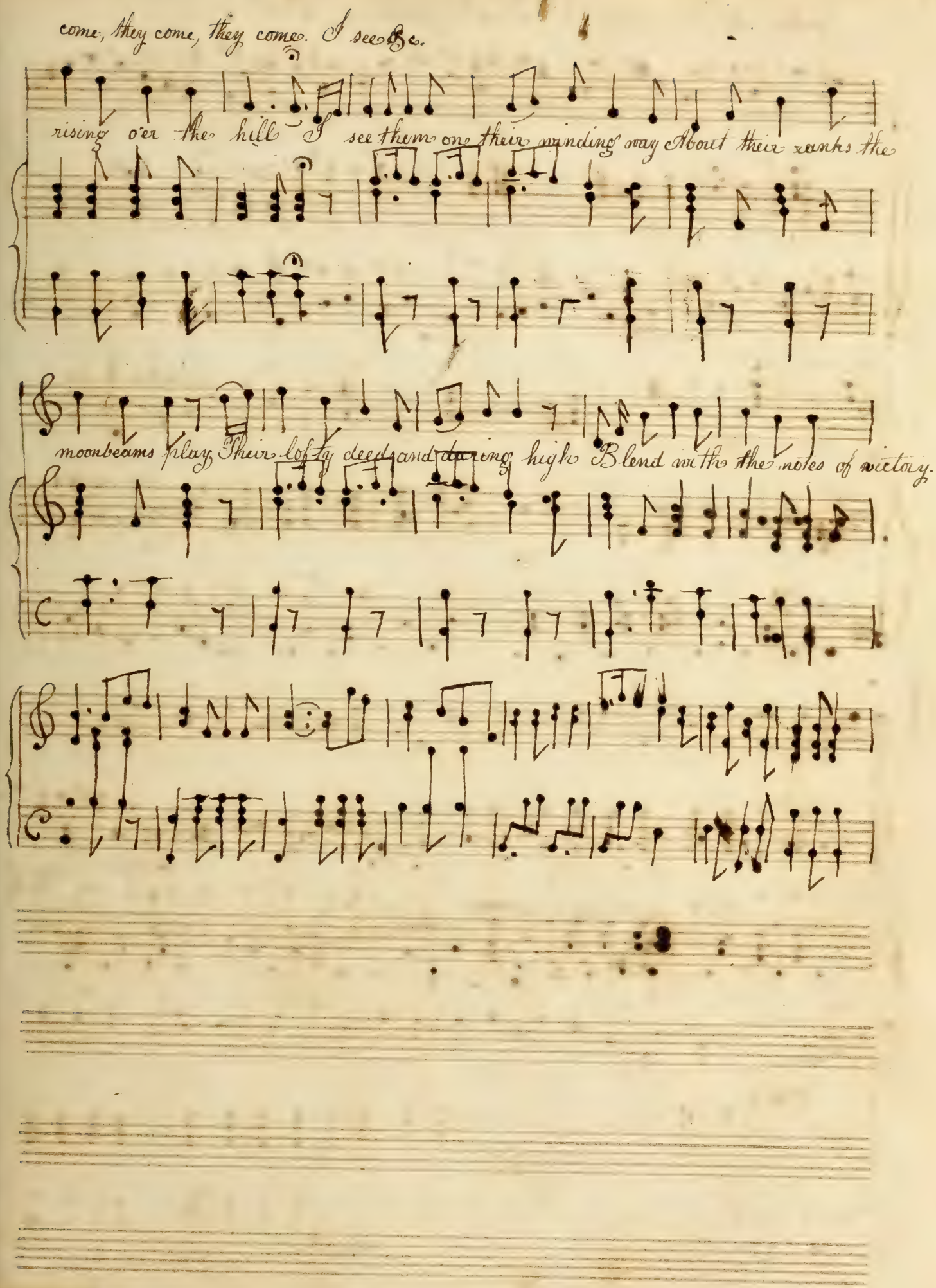

ff
How sweet the Boatman's welcome home. Home, home, home, the Boatman's welcome home
ff
ff
pp
f
p
Sweet, O sweet the Boatman's welcome home. Welcome home, welcome home,
p
pp


ff
ss
come
home.
ss
p

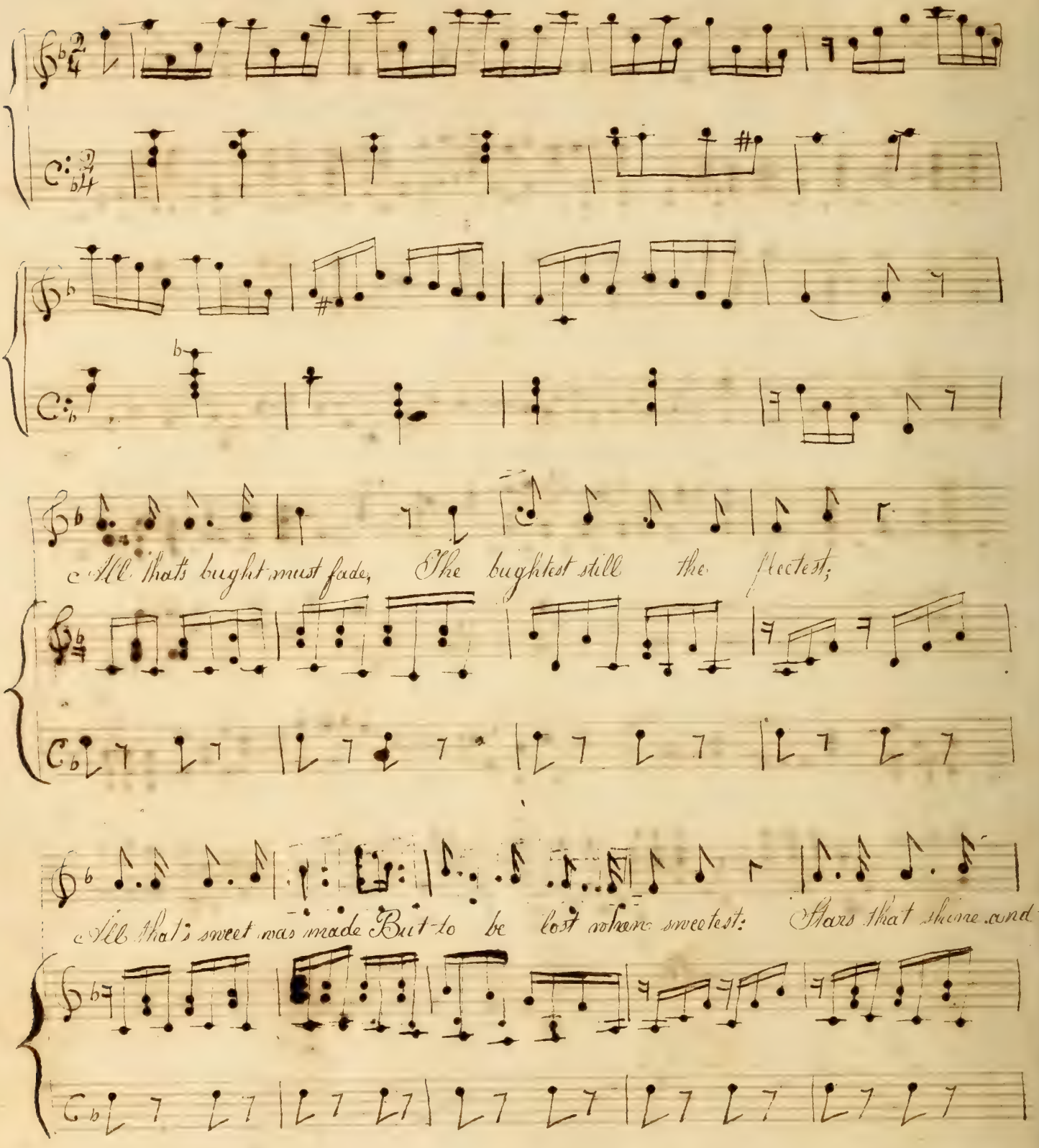
I see them on their winding way



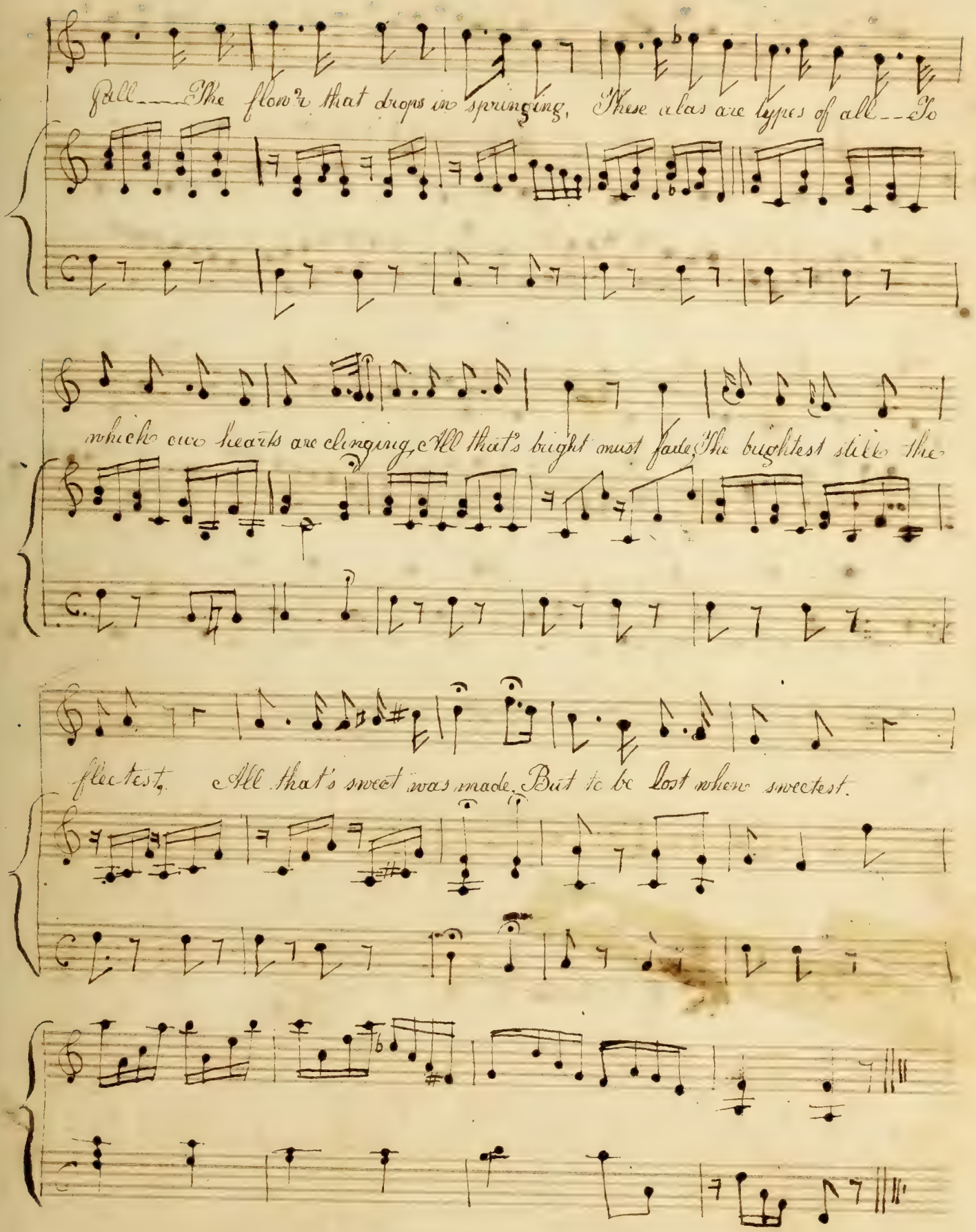

near - er near - er yet more near, Their soften'd cho - rus
wav - ing arms and ban - ners bright Are glancing in ..... the
meets the ear Forth forth and meet them on their way, The tramp
mel - low light They're lost and gone the moon is past The wood's da
hoofs brook no delay, With thrilling fife and pealing drums
shade is o'er them past And fainter fainter fainter still
And clashing horns they come, they come, they come, they come, they come,
The march is rising o'er the hill rising o'er the hill


come, they come, they come. I see &c.
rising o'er the hill I see them on their winding way About their ranks the
moonbeams play, Their lofty deed and daring high Blend with the notes of victory.

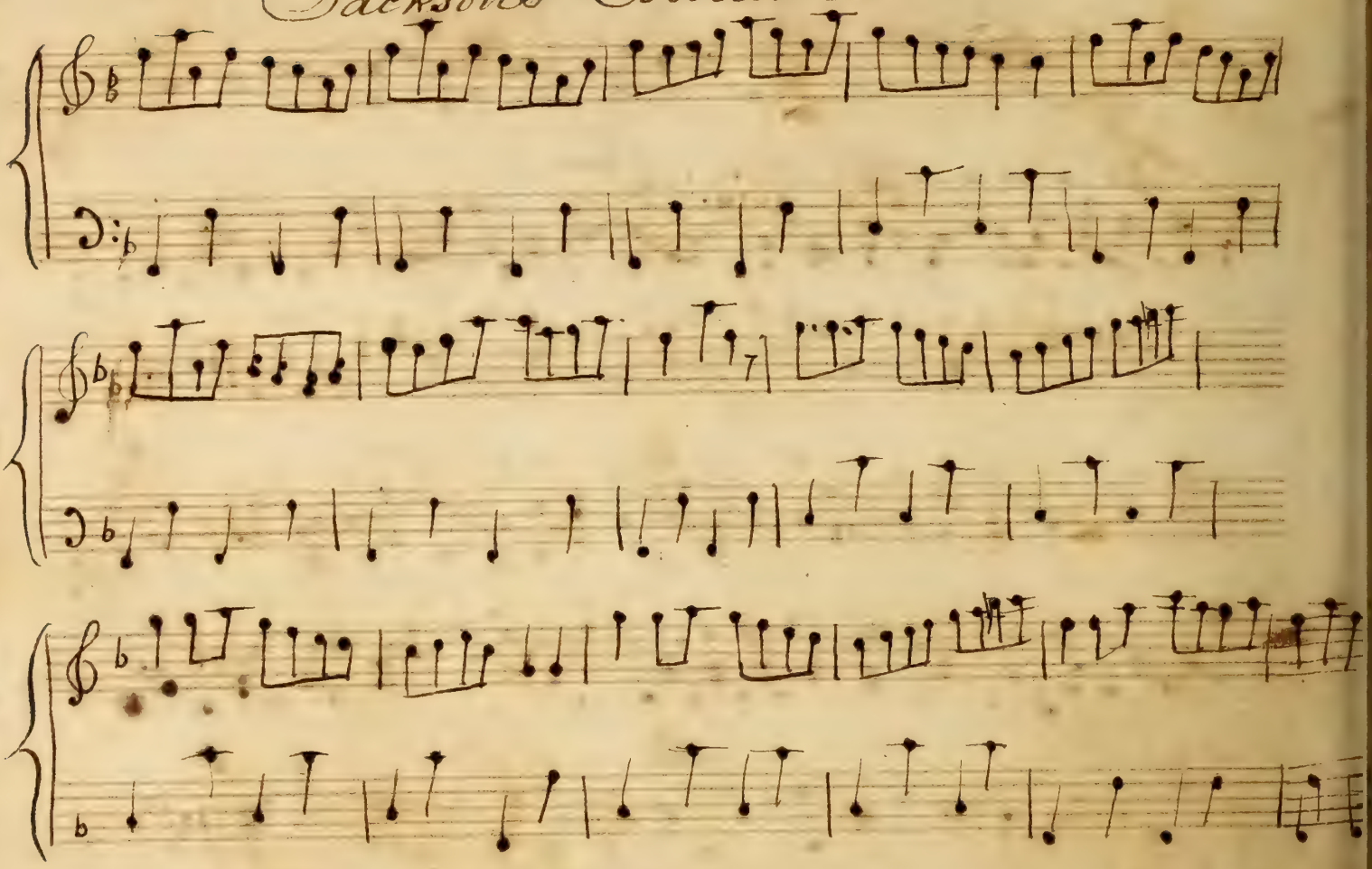
All that's bright must fade. —



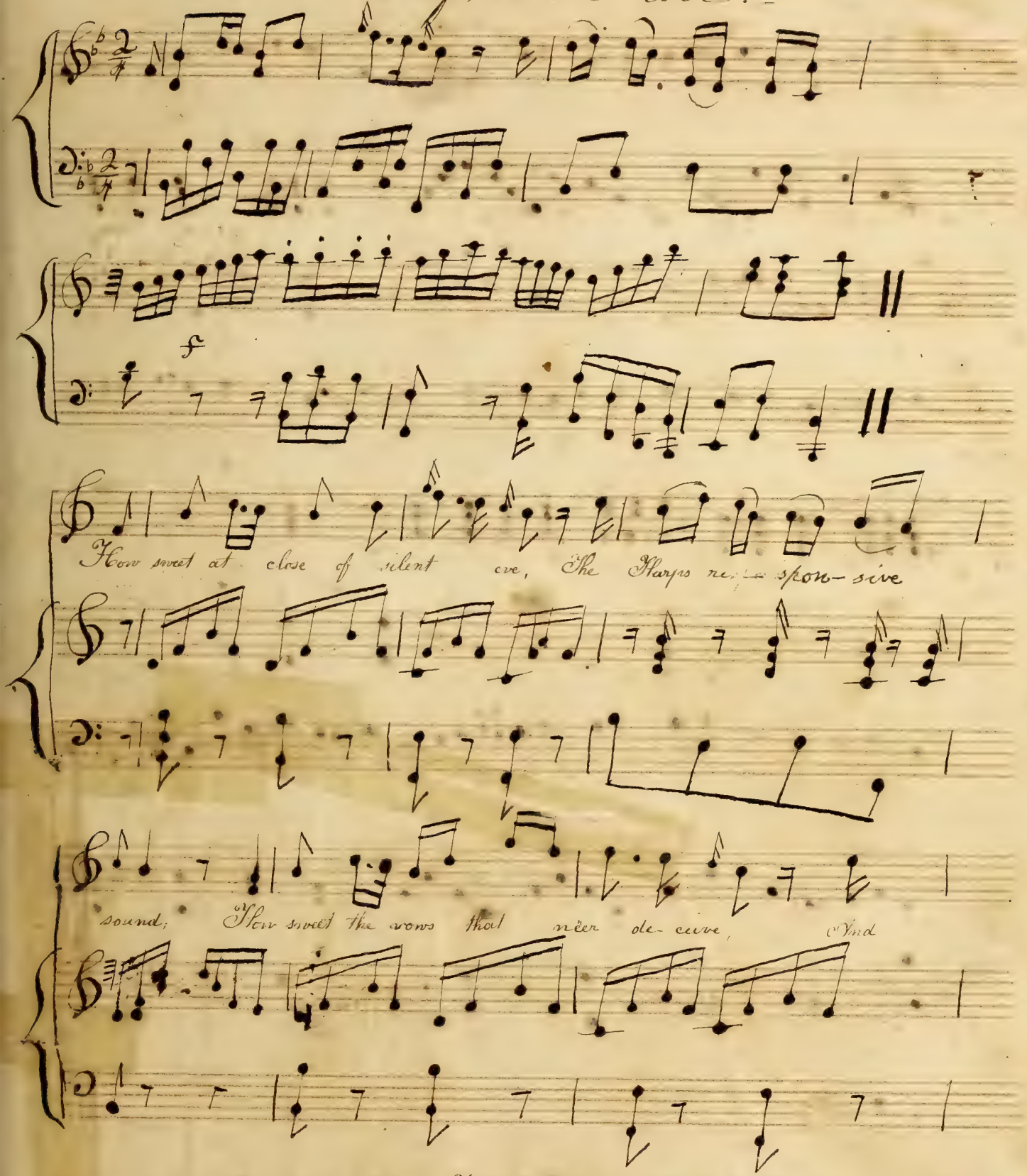
Who would seek to prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with sight and see
That light for ever flying!
All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!!


fall — The flow'r that drops in springing, These alas are types of all — To
which our hearts are clinging, All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the
fleetest, All that's sweet was made, But to be lost when sweetest.

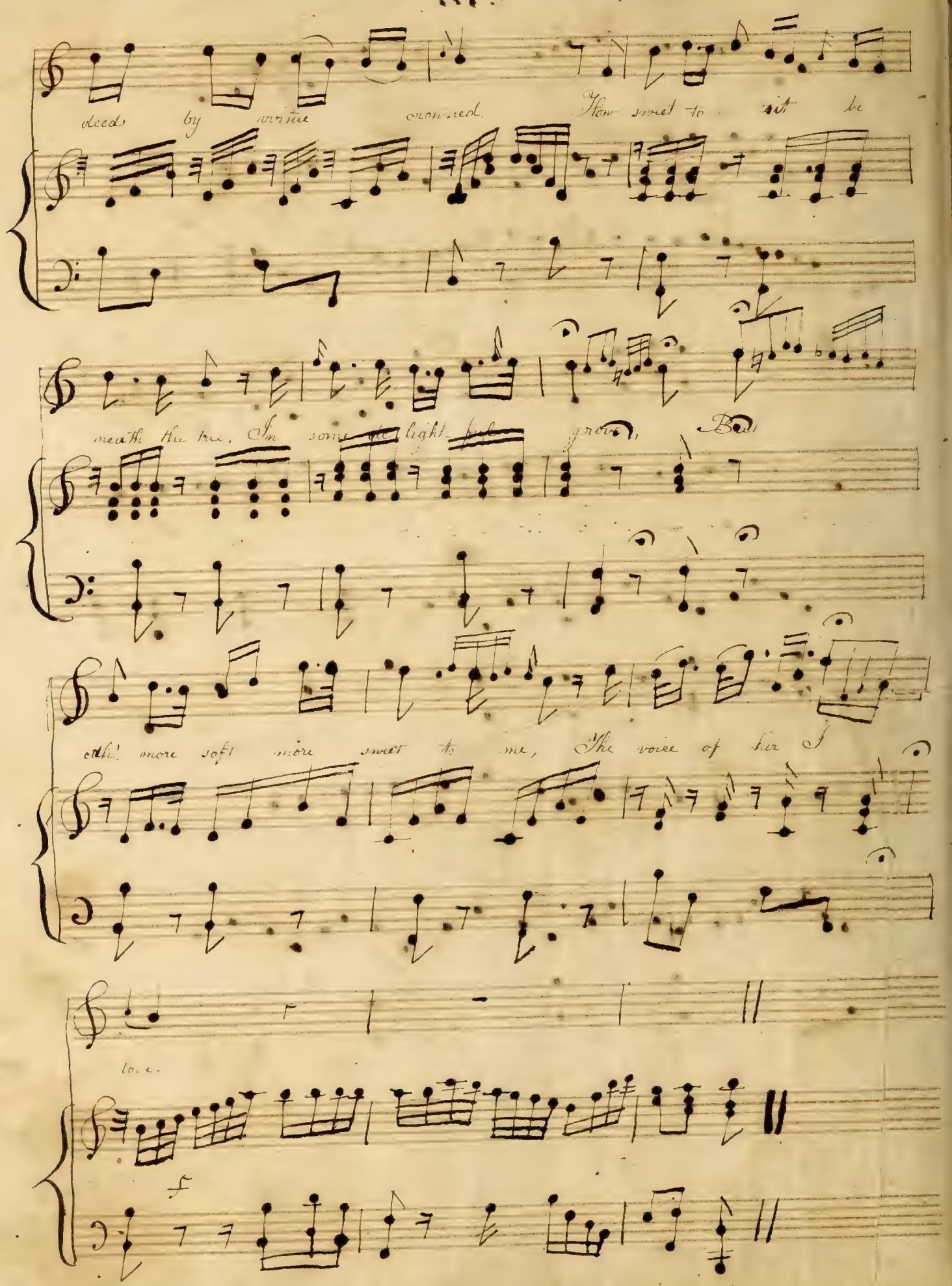
Jackson's Cotillion



The voice of her I love.



Whate'er she joins the village train,
To hail the new-born day,
Mellifluous notes compose each strain,
Which Zephyrs waft away.
The frowns of fate I calmly bear,
In humble sphere I move,
Content and blest wherever I hear,
The voice of her I love.



deeds by virtue crowned. How sweet to sit be

neath the tree, In some delight ~~ful~~ grove, But

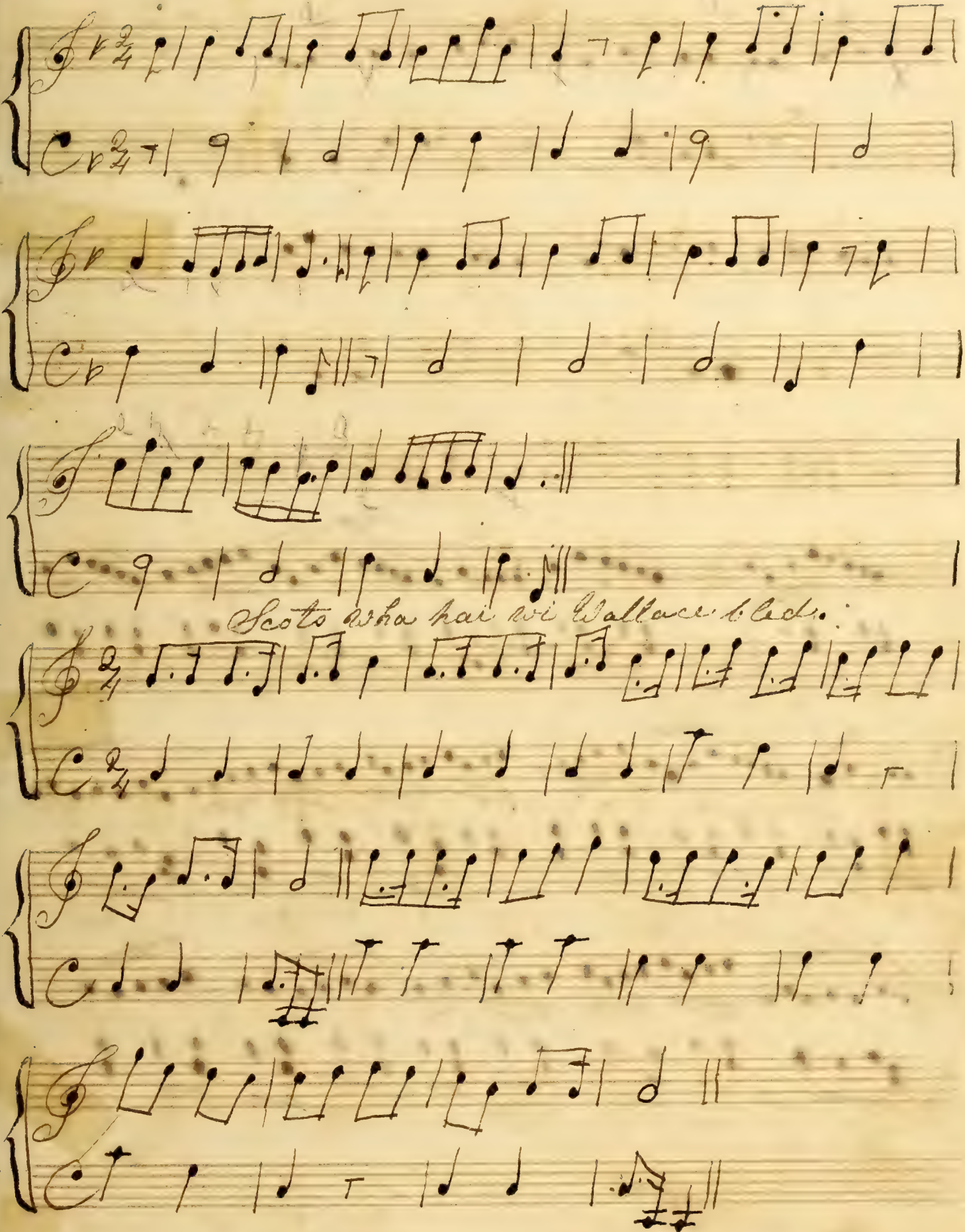
oh! more soft more sweet to me, The voice of her I

love.

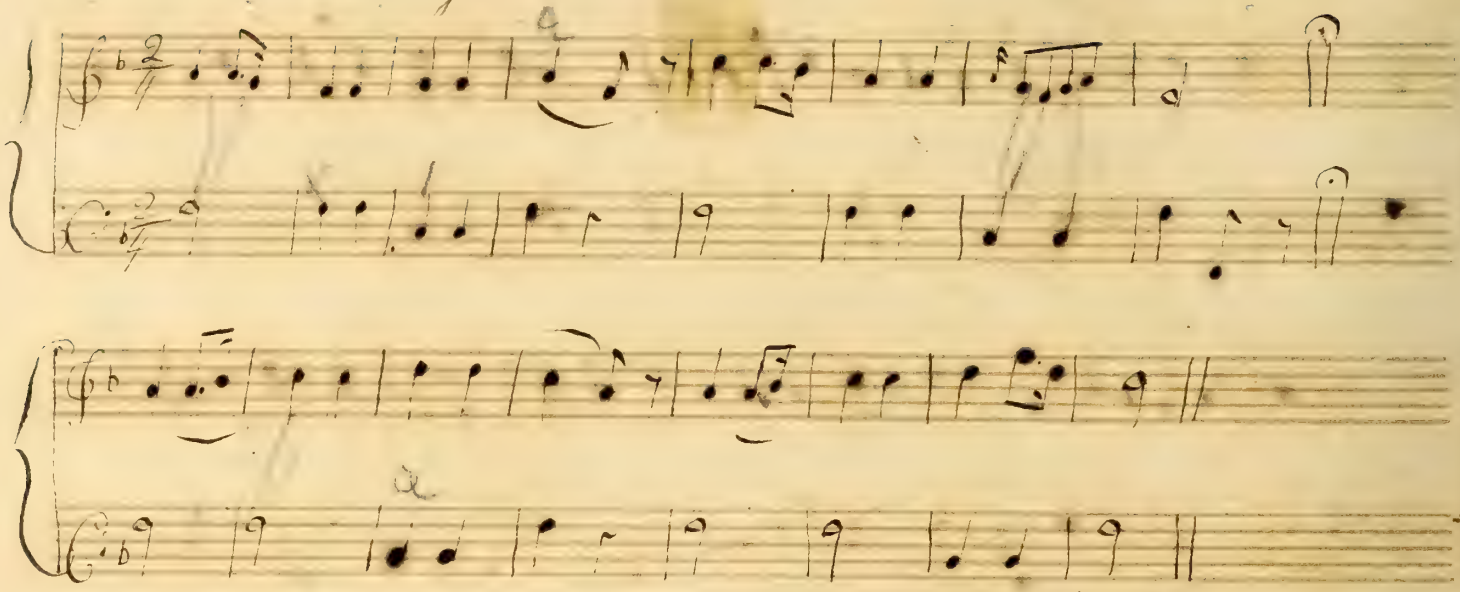
f

Come rest in this bosom

Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled.

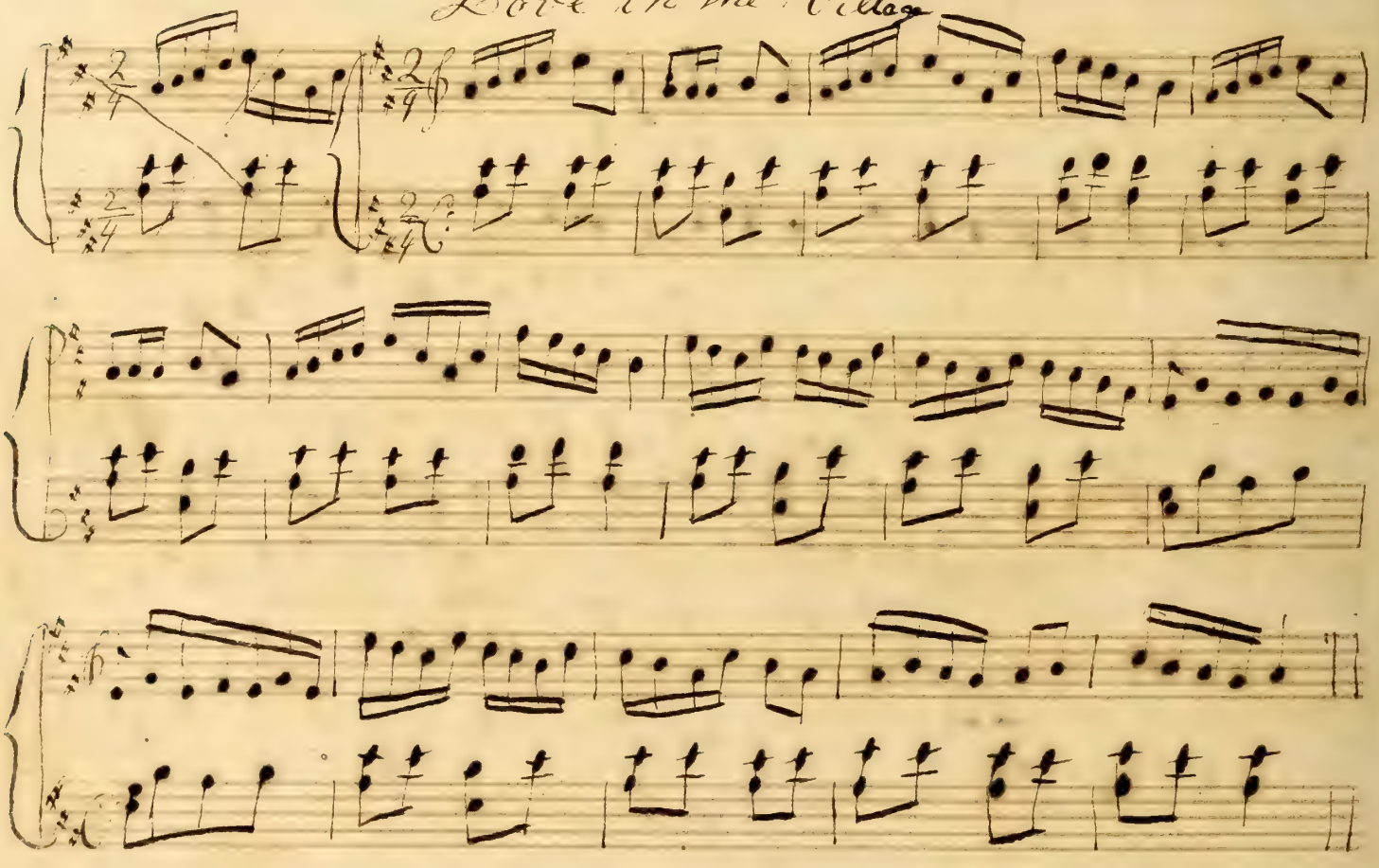


Rousseaus Dream

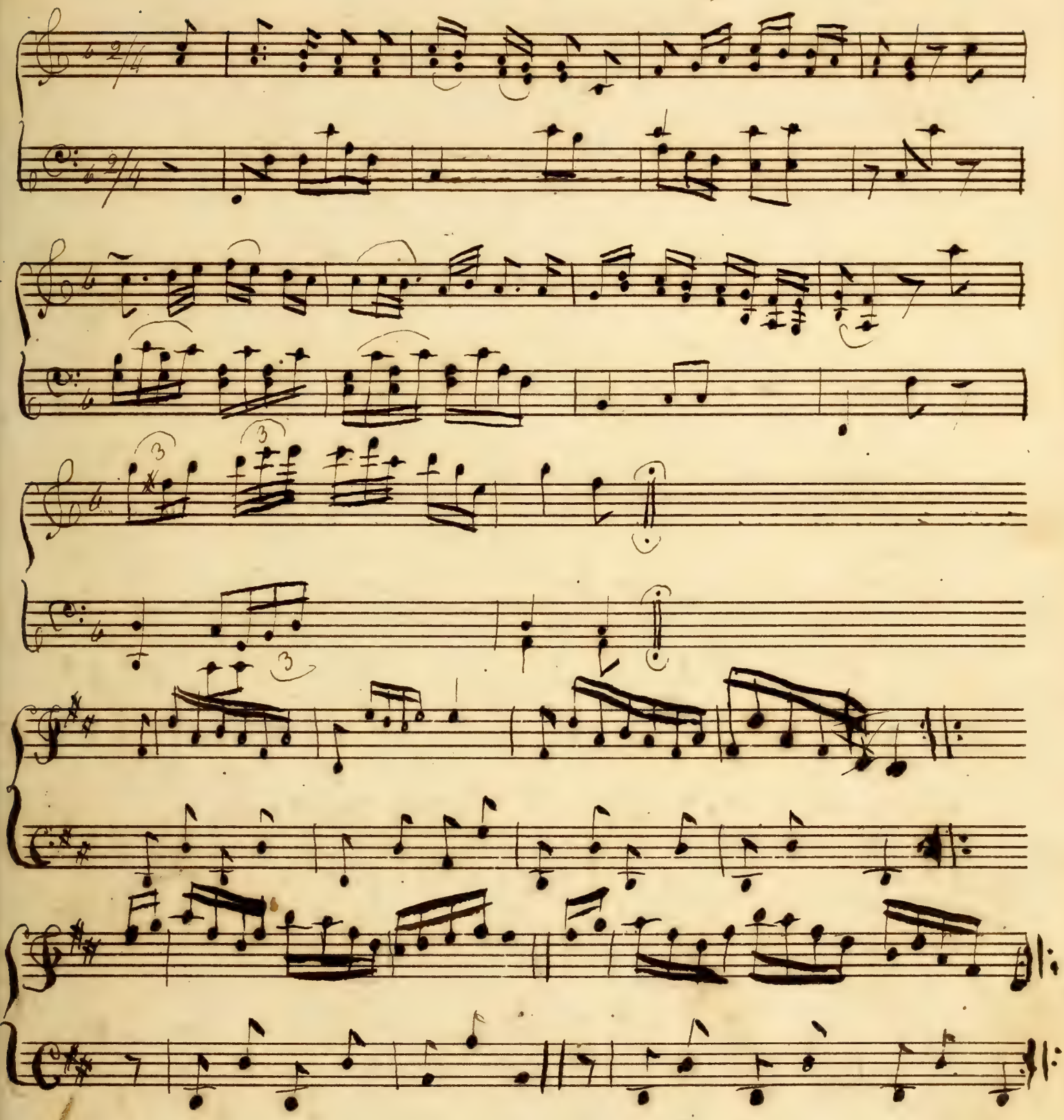


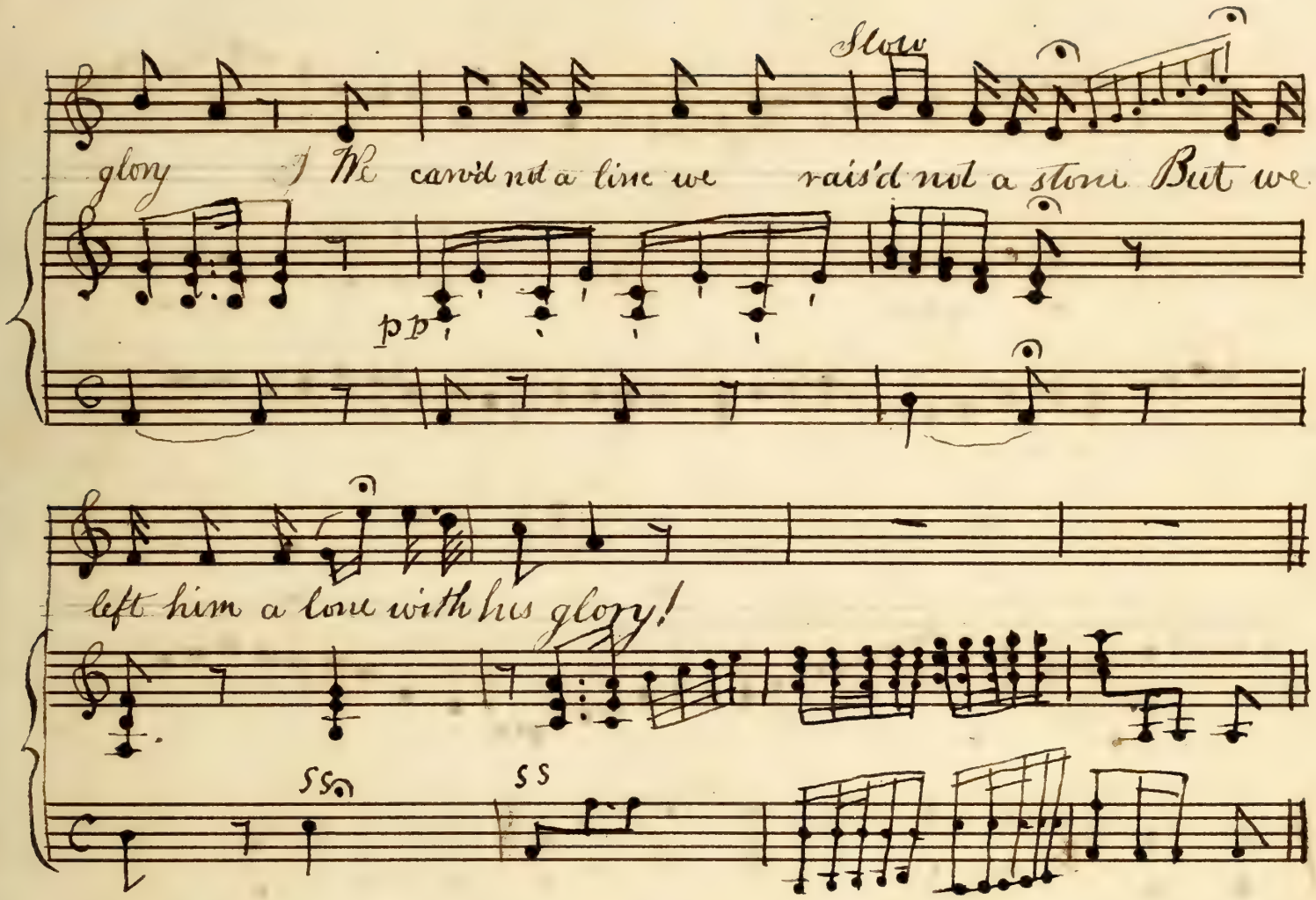
Da Capo as far as ⊙

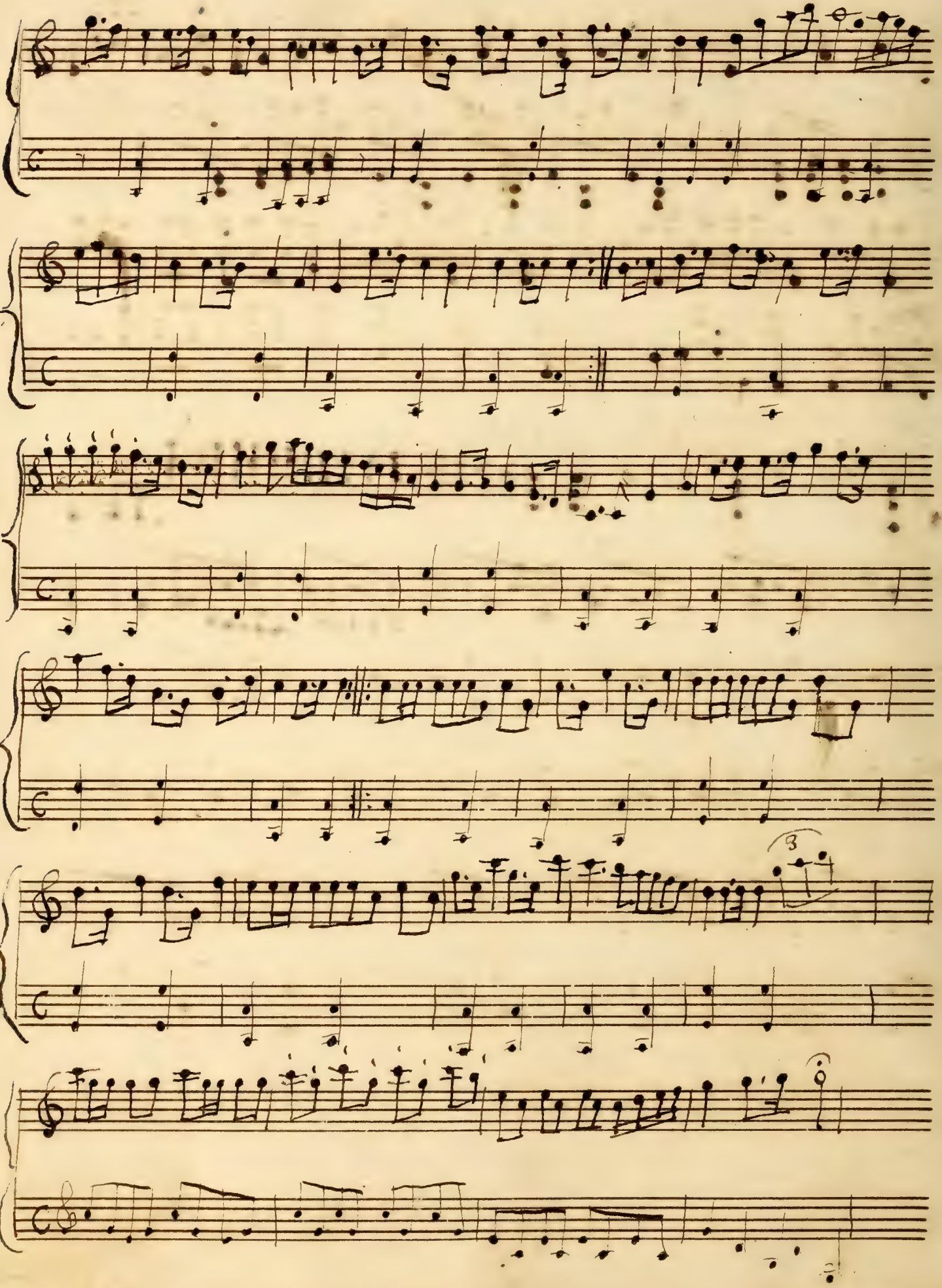
Love in the Village



The Summer Evening

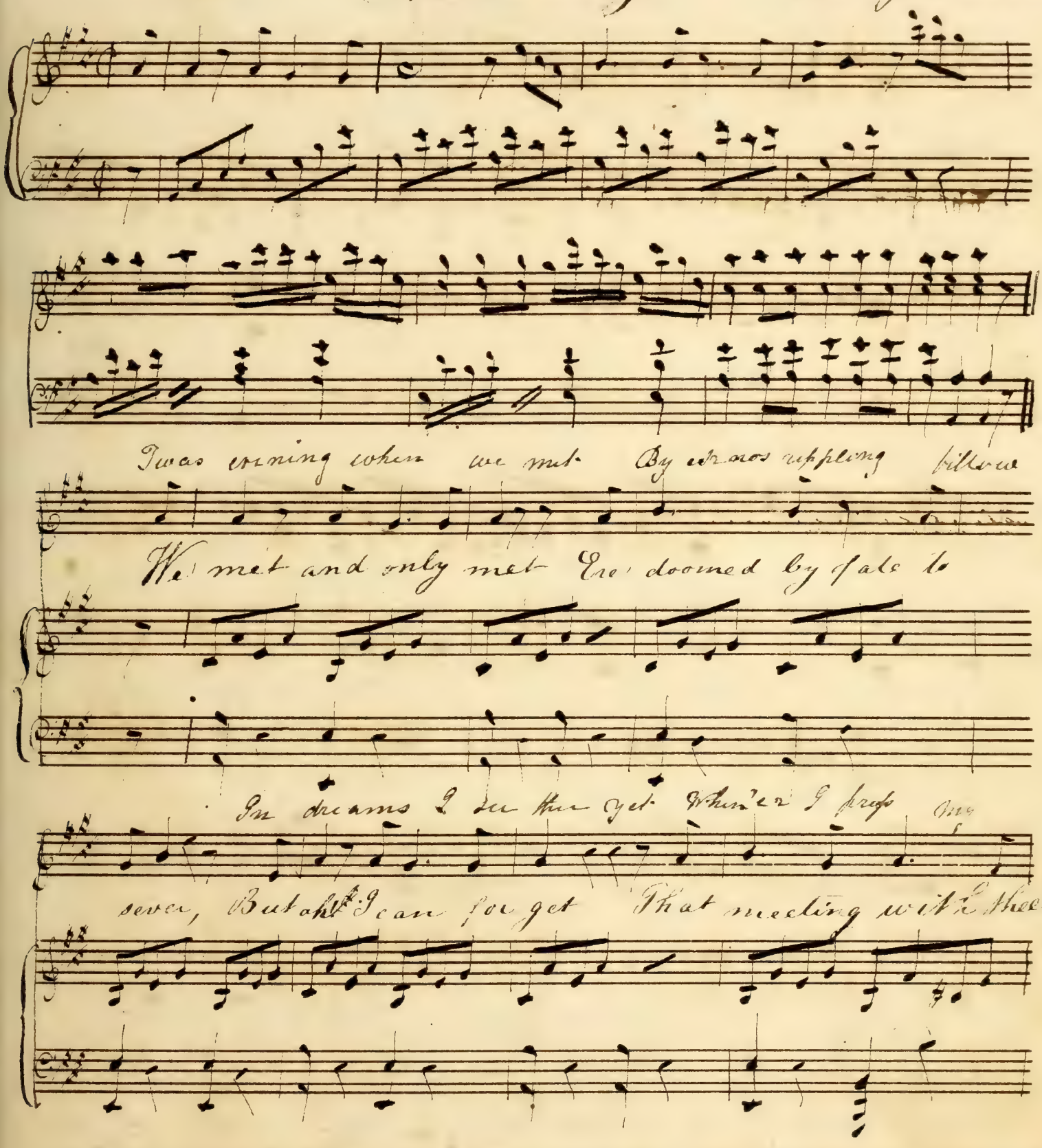


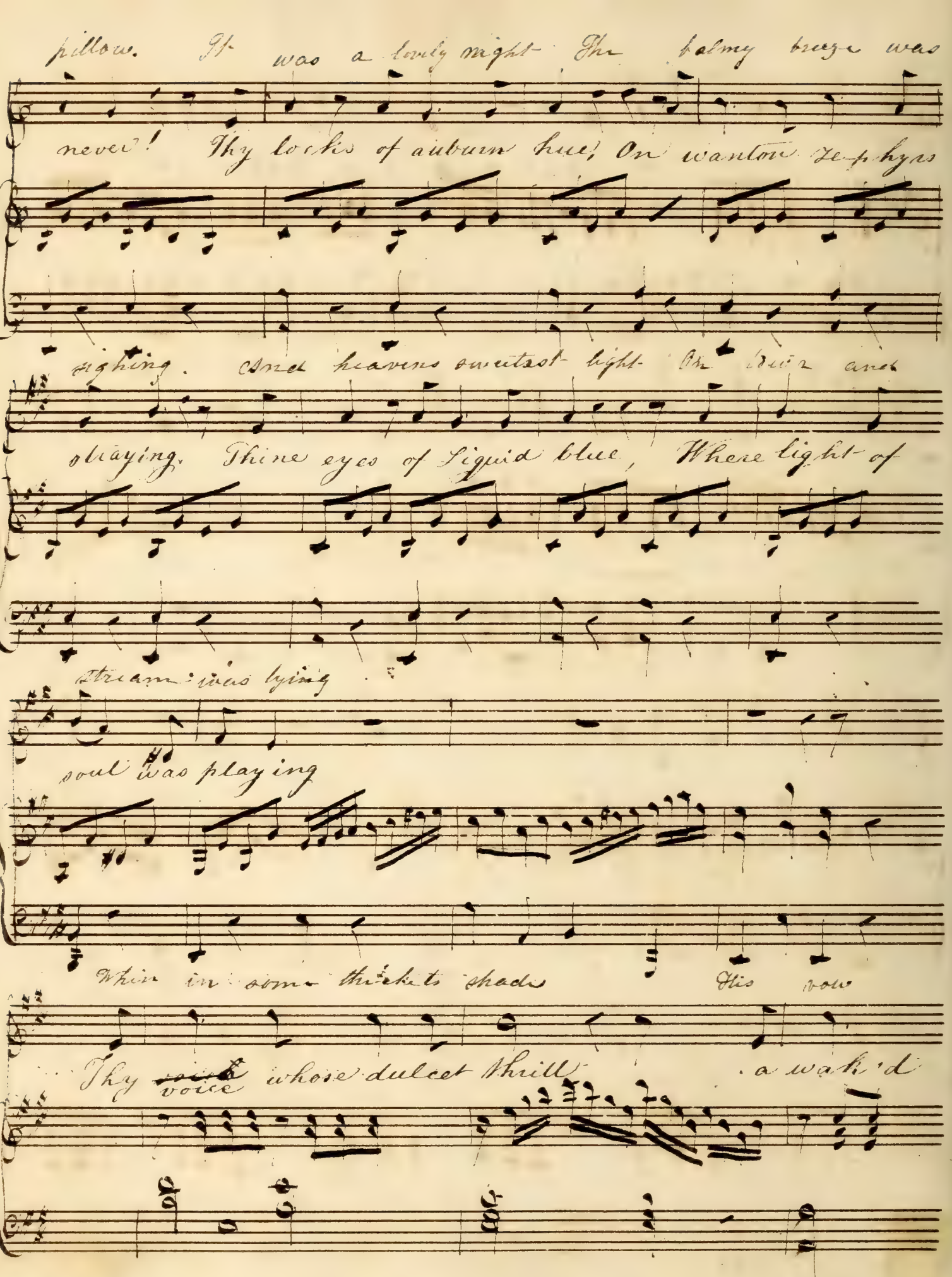

Slow
glory I We carv'd not a line we rais'd not a stone But we
pp
left him a lone with his glory!
SS
SS



The Meeting

A popular song from "Leisure hours" by C. Sham


Twas evening when we met By ear nos rippling billow
We met and only met Ere doomed by fate to
In dreams I see thee yet When'er I press my
sever, But oh! I can for get That meeting with thee



pillow. It was a lovely night The balmy breeze was

never! Thy locks of auburn hue, On wanton Zephyrs

sighing. And heavens sweetest light On Dwr and

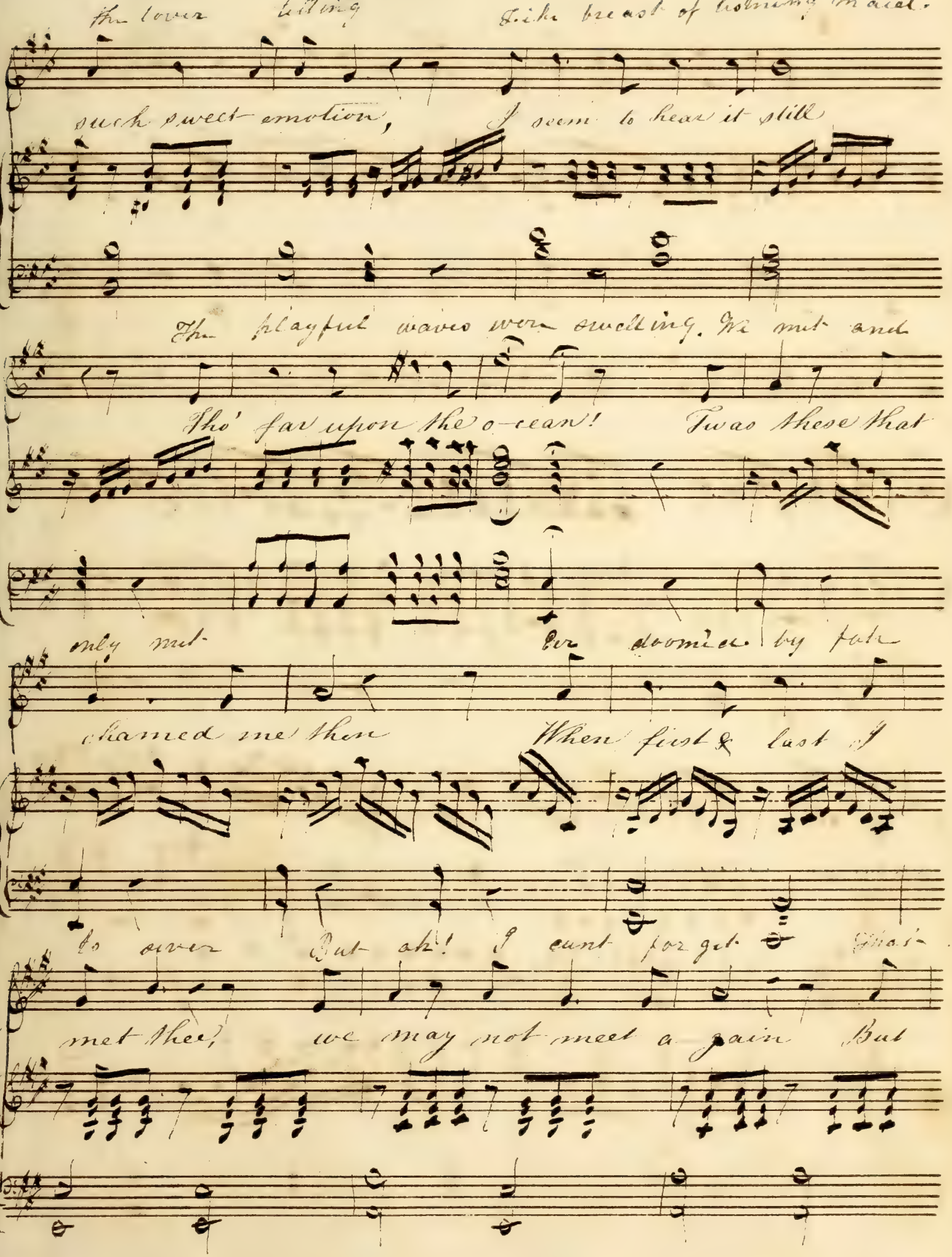
straying. Thine eyes of Liquid blue, Where light of

stream was lying

soul was playing

Whin in some thickets shade His vow

Thy ~~voice~~ voice whose dulcet thrill a wak'd



the lover telling like breast of listning maid

such sweet emotion, I seem to hear it still

The playful waves were swelling. We met and

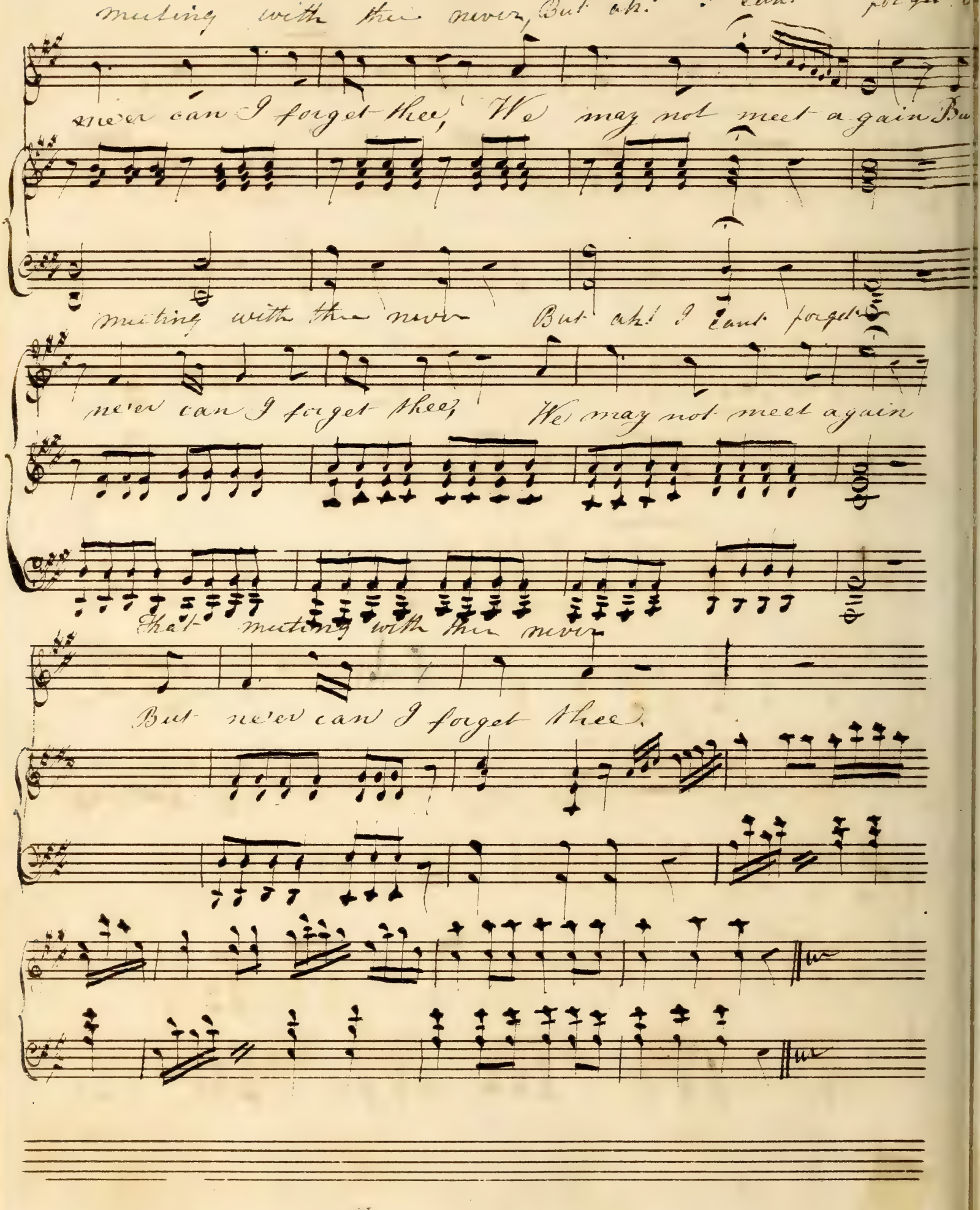
Tho' far upon the o-cean! Twas these that

only met Ever doomed by fate

chained me then When first & last I

to sever But ah! I cant forget That

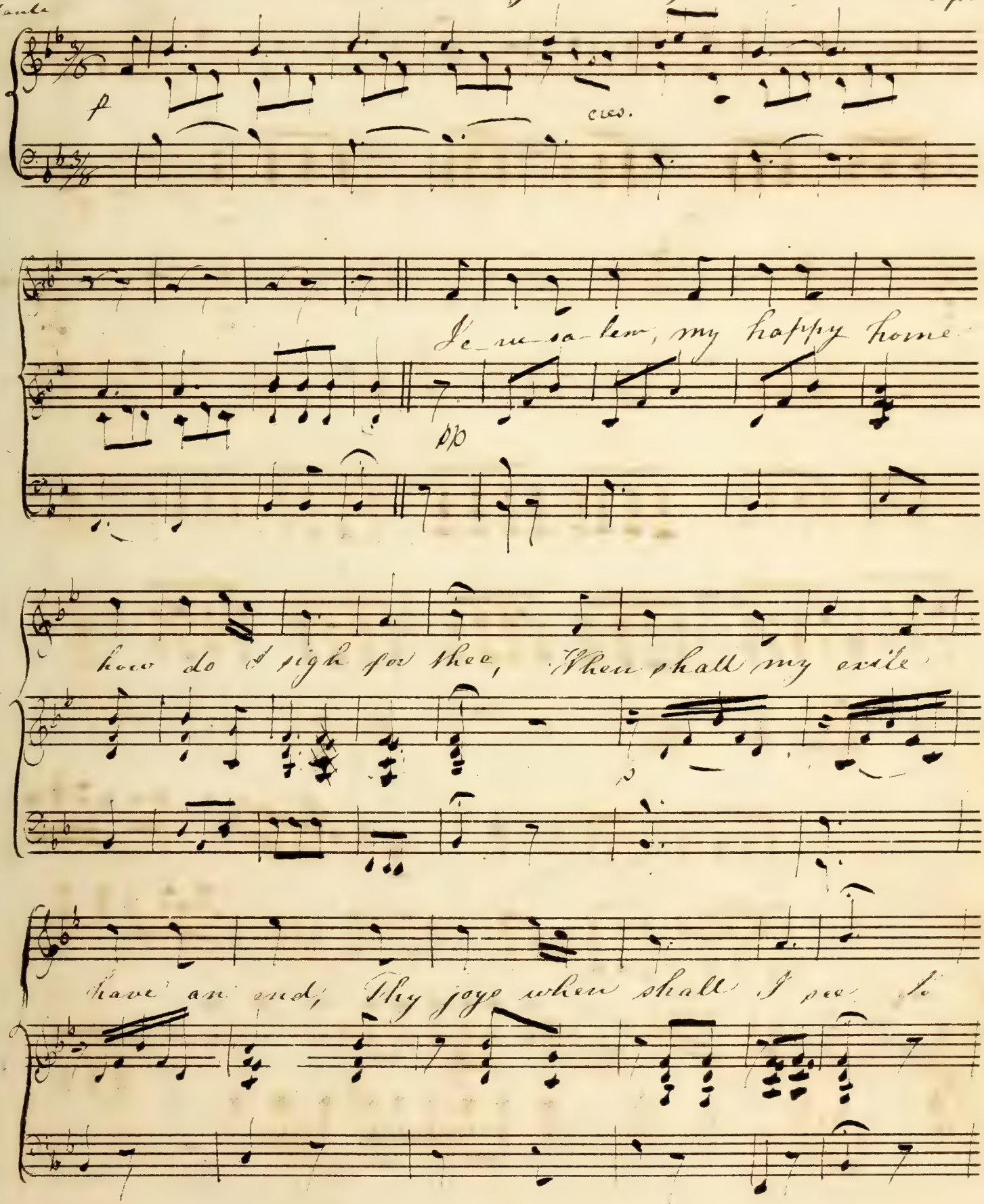
met thee, we may not meet a gain But

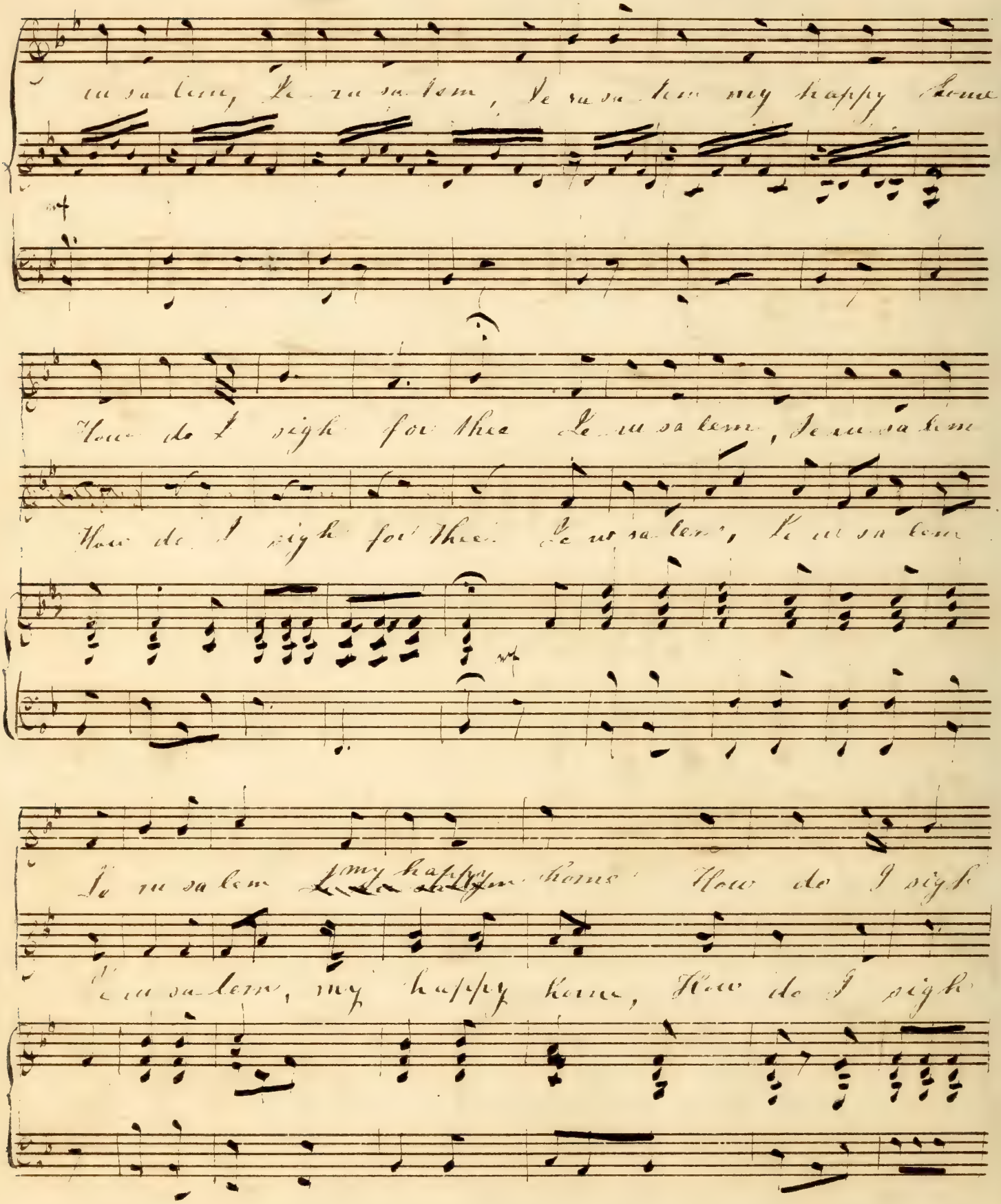

muting with thee never, But ah! I cant forget
never can I forget thee, We may not meet again Bu
muting with thee never But ah! I cant forget
never can I forget thee, We may not meet again
That muting with thee never
But never can I forget thee.

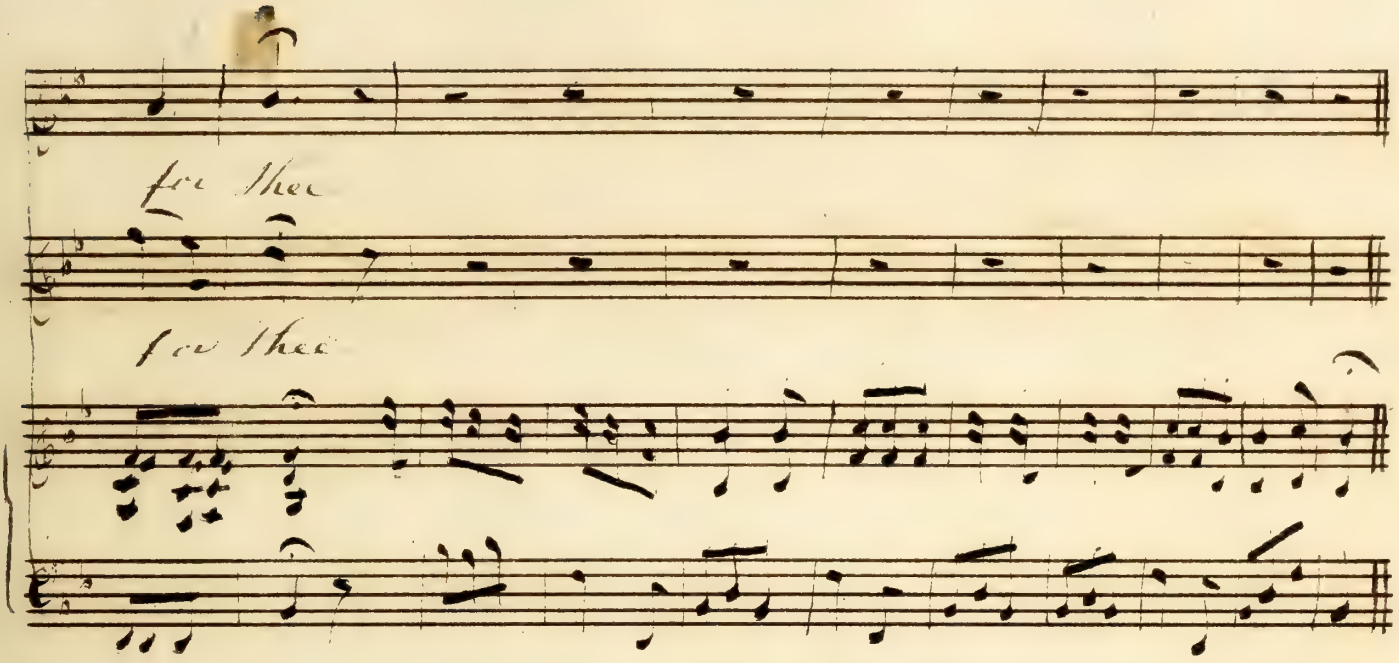
Jerusalem my Happy Home!

A sacred song
fair by a young l.
accompany me
W. C.

Andante



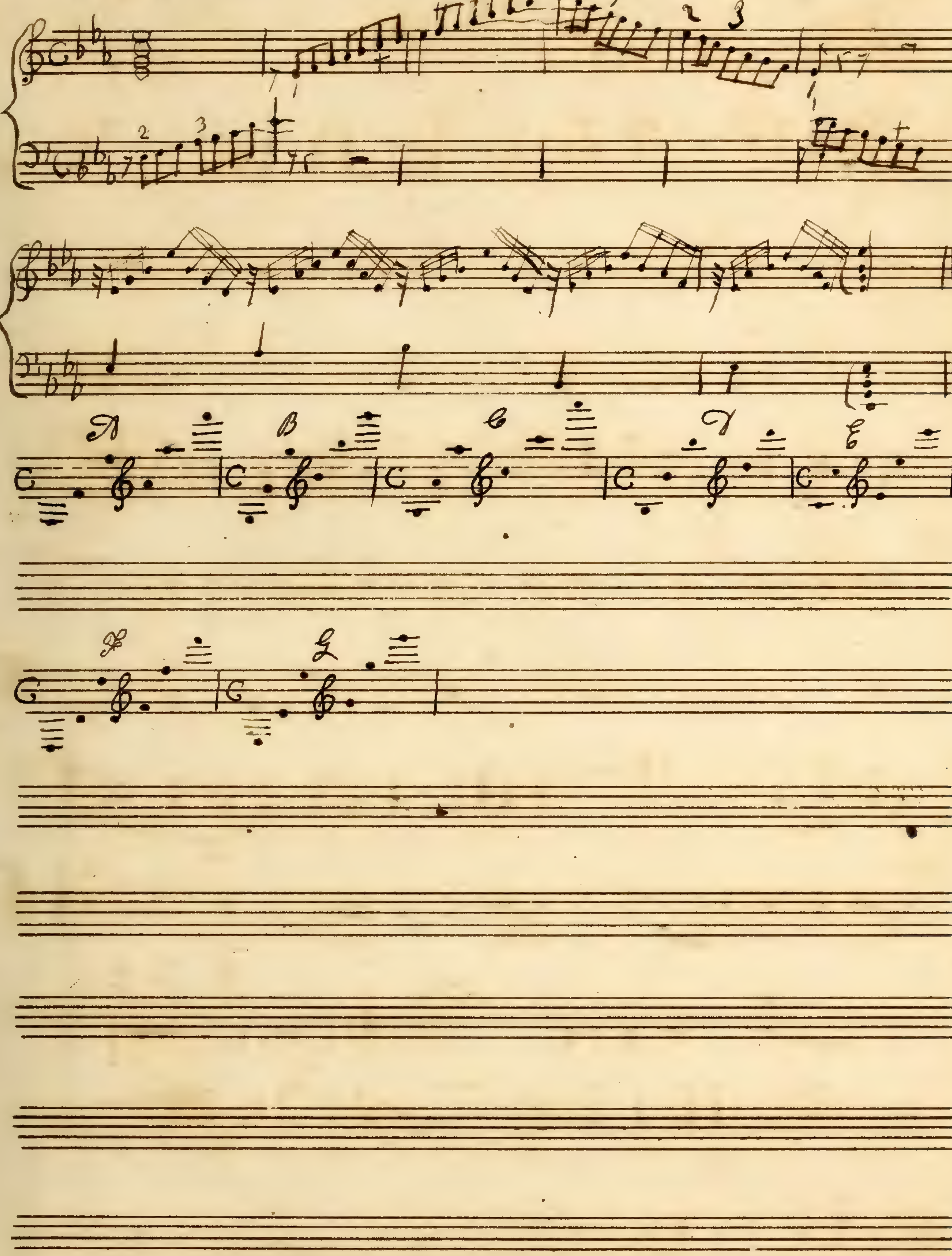

Je ru sa lem, Je ru sa lem, Je ru sa lem my happy home
How do I sigh for thee Je ru sa lem, Je ru sa lem
How do I sigh for thee Je ru sa lem, Je ru sa lem
Je ru sa lem my happy home How do I sigh
Je ru sa lem, my happy home, How do I sigh



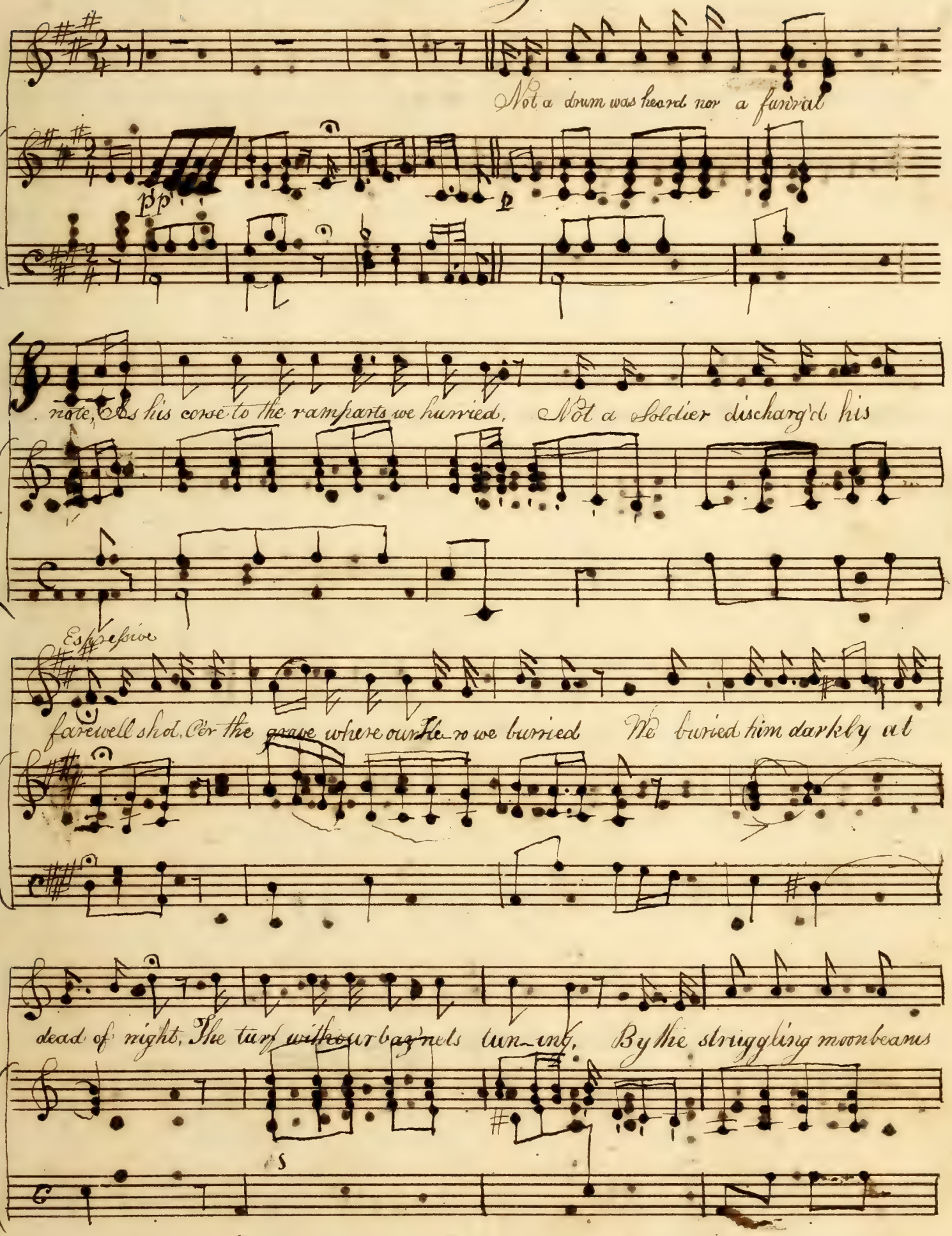
2 No sun no moon in borrow'd light,
Revolve thine hours away
The Lamb on Calvary's mountain slain
Is thy eternal theme. Jerusalem &c

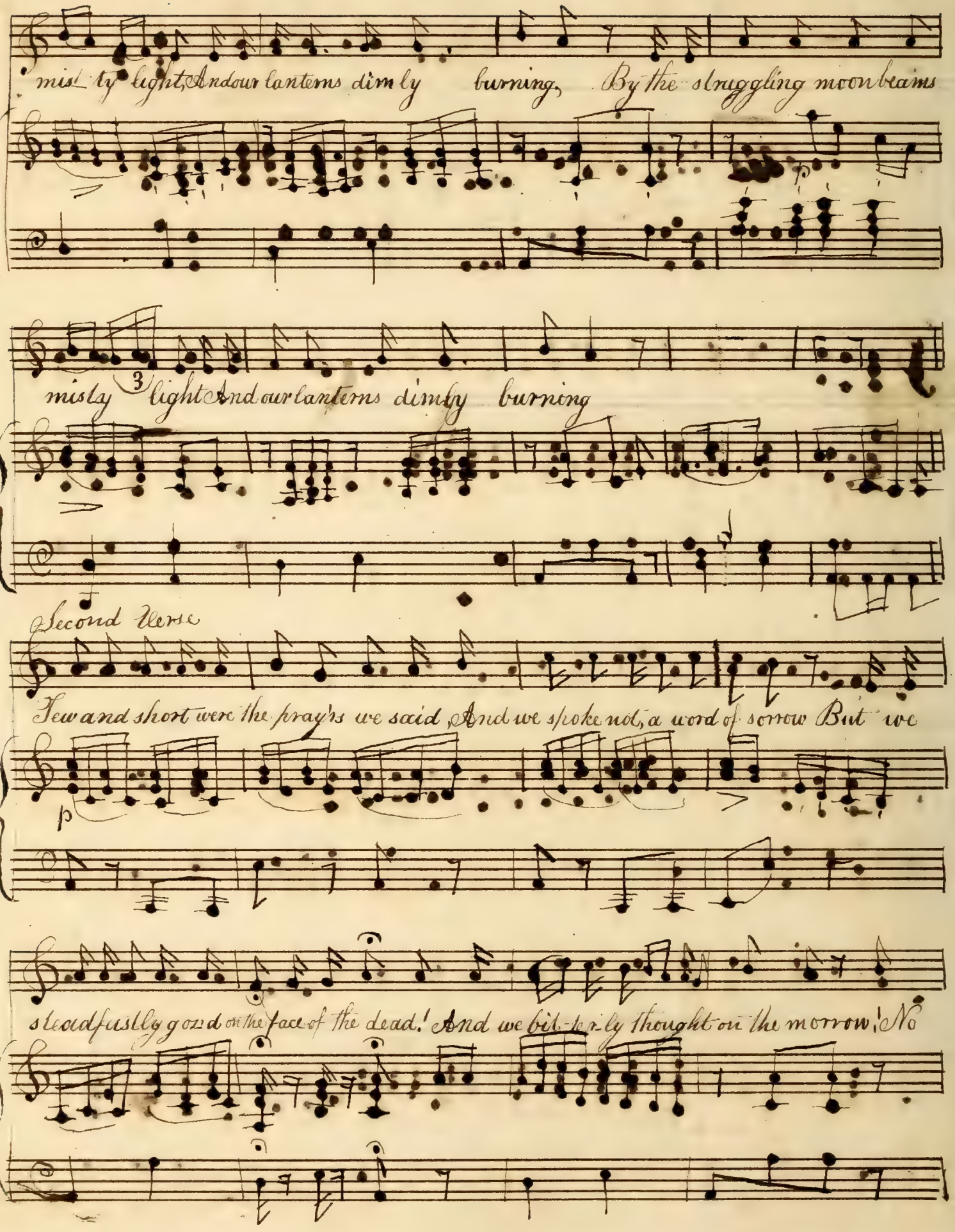
3 From every eye he wipes a tear
All Sighs and sorrows cease
No more alternate hope & fear
But everlasting peace. Jerusalem &c.

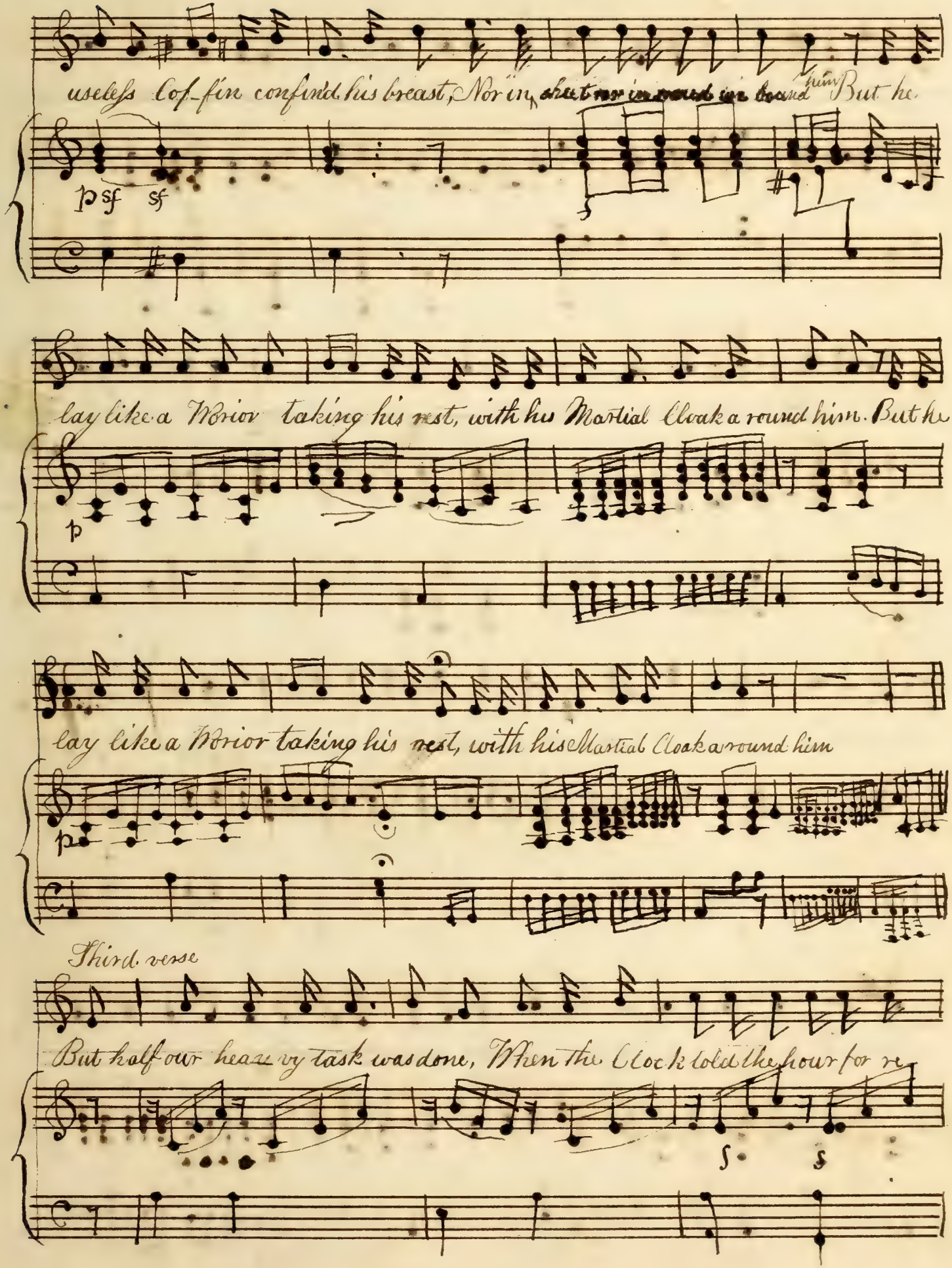
Eb Major

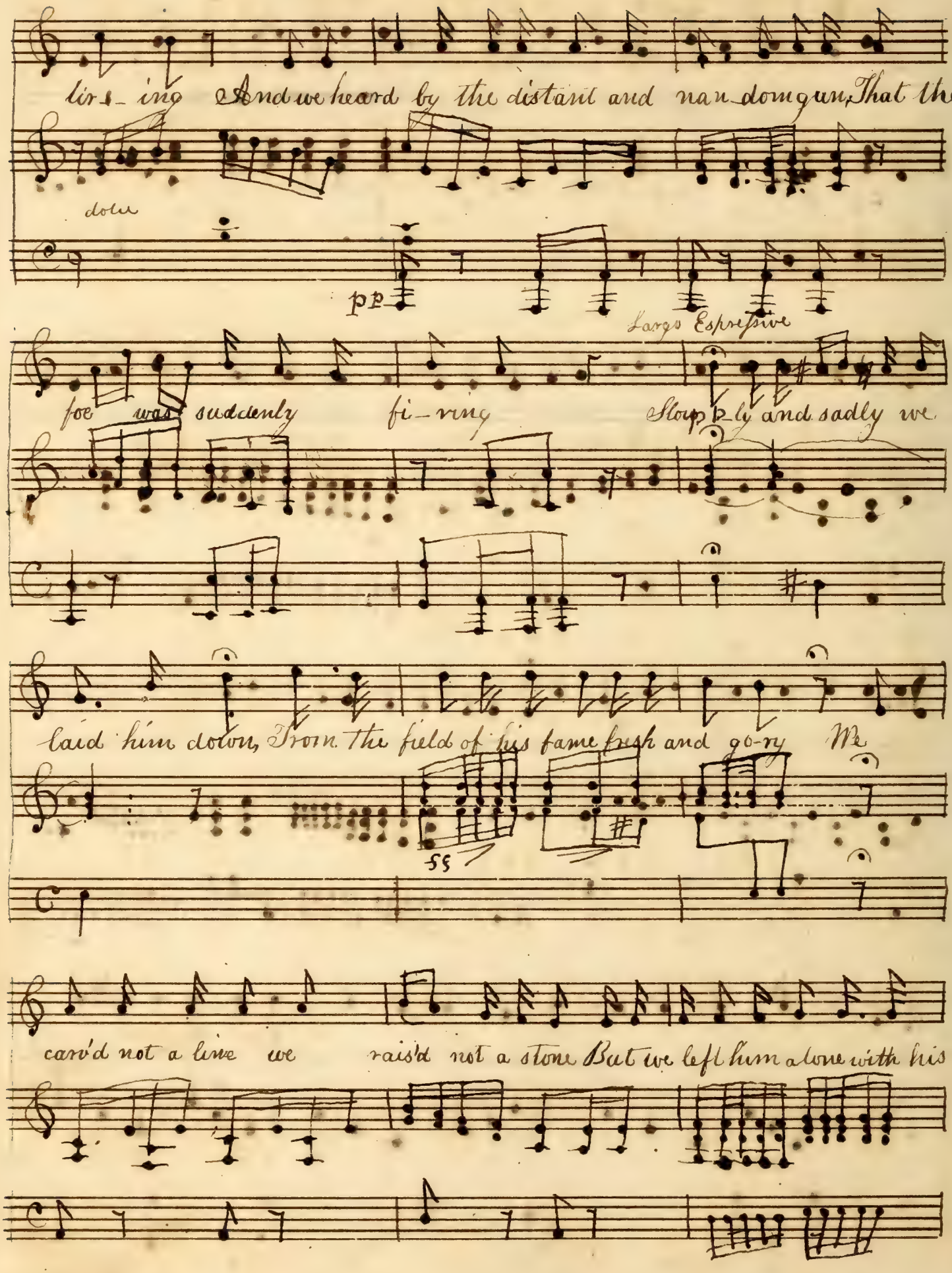


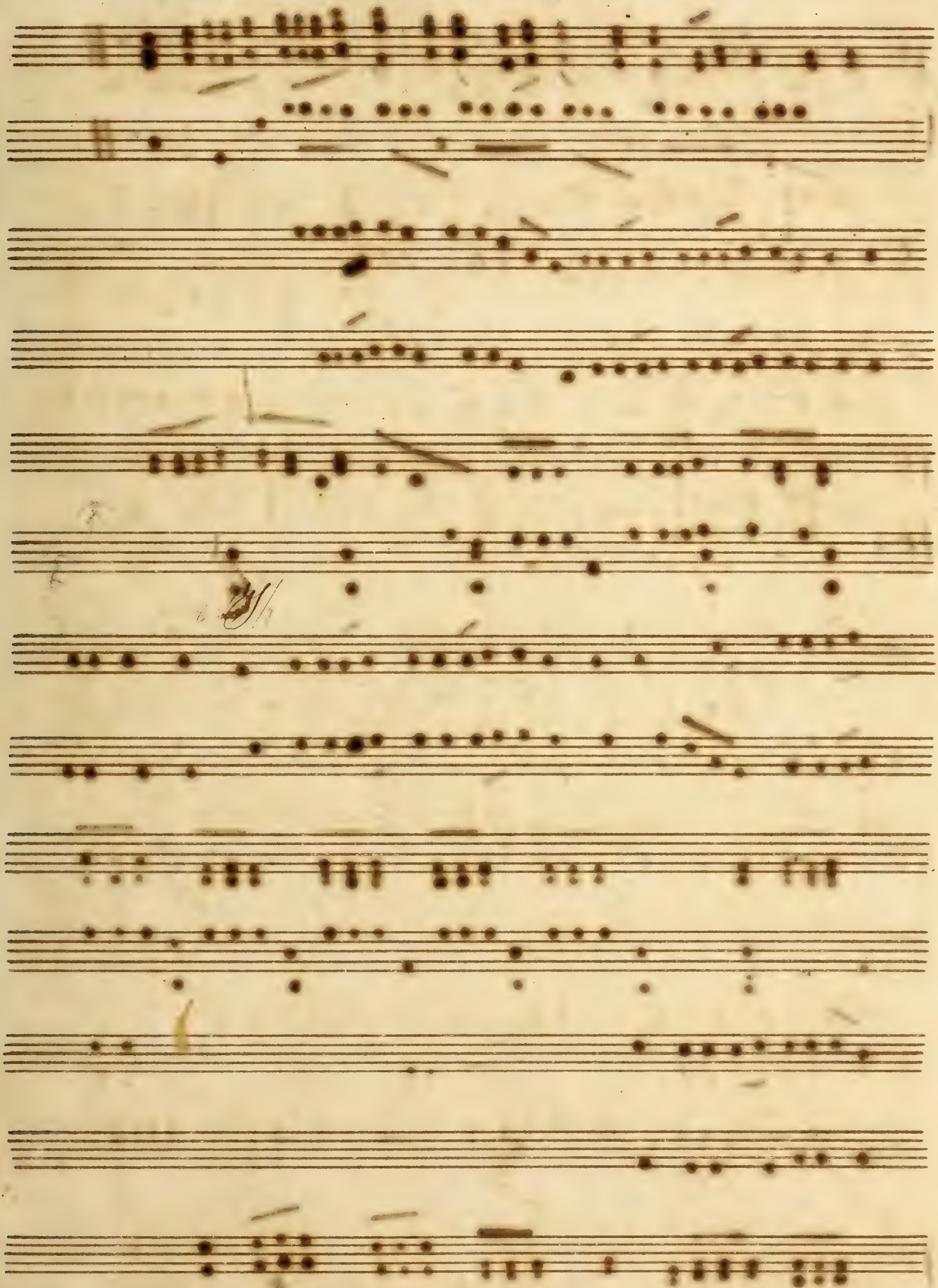
The Soldiers Grave

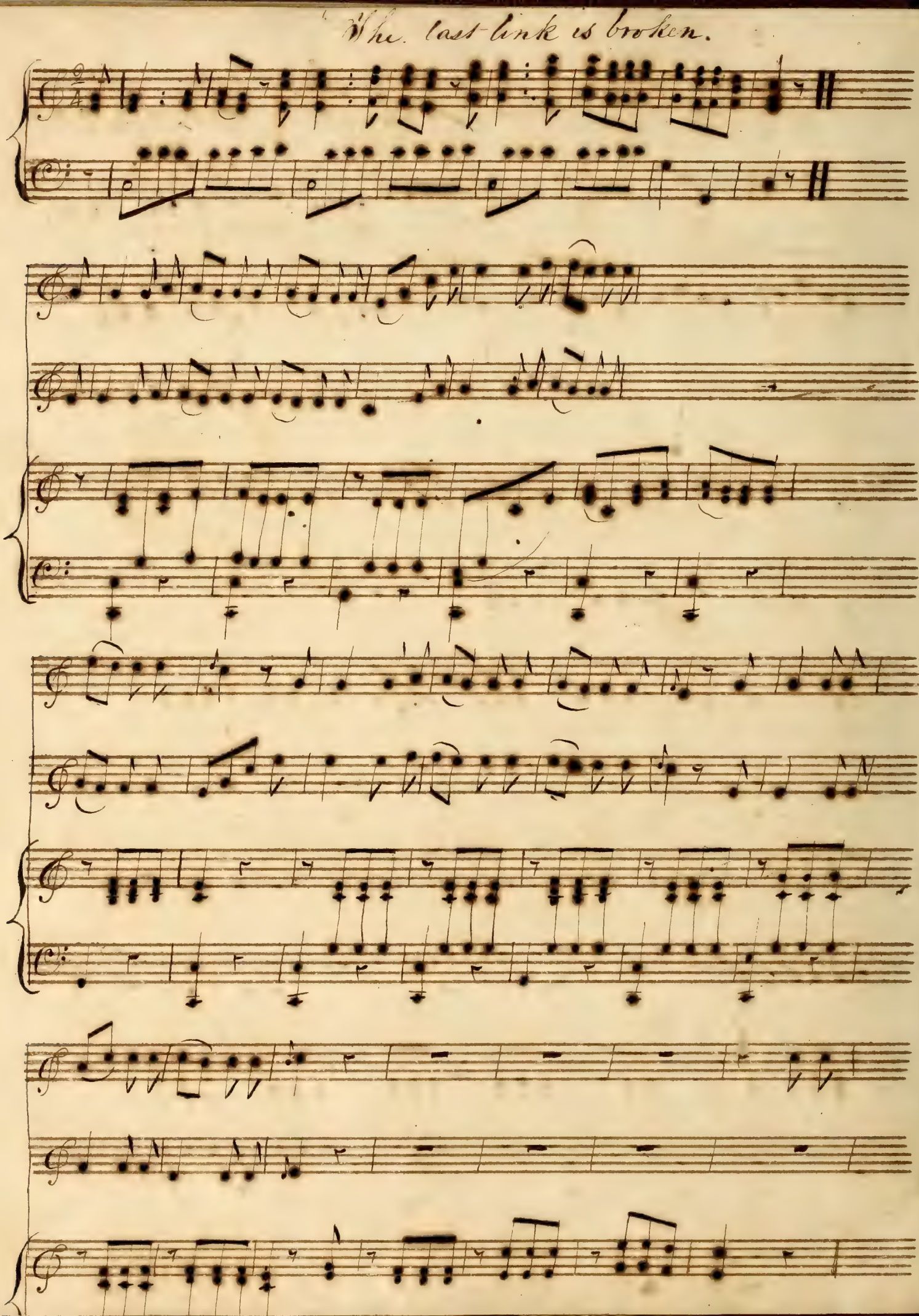


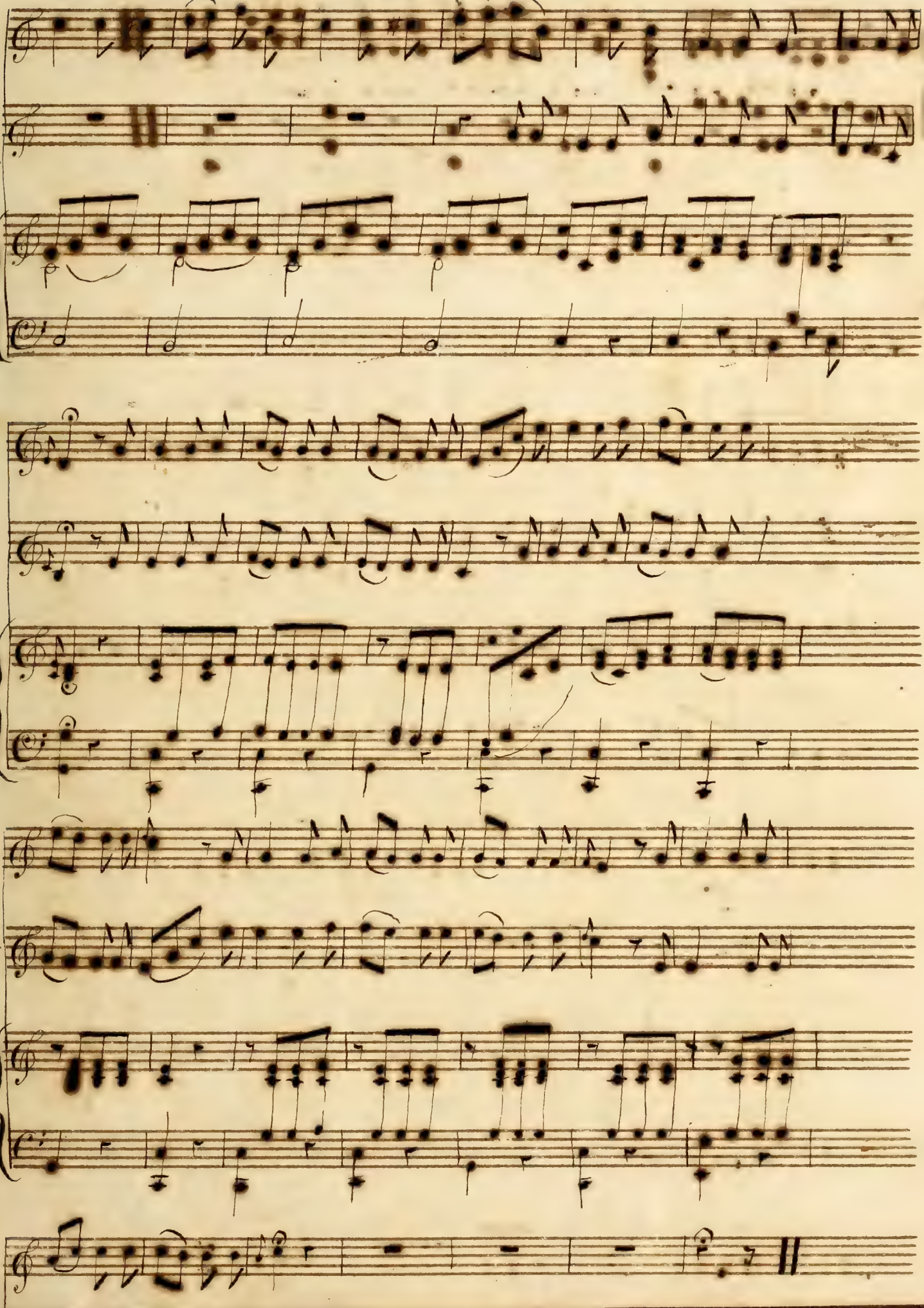

mist-y light, And our lanterns dim-ly burning. By the struggling moonbeams
misty light And our lanterns dimly burning
Second Verse
Few and short were the pray'rs we said, And we spoke not a word of sorrow But we
steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead! And we bit-ter-ly thought on the morrow! No

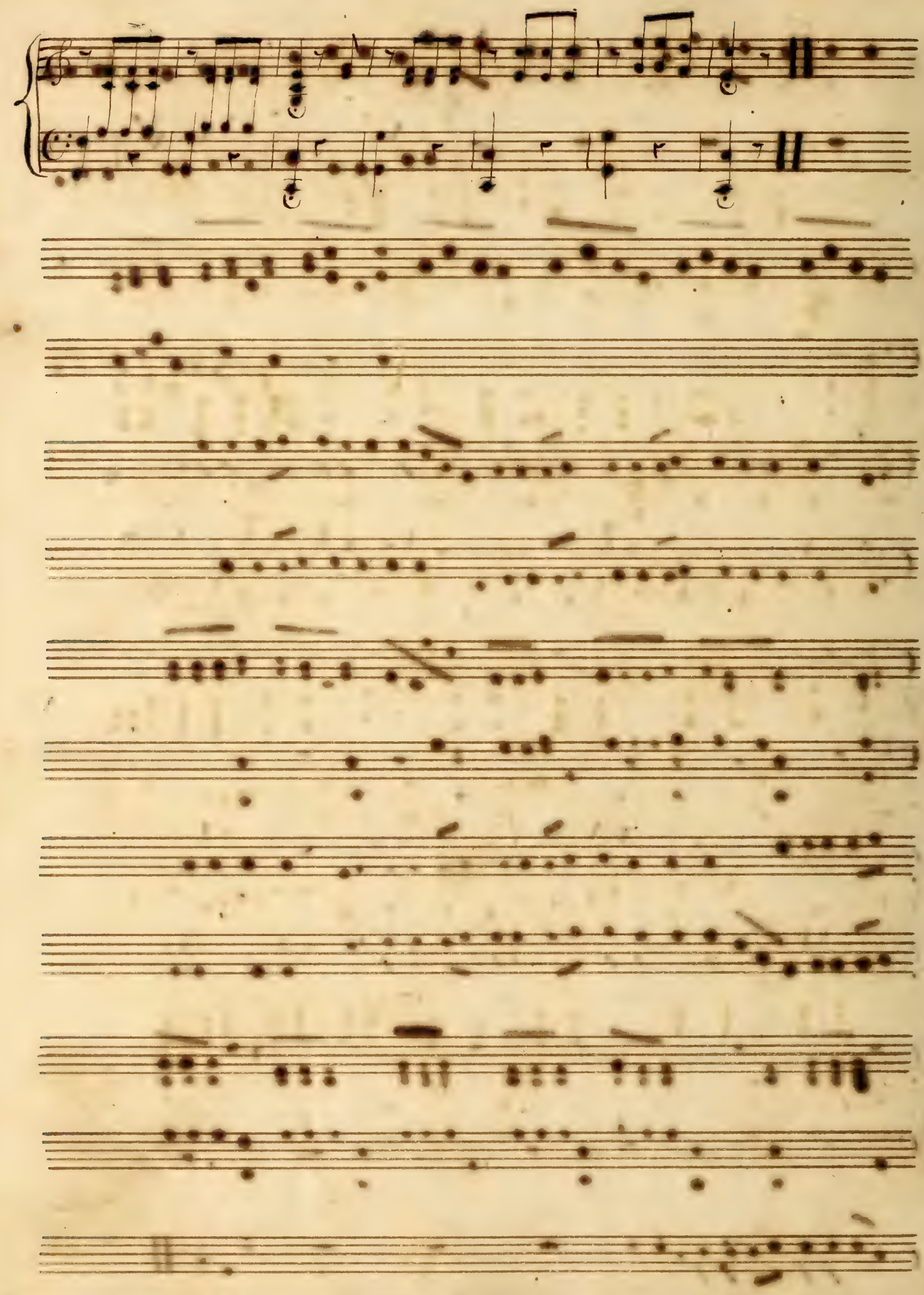

useless Cof-fin confind his breast, Nor in sheet nor in wood we bound him But he
lay like a Wrior taking his rest, with his Martial Cloak a round him. But he
lay like a Wrior taking his rest, with his Martial Cloak a round him
Third verse
But half our heavy task was done, When the Clock told the hour for re


lis_ing And we heard by the distant and nan_dom gun, That the
dolce
pp
Largo Espressive
foe was suddenly fi_ring Slowly and sadly we
laid him down, From the field of his fame fresh and go-ry We
55
carv'd not a line we rais'd not a stone But we left him alone with his

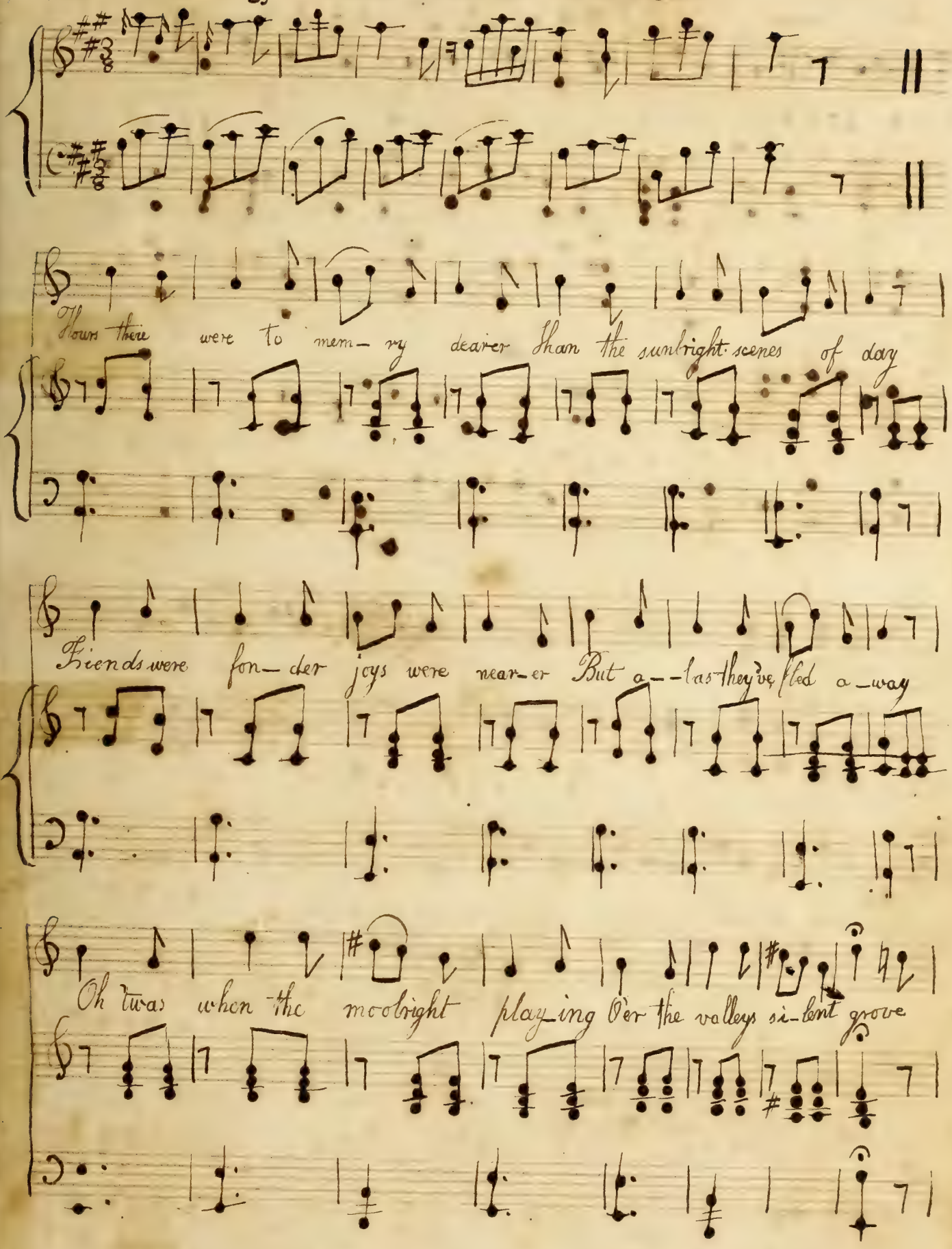


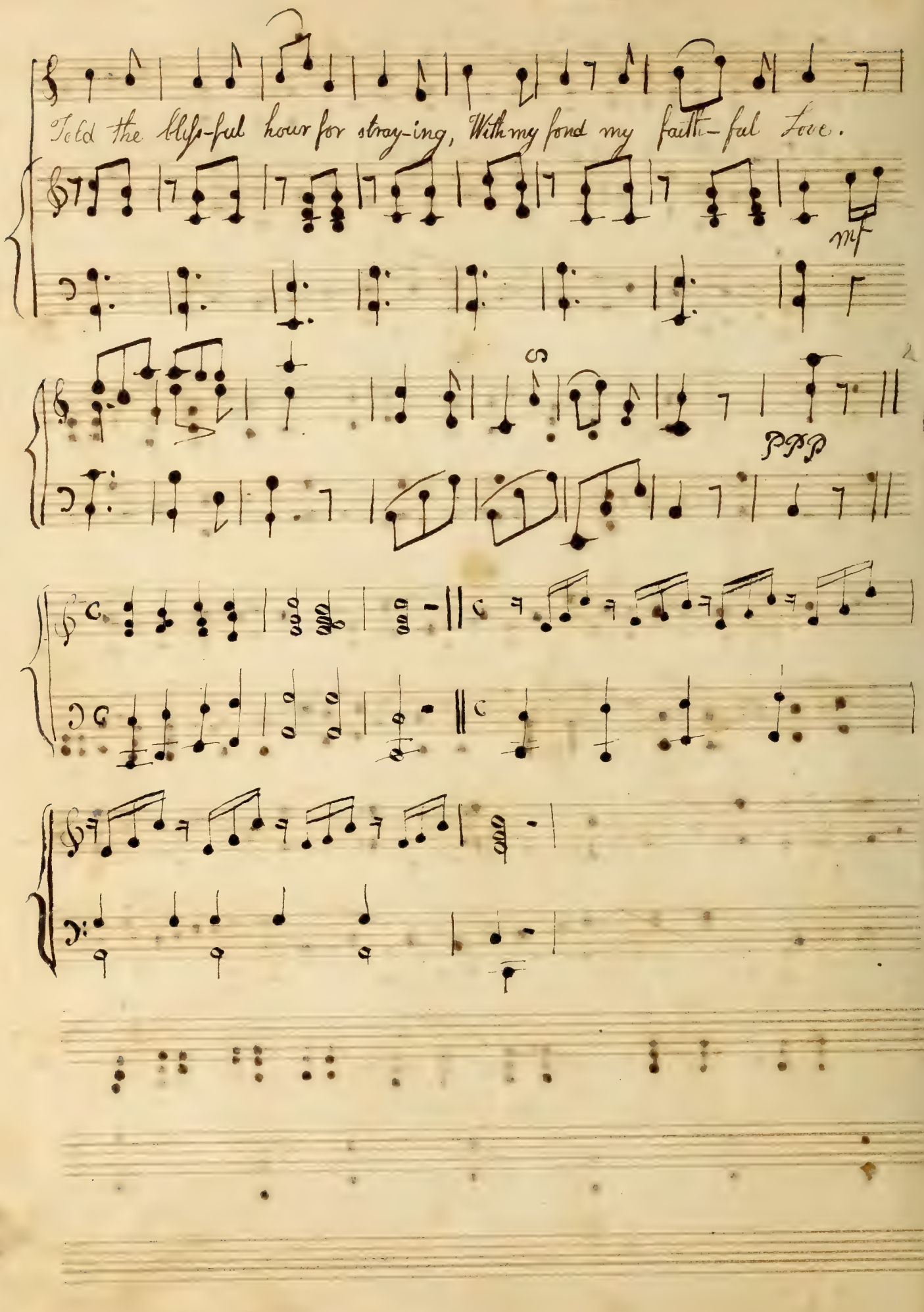

Whe. last-link is broken.



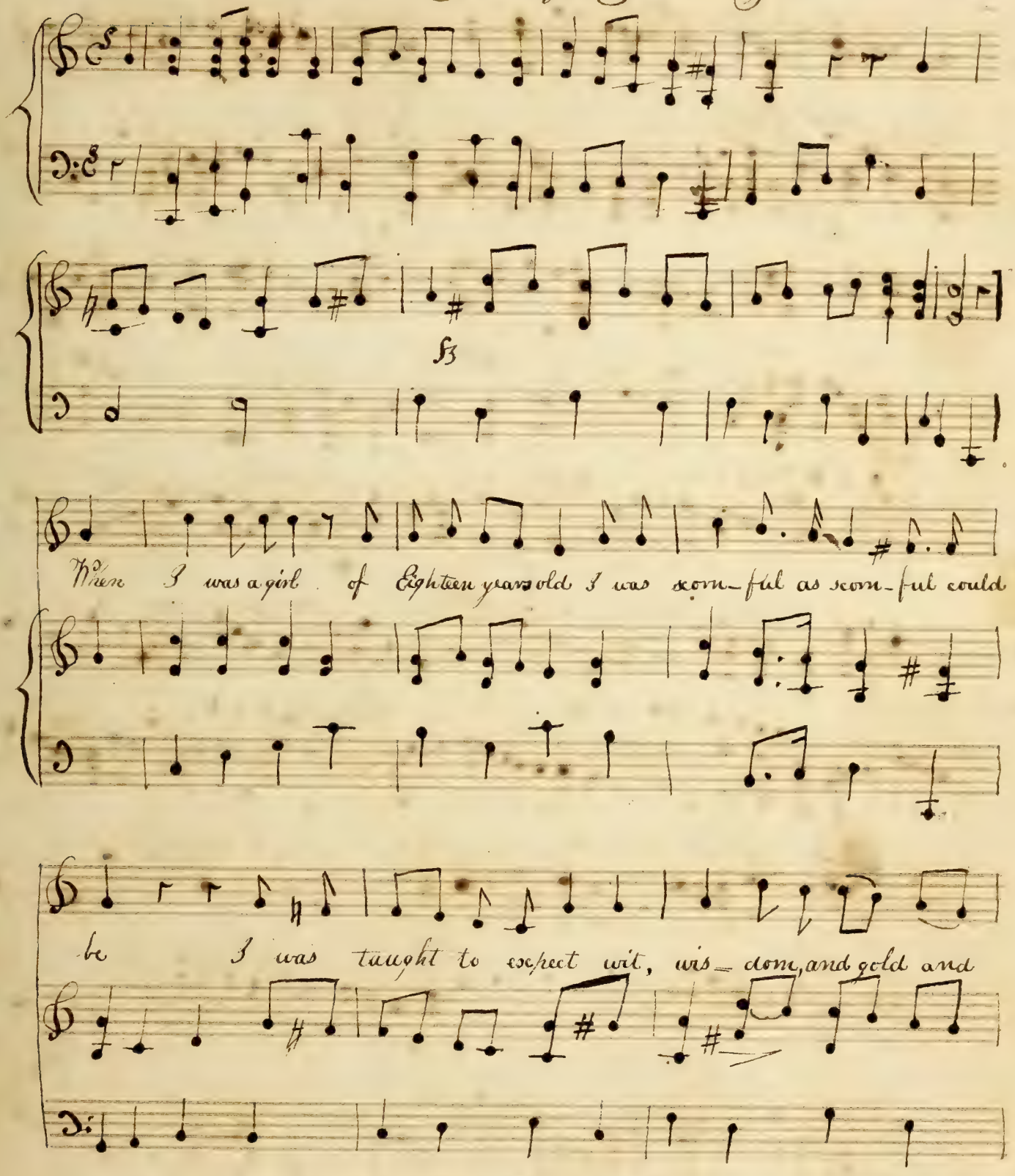


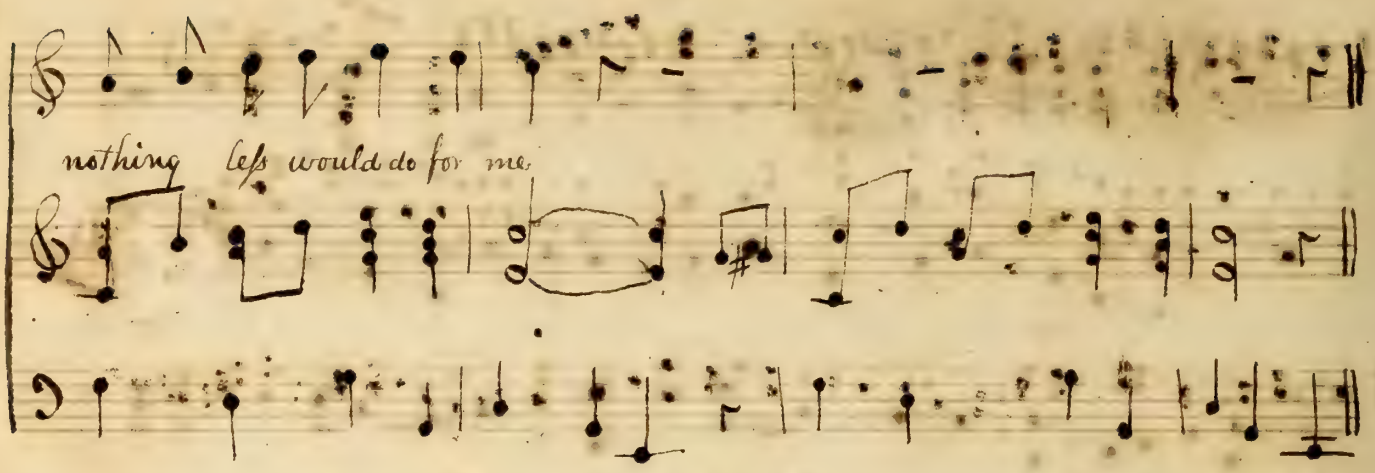
MEMORY


Hours there were to mem– ry dearer Than the sunbright scenes of day
Friends were fon– der joys were near– er But a– – las they've fled a– way
Oh 'twas when the moolright play– ing O'er the valleys si– lent grove


Told the blis-ful hour for stray-ing, With my fond my faith-ful Love.
mf
ppp

When I was a girl of eighteen years old.





Ah! those were the days when my eyes beamed bright,
And my cheek was like the rose on the tree,
And the ringlets they curled o'er my forehead so white
And lovers came courting me.

The next was a dandy, who had drivers four in hand
Reduced to a gig d'ye see;
In getting o'er the ground, he had run thro' his land
So he would not do for me.

The first was a youth any girl might adore,
And as ardent as lovers could be,
But my Mother having heard that the young man was poor
Why! he would not do for me.

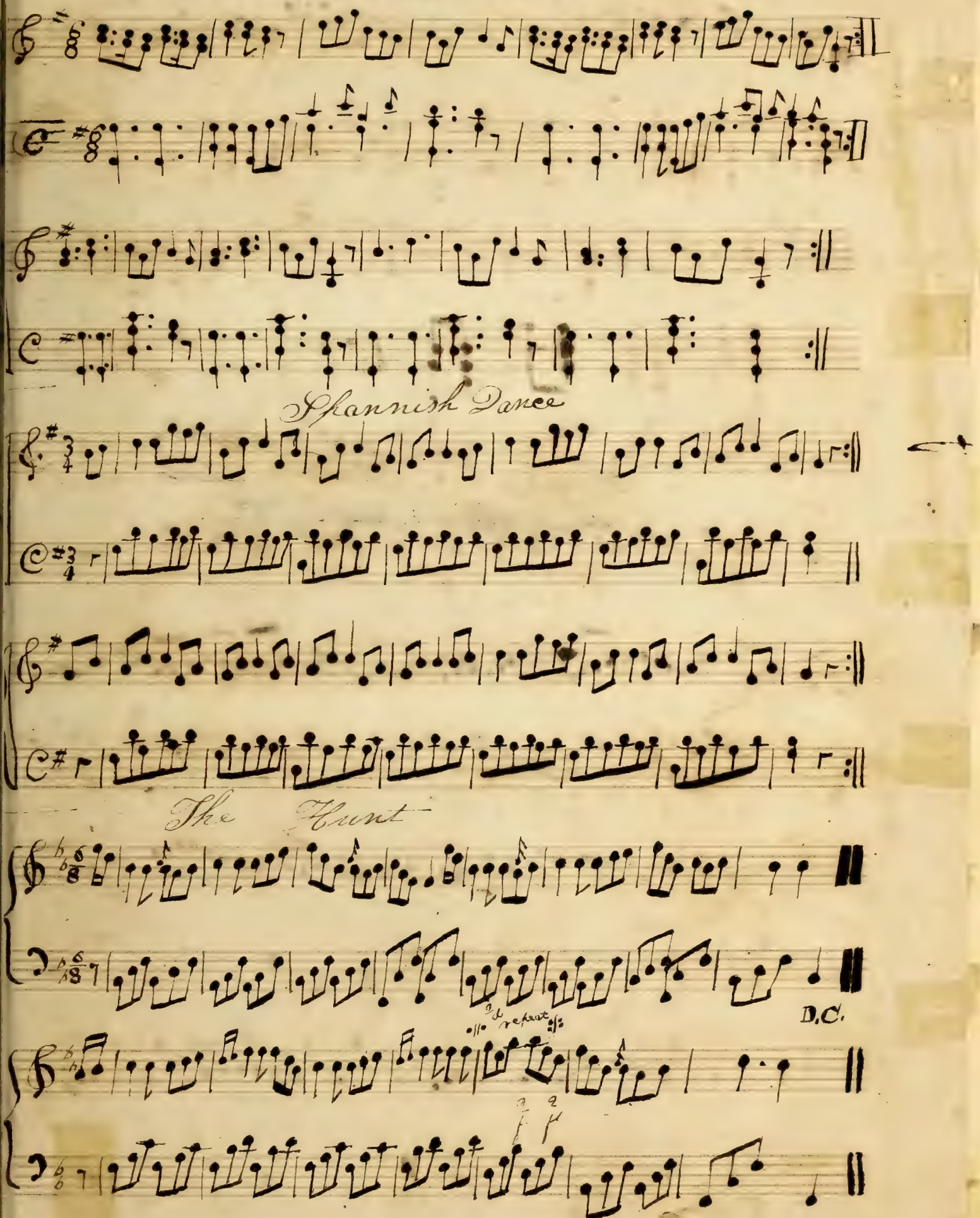
I'd a suitor from the south & another from the west
I think; from the state of Tennessee
But the one was rather old, the other badly dress'd
So neither of them suited me.

And then hobbled in, my favour to beg,
An officer in our navy;
But tho' famous in arms he wanted a leg,
So he would not do for me.

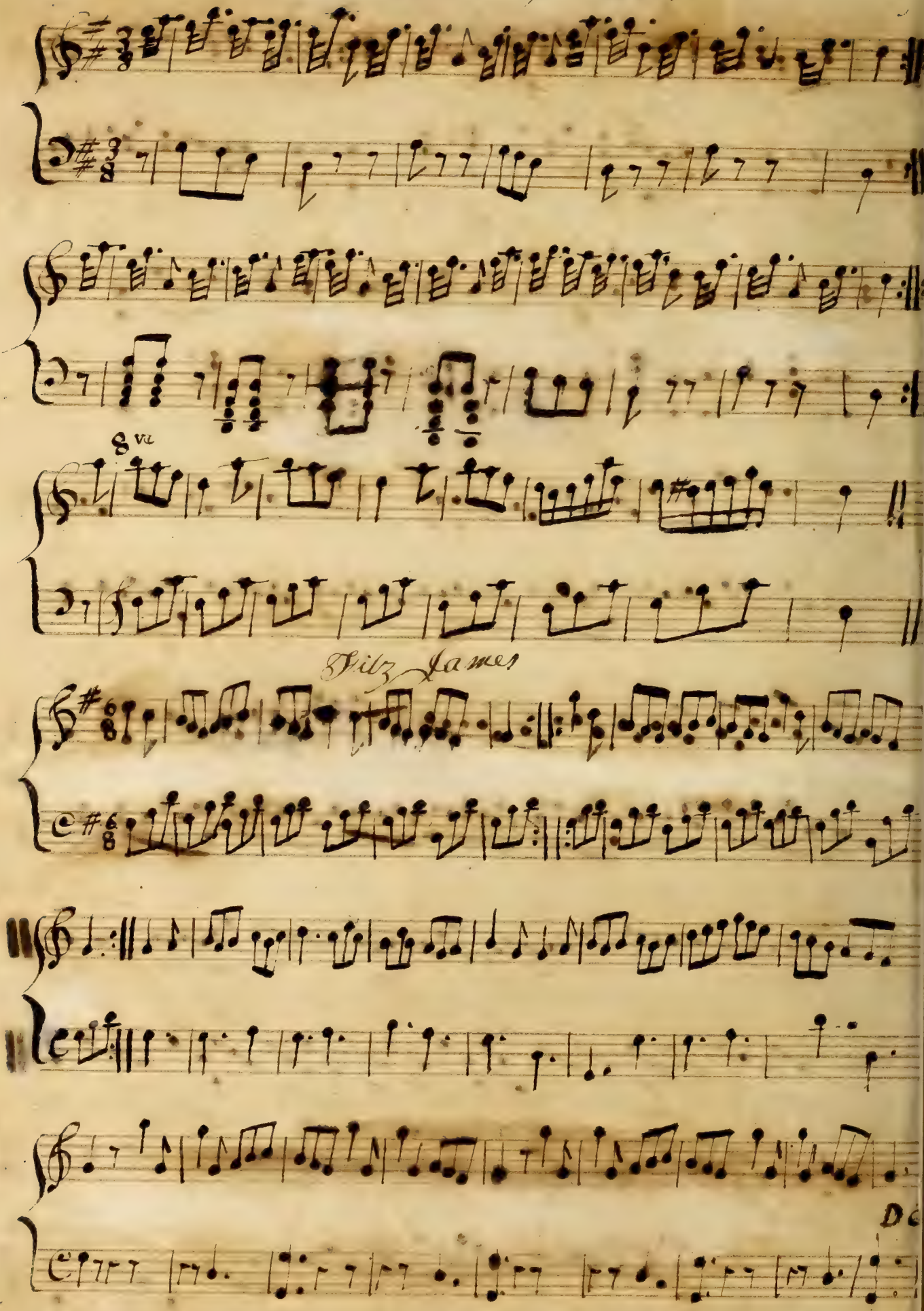
There were nearly the last I was then forty four,
I am now only just fifty three;
But I really do think some, I rejected before,
Would do very well for me

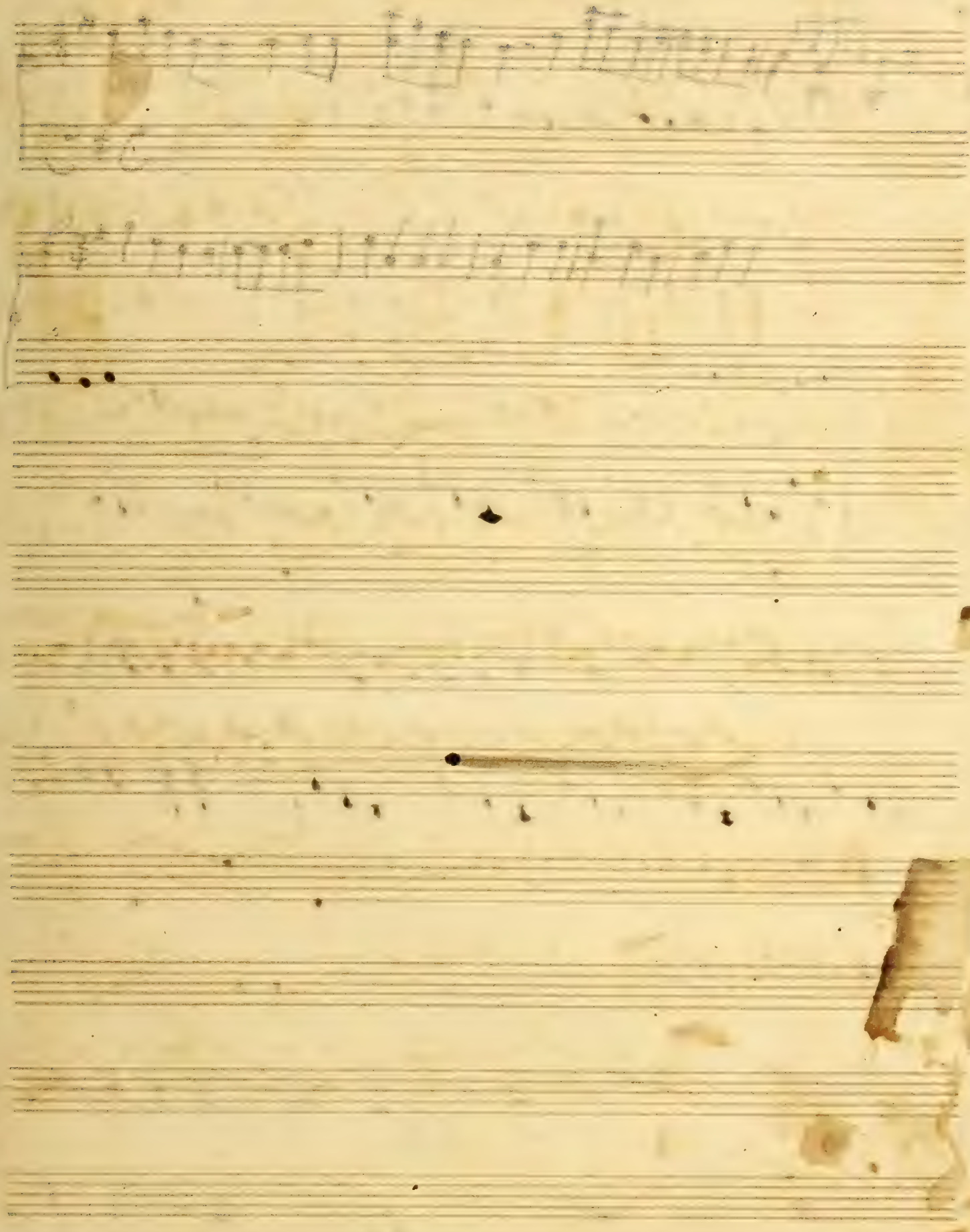
And now came a lawyer, his claims to support,
By precedent from Chancery,
But I told him I was a judge in my own little court
And he would no do for me.

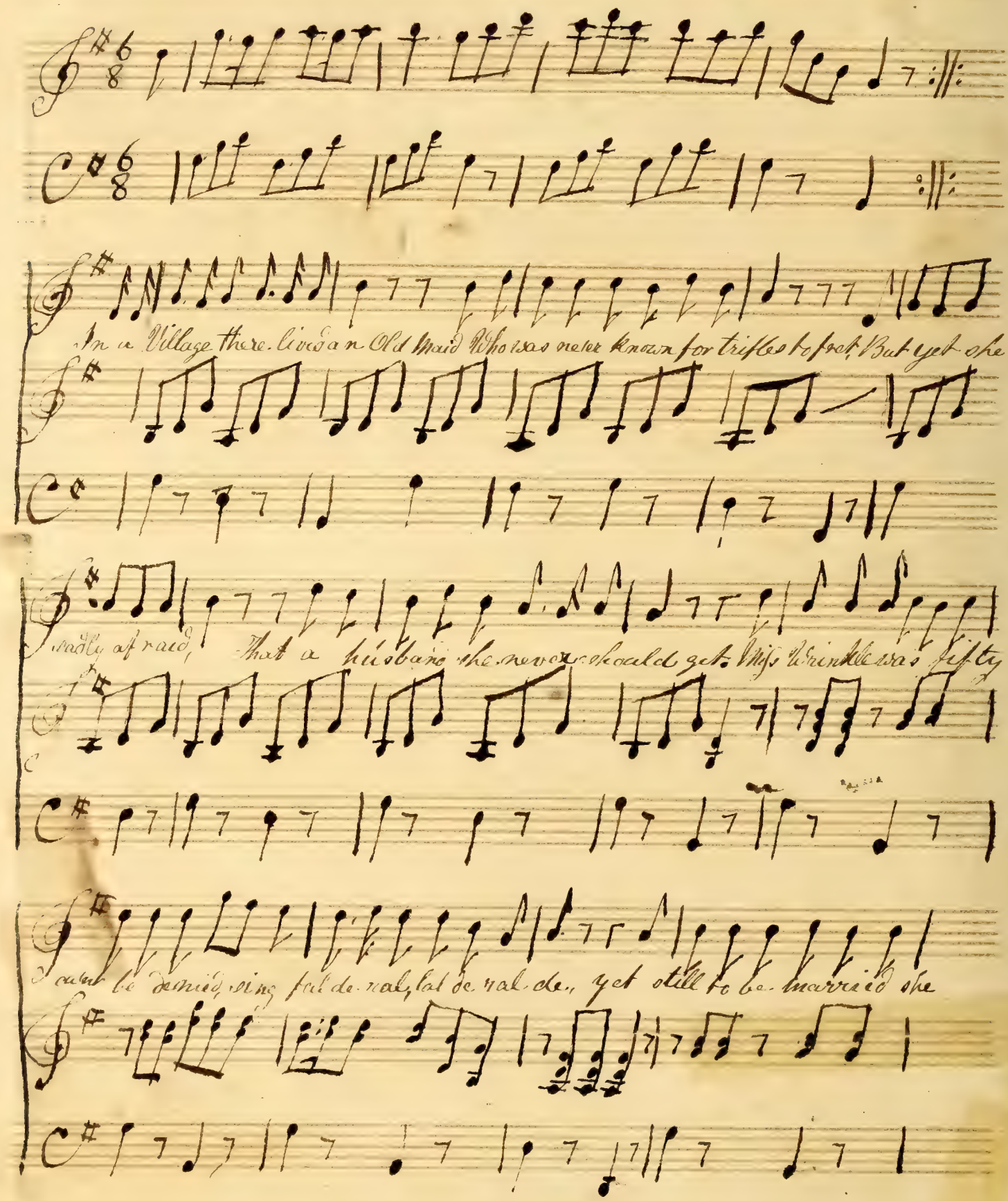
Then ah! ye young ladies, by me warning take,
Who scornful or cold chance to be,
Lest ye from your fond silly dreams should awake
Old maidens of Fifty-three.


Spannish Dance
The Hunt
2d repeat
D.C.

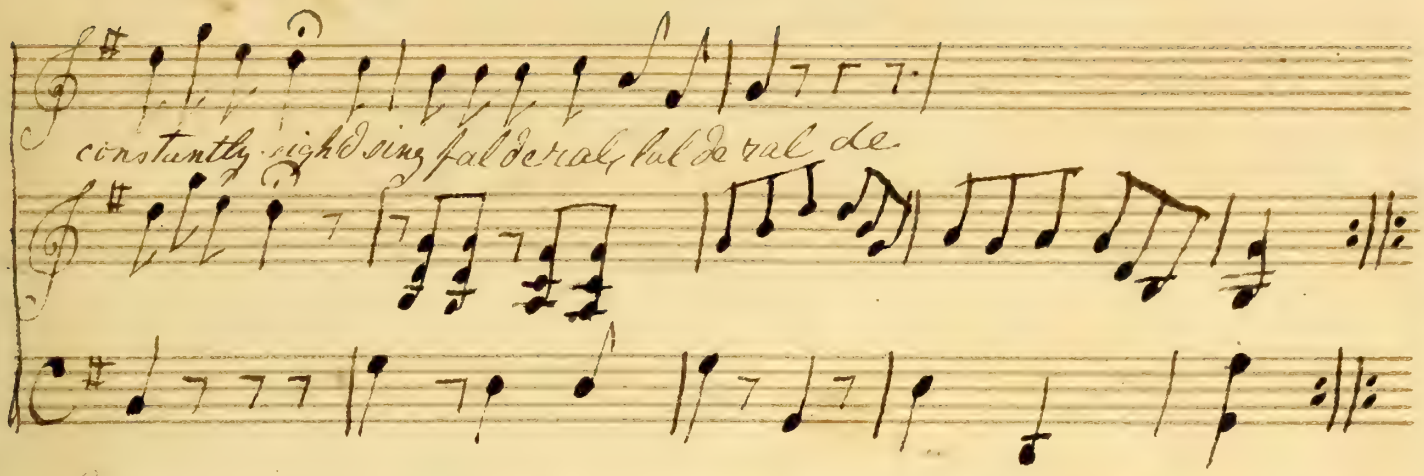
Copenhagen Waltz






In a Village there lives an Old Maid Who was never known for trifles to feel, But yet she was
sadly afraid, That a husband she never should get. Miss Wrinkle was fifty it
could be denied, sing fal de ral, lal de ral de, yet still to be married she

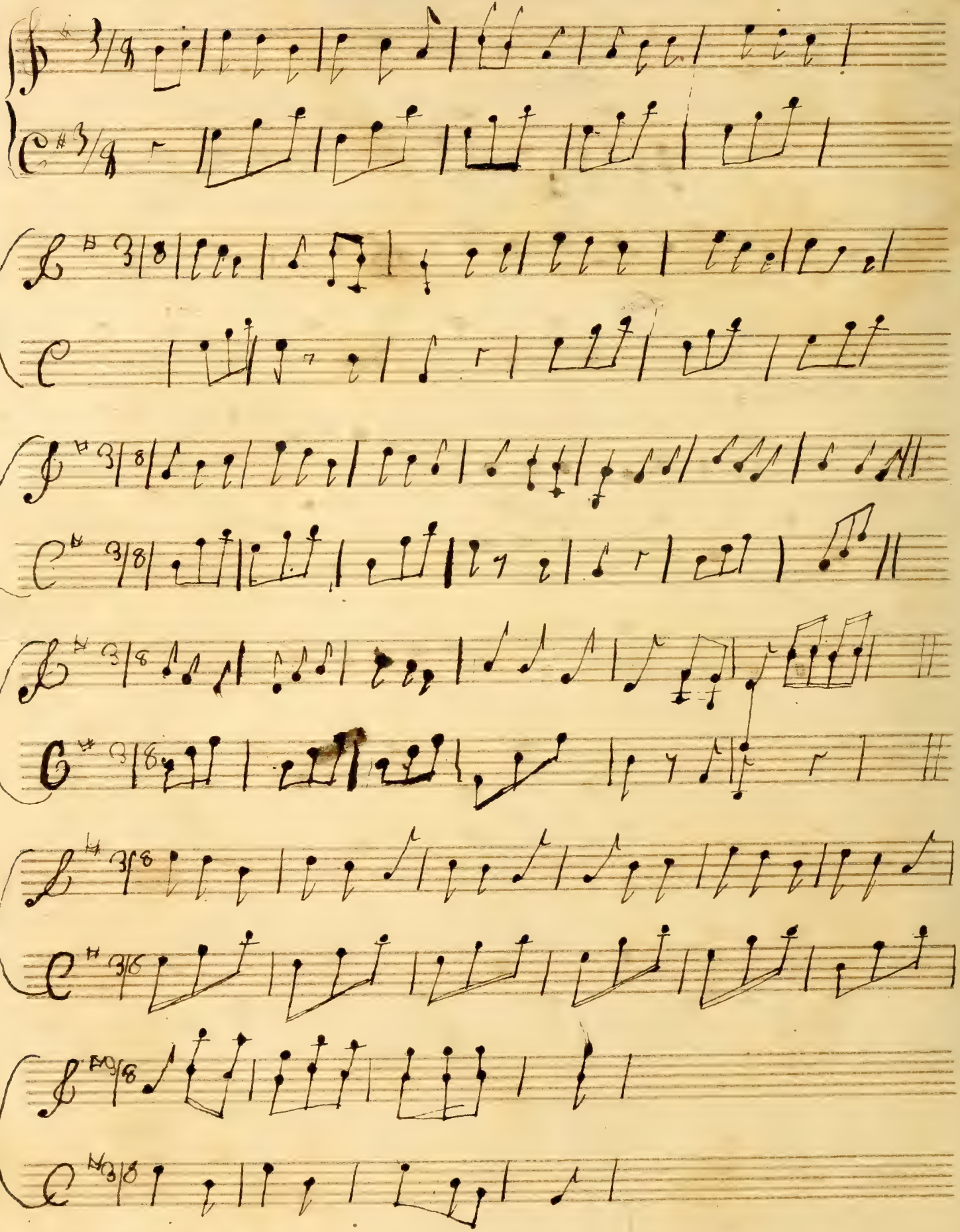
constantly sigh'd sing fal de ral, lal de ral de



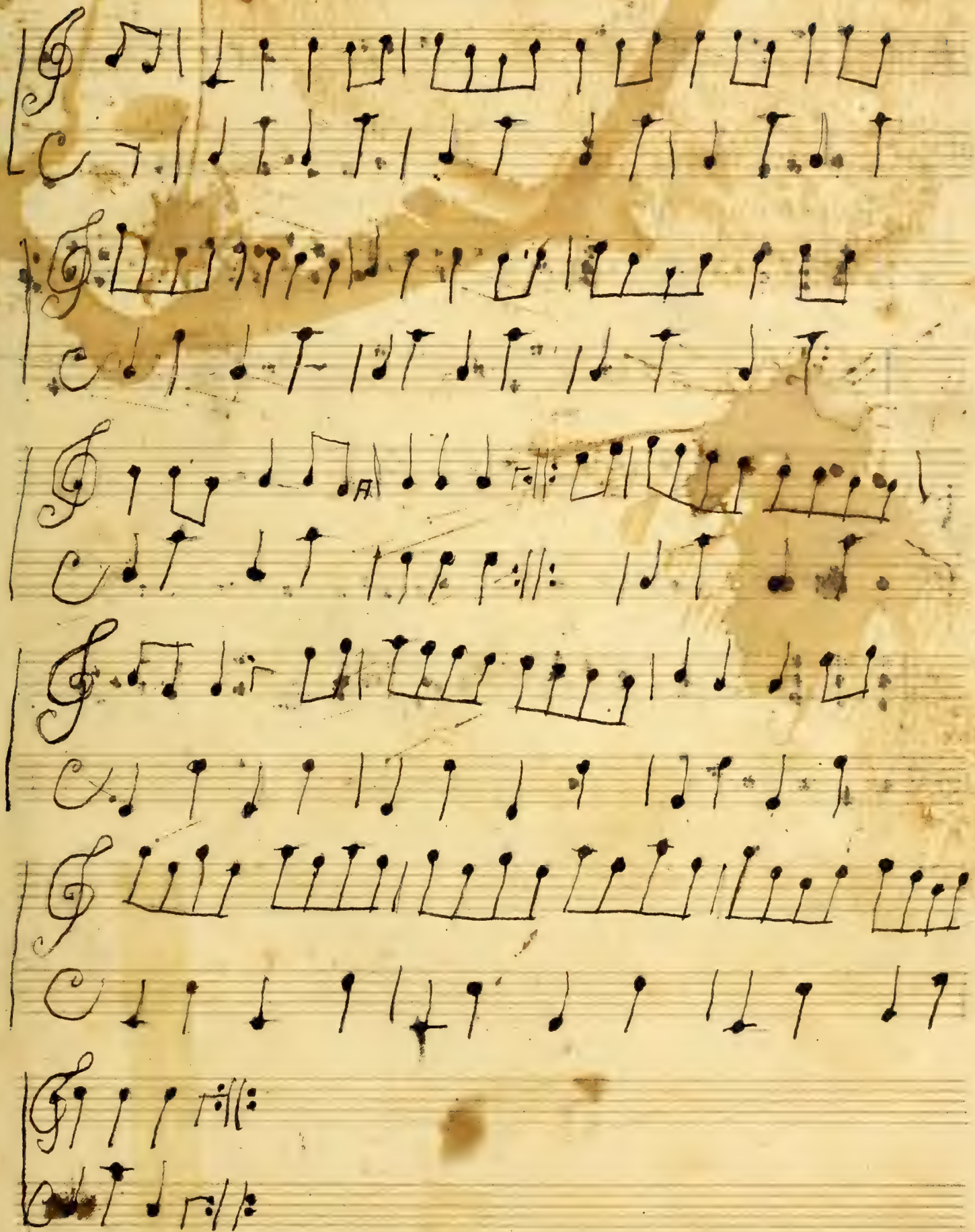
She went to the garret, to pray
And hoping her prayer might be granted.
She never omitted a day.
To name in her prayr what she wanted.
For tho' she was fifty —

A Thatcher one day thro' the roof
At her prayers did espy this old dove
Then popp'd in his head, gave her proo
Her devotions were heard from also
Will A thatcher do for you Miss Wri
quoth he, sing fal de ral, lal de ral de.
For better or worse ill consent replied
Sing Fal de ral, lal de ral de.

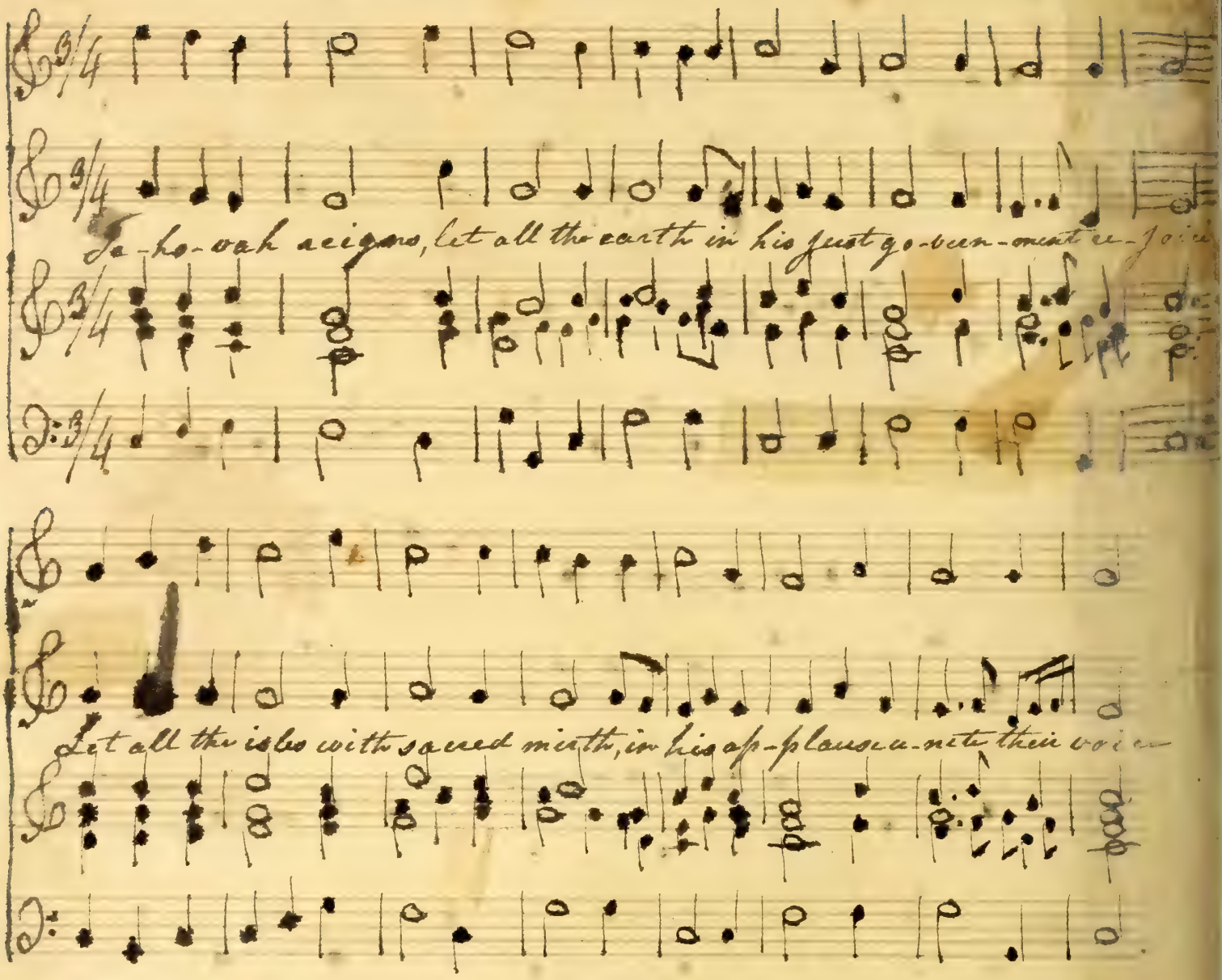
The Lastitian Maid



Richmond Reel



German Air


Je-ho-vah reigns, let all the earth in his just go-ver-nment re-joice
Let all the isles with sacred mirth, in his ap-plause u-nite their voice